

Cosmopolitan

DEC 17
UNIV.

A "Penrod"
Serial

By

Booth

Tarkington

PENROD

ASHBER

His career as
a Detective

Begins in
this issue

INTERNATIONAL N



A MOTHER'S gift to baby is health; or it is an impaired digestion, a puny body and a weakened resistance to disease.

Constipation in nursing mothers impairs baby's nutrition. If strong purges and cathartics are unwisely taken, the supply and quality of nature's food may be injuriously affected.

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COSMOPOLITAN

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NO. 2

The Carol of the Guns

By Herbert Kaufman

*P*HARAOH has risen from the tomb to win the world again.

We hear the snap of the slave-whip in the crack of the Prussian rifle.

We see Justice and Mercy and the sacred rights of women and the Rule of Reason and the safety of little peoples and the clean hopes of Freedom dragged at the chariot-wheels of triumphant Germany.

It is the Antichrist who stands at bay upon the grim plains of France. We offer battle to the king who challenges God's kingdom. We make war upon the maker of wars. We draw steel to break the sword.

We give answer for the blighting of Poland, for the desecration of Belgium, for the slaughter of Armenia, and for all the hideous, nameless, damnable things that have made the Holy Lands a charnel-house, a bagnio, and a barrens.

Look down, O Lord; behold us too send our beloved sons to mount the Cross and die on Calvary that Thy ancient will may be done!

Civilization were a lie, every precious memory of martyrdom defiled, to-morrow basely delivered to false masters, had we forgotten breed and creed and failed the cry to the crossroads.

This Christmastide ten thousand mighty guns, serving Thee, sing the coming of "peace on earth—good will to men."



THEN AND NOW

A LITTLE time ago, a few brief years,
And there was peace within our beauteous borders—
Peace, and a prosperous people, and no fears
Of war and its disorders.
Pleasure was ruling goddess of our land; with her attendant, Mirth,
She led a jubilant, joy-seeking band about the riant earth.

Do you recall those laughing days, my brothers,
And those long nights that trespassed on the dawn;
Those throngs of idle, dancing maids and mothers,
Who lilted on and on,
Card-mad, wine-flushed, bejeweled, and half stripped,
Yet women whose sweet mouths had never sipped
From Sin's black chalice—women good at heart

Who, in the winding maze of Pleasure's mart,
Had lost the sun-kissed way to wholesome pleasures of
an earlier day?

Oh, you remember them? You filled their glasses;
You "cut in" at their games of bridge; you left
Your work to drop in on their dancing classes
Before the day was cleft
In twain by noontide. When the night waxed late,
You led your partner forth to demonstrate
The newest steps before a cheering throng;
And Time and Peace danced by your side along.

"Peace" is a lovely word, and we abhor that red word
"War."
But look ye, brothers, what this war has done for
daughter and for son,



By Ella Wheeler Wilcox

Decoration by W. J. Benda

For manhood and for womanhood whose trend
Seemed year on year toward weakness to descend.

Upon this woof of darkness and of terror, woven by
human error,
Behold the pattern of a new race-soul!
And it shall last while countless ages roll.

At the loud call of drums, out of the idler and the weak-
ling comes

The hero, valiant with self-sacrifice, ready to pay the price
War asks of men to help a suffering world.

And out of the arms of Pleasure, where they whirled
In wild, unreasoning mirth, behold the splendid women
of the earth

Living new, selfless lives—the toiling mothers, sisters,
daughters, wives

Of men gone forth as targets for the foe!

Ah, now we know

Man is divine! We see the heavenly spark
Shining above the smoke and gloom and dark,
Which was not visible in peaceful days.

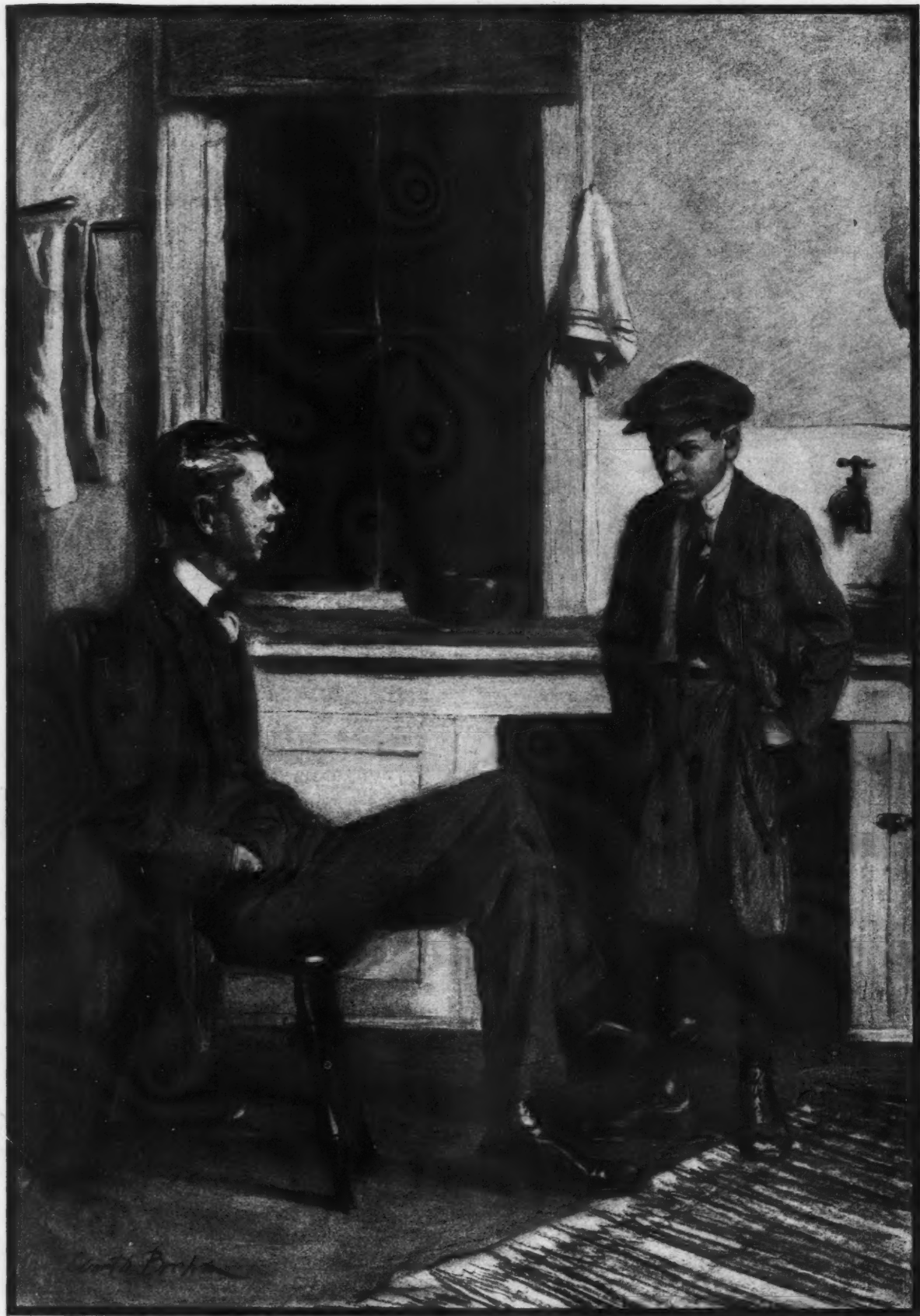
God! Wondrous are thy ways!

For out of chaos comes construction; out of darkness
and of doubt

And the black pit of death comes glorious faith;
From wanton waste comes thrift, from weakness
strength and power.

And to the summits men and women lift
Their souls from self-indulgence in this hour,
This crucial hour of life.

So shines the golden side of this black shield of
strife.



DRAWN BY W. H. ALLEN

The tie and Jarge's chin and Adam's apple had a strong fascination for Penrod; he thought Jarge a remarkable personage, and felt favored by Jarge's conversations with him

Penrod Jashber

His career as a Detective

By Booth Tarkington

Illustrated by Worth Brehm

Penrod Schofield has decided to adopt the career of a detective. It is hardly necessary to add that this will be more welcome news to Cosmopolitan readers than to his family and circle of acquaintance. The amazing exploits of this irrepressible, ingenious youngster in his new field of endeavor are related in a serial, of which this is the opening instalment.

PART I

GEORGE B. JASHBER

THE tall, half-filled sawdust box in the store-room of the stable was Penrod Schofield's studio, his hermitage, and his castle. Thither he retired when life proved injurious and his world rigorous or scornful; in this soft-floored fastness he solaced himself with dramatic imaginings of triumphant impossibilities which should rend his parents or his sister or his aunts or his teacher or Della, the cook, or others of the ruling class with convulsions of remorse, and make lovely, amber-haired Marjorie Jones admire him more than ever. Here, too, he kept a few private articles which might have raised the rate of Mr. Schofield's insurance several thousand per cent. had their nature been known to the agent who "wrote" the policy. And yet these articles were so plain and unpretentious that Penrod had salvaged two of them from a scrap-heap. These two were a damaged kerosene-can and an old chimneyless lantern. However, after Penrod had patched the leaks in each with sealing-wax, both were practically serviceable, and the result of what little dripping they did was absorbed by the sawdust, so that no place in the box was ever really uncomfortably damp to sit on. As for the rest of Penrod's hidden store, it consisted of a varying supply of corn-silk cigarettes, a few matches, a broken knife, some pencil-stubs, an old cigar-box, an empty soap-box, and the secret manuscript of "Harold Ramorez." This last was an unfinished romance of road-agentry, kept buried beneath the surface of the sawdust and often forgotten for months at a time. Then it would be exhumed, perhaps on a day when Penrod was gloomy through some oppression, and several chapters—or, it might be, only part of a chapter, or no more than the beginning of a sentence—would be added.

The earlier portions of the narrative were concerned with the escapes of the handsome bandit, Harold Ramorez, from detectives and other vicious and inept enemies, including ghosts, and the reader (if a reader may be imagined for the manuscript) was led to place his sympathies entirely with Ramorez; for Penrod worked after the manner of all child-of-nature authors, picturing his idealized self as the hero, which unconscious system, when followed with sufficient artlessness and a little craftsmanship, leads the child-of-nature reader to picture *his* idealized self as the hero, so that reader and author meet and fuse in the fiction, separating with reluctance at the end, yet consoled by the shared belief



He sat upon a box, facing the wheelbarrow, but the box was a swivel-chair and the wheelbarrow a large and polished desk

that the story was "good." Thus, although Penrod did not know that he had a method, he did have one; but, unfortunately, something happened to it—no infrequent disaster in cases like his.

He had what is sometimes defined in *argot* as a "change of heart," and it radically affected his hero at a high point in the narrative. Penrod began to admire detectives more than he admired bandits, and, although the author never realized what he had done, the too plastic Ramorez became the villain, while the hitherto malevolent but futile detective, Jashber, or Jasber, burst unexpectedly into noble bloom as the hero—this in the course of one chapter, short enough in the reading. However, in the writing of it Penrod consumed the greatest part of two mornings which were a full month apart, and, in the mean time, he had been to two matinées, had read several paper "novels," and, moreover, had strained his young eyes at more than several unusually violent "movies." To be definite, this chapter was:

CHAPTER XIII

HAROLD RAMOREZ decided he would go away from where was all such bloodshed and plots of the scoundrel Jashber so bidding goodby to some of his freinds he got on the cars, he looked all around and coolly lit a cigarette. Well said the conduter this is not the place where anybody is allowed to smoke and you have no tikit I guess I know that as well as anybody said our hero but you need not talk so much I got money and will pay \$5 bill for a tikit

Penrod Jashber

The conduter took hold of the \$5 and put it in his poket Then the conduter went on out Soon harold Ramorez had reached the city and he was just walkin arond looking at the stores and houses and not hurting anything when a shot rang out stratling our hero What could that be said Harold I wonder why anybody would shoot at me here where I do not know anybody bing Bing went the old pistol bing bing bing it went bing bing

one hole went through our heros coat and one went in his hat shightly crazing his scalp and porduc a flech wond Harld smiled at this O said he a flech wond is nothing and will soon heal up but I wold like to know what anybody is shootin at me here for where I never came before in my life and my emenies did not know I was going to any such a place

O no they didn't O no not at all I guess said a tanting voice O no it said

Harold whished to know who it was tanting him so he looked around Soon he saw the foul Jashber still holdling the smoking revolver in his hands He was behind a tree except part of his face and the old pistol Well I would like to know what did you have to come all the way here for our hero said to him I was not doing anything to you and you have no busines to go shooting at me said he I guess I got some rights arond here

There folowed a deep curse Well go ahead and swear all you want to because that will not hurt me but remeber when you go to meet your maker each vile oth you say now he will know about and probaly do something you will not like

Well I will not stand this kind of talk said Jashber There flowed a curse and some more vile oths I hate you Harold Ramorez and I bet I get you yet said he

Our hero cooly tantied him for what he said then

You are the worst yet said Harold and you are double whatever you call me yes and 4 bet you wold not come half way

I will shoot you throgh and throgh said the scndrel you are a _____ (The dashes are Penrod's.)

Our hero smiled cooly at this No I am not any such thing said he but you are a double _____ because I just said so

Well I will not stand this said the scndrel He took a wissl out of his poket and blew on it, there was another detective hiding behind some bushes and 4 more were also hid around there somwheres and all of a suden they jumped out

Soon our hero was figting for his very life He had left all his wapons in the house when he came away on the cars He hardly knew what he better do so he took the foul Jasbers old pistol away from him and shot it off three of the scndrels went to meet thier maker but now he did not have any more cartidges There was one scndrel left besides Jashber and these two scndrels bit him till thier teeth met in the flech makin flech wonds which he would soon get well from

He staved the other one and now his emeny Jashber the detective was the only one left

I guess your sorry you began it now said Ramorez Soon hunting around he fond a long pice of rope and he fixed it arond the scndrels neck I am going to fix you sos you quit folling me when I go on the cars said he

The scndrel began to cry and our hero gave him a kick and tantied him O yes you wold folow me but I guess I'll show you this time said he

Jashber went on crying some more he got down on his knees and beged and beged but after all his persetcums Harold was not going to do anything such a scndrel so he fixed the rope the right way to

hang poeple Soon he tied it up in the tree The scndrel holowd loud as he could but soon he was dead Soon Harold walked on off and fond a good place to sleep and made a fire to cook some bacon because he was tired now

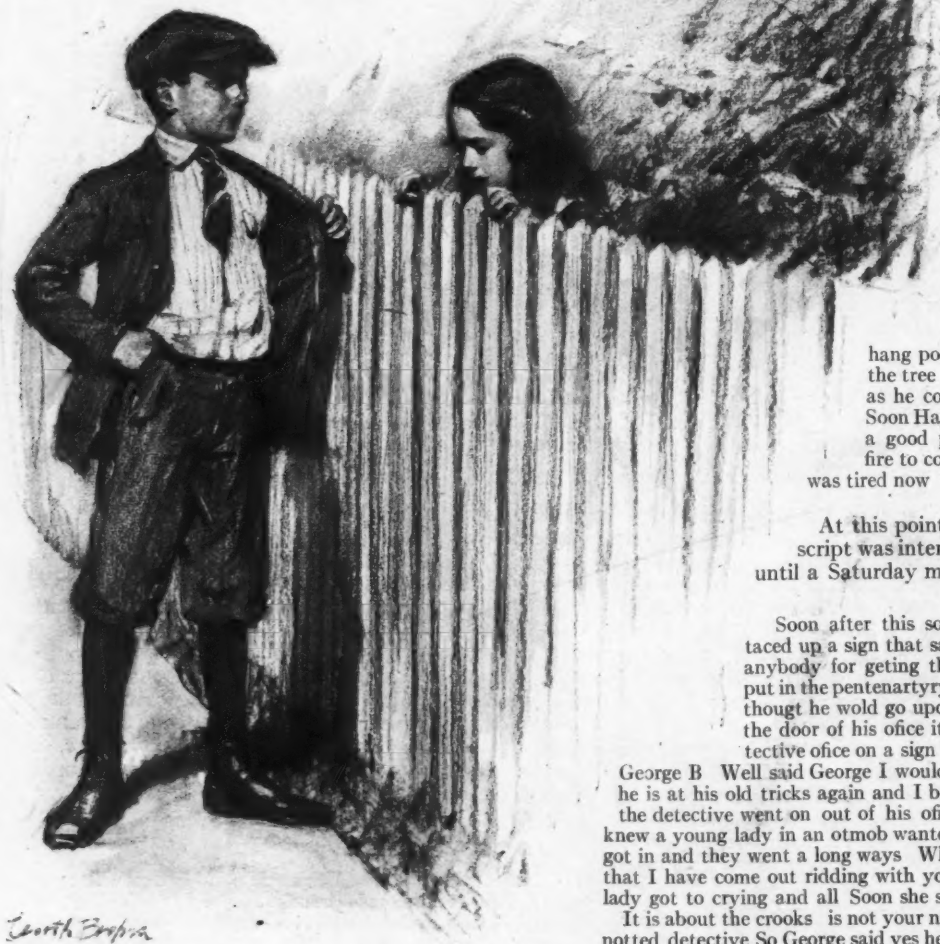
hang poeple Soon he tied it up in the tree The scndrel holowd loud as he could but soon he was dead Soon Harold walked on off and fond a good place to sleep and made a fire to cook some bacon because he was tired now

At this point, work upon the manuscript was interrupted, and not resumed until a Saturday morning four weeks later.

Soon after this some man came along and taced up a sign that said \$500000 reward paid to anybody for geting this crook Harold Ramorez put in the pentenartyry So Jashber the detective thought he wold go upon the trail once more On the door of his office it read George B Jasber detective office on a sign because his first name was

George B Well said George I would lik to have \$5000 Reward he is at his old tricks again and I better go after him Jashber the detective went on out of his office and the first thing he knew a young lady in an otmob wanted him to go with her so he got in and they went a long ways What do you want of me now that I have come out ridding with you said Jashber The young lady got to crying and all Soon she said well I will tell you.

It is about the crooks is not your name George B Jashber the notted detective So George said yes he was and ask her what did she want of him besides Soon the young lady kept on crying and all and she said probaly he had heard the name of Harold Ramorez Yes I have heard the name of Harold Ramorez said.



Georth Bepira

"Well—look here!" Penrod flicked back the left lapel of his jacket, and Marjorie caught a glitter from near his armpit

George and he is a ———— and I am after him because I will get a reward of \$50000 for killin him How do you hapen to know the name of Harold Ramorez That scondrel has ruined the lifes of pretty near everybody

Well said this young lady now I will now tell you because my father is an old bank and Harold Ramorez has got this poor old man in his pour sos he can get all the money that people have put in the bank and uless you will save my poor old father Harold Ramorez will proaly kill him and get the money and I will have to mary him If you will save this poor old man you can have the money and I will mary you

Soon they went in the house and the old bank said if George would save him he could mary the young lady and have the money himself Soon Harold Ramorez came in there because he had been lookin thorough a hole in the cieling Yes sneered he you are a nice one coming arond here this way Ill just show you Ono you dont sneered our Hero yes I will to sneered Harold and he began to shoot at George with his ottomatick Soon six more crooks ran on in because they had been lookin through the hole and wish to kill George B Jasber the notted detective but the young lady got a dager off the wall and pretty soon the old bank got killed by Harold Ramorez and Jashber killed the crooks by stabin them in the abodmen

Look what you have been doing here sneered Ramorez and there folowd a deep curse You just wait said George and you will see what you get your vile oths are not doing me any harm and he went on and tanted some more with a smile

The scondrel called him names a while but George coolly lit a ciggett and was going to put his arms over the young lady but soon Ramorez grabed her and pushed her out of a window where she fell in a mortarboat the rest of the crooks put there Soon Ramorez jumped after her and George had to go on back to his office Soon a secert mesage came on the wall like this it said this young lady was in the pour of the scondrel Harold Ramorez and the gang of crooks under the east peir of the river Wenever our hero wish to know about anything a secert mesage would come on the wall of his office printed in large letters and then it would fad out Sometimes it said different things and all such

Jashber decied he would have to shadow some man he saw when he looked out the window He shadowed this crook day and night till the scondrel went to the secert den of the conterfitters under the east peir First he was shadowing the crook night and day before he went to the den

George took some sailor cloths and put them on and fixed himself all up sos nobody would know him in diguise and when he got to the den the scondrel Harold Ramorez was twising the young lady's arm and starting to whip her She was mad but she did not want to fight

Our hero told him he better not do any more like that but the scondrel went on ahead pushing her all around because he did not know it was Jashber the detective but soon the scondrel had to go out a minute and George told the young lady who he was Now I will tell you what we better do said the detective Well what said the young lady Well you put my sailor suit on and I will put yours on and you can go on out and go to my office and when he comes back he will think I am the young lady and try to whip me but I am lots stronger than and he will see what he gets So they changed thier clothes and the young lady went on out because the crooks thought she was a sailor and she went up to George B Jashbers office and sat there while our hero was wating in the conterfitters den Soon the scondrel Ramorez came back so

he thought George was the young lady and began again but soon Jashber got him down on the floor and choked him till his hands met in the flech Yes you try to whip me said he I could whip you any day in the week because you are mistaken and I am not any young lady

Well who are you you talk so much sneered Harold I will show you who I am said he I am Jashber the detective I guess you know who I am now Soon they were fightin for thier very life Soon some more crooks came in and he had to let him up and went on back to his office So ther the young lady asked him if he arested Harold Ramorez

No I did not yet said our hero but I am going to the next time because I want to have \$500000 Reward.

So he put on some better cloths and they decided they would go to a party that Harold Ramorez was going to be at

Chapter XIII

This party was a party at some poeple's house a band was playing and all and soon our hero and the young lady—

Here the manuscript was again buried beneath the surface of the sawdust upon a peremptory summons from the back porch, and Penrod repaired to the house for lunch. He was thoughtful during the meal, ate absently, and did not return to the sawdust-box afterward. Instead, he wandered about the yard for a time, then sat upon the steps of the back porch, his elbows on his knees, his cheeks in the palms of his hands, and gazed unseeingly at the empty stable.

His thoughts were those which such a manuscript as "Harold Ramorez" might be expected to stimulate in its producer, but they so far outran the speed of a writing hand that he had no desire to return to the composition. All his old ambitions had faded. He no longer cared to play the biggest horn in the band; no more did he picture himself in flashing uniform—not even as a general on a white horse. No; through tortuous adventures in his vivid mind's eye he wandered, cool, expressionless, resourceful, always turning up at the theatrical moment, shadowing male and female crooks night and day, a soft hat pulled low over steely eyes which nothing escaped, his coat collar pulled up to disguise the back of his head. A cigarette was ever ready to his hand (to be smoked for the purpose of concealing watchfulness of expression), and an automatic pistol always lay in his pocket (to be glanced at before he left his office or entered any door, whatsoever). Yes; Penrod's childish ideals of circuses and bands and tinsel generals were now discarded pinchbeck indeed, ignominious and almost incredible. He had decided to be a detective.

So far as facts go—and they do not go very far at Penrod's age—he had never seen an actual detective; but he did not realize that. If you had asked him, he would have said that he had seen hundreds, and he would have been conscious of no untruth in the reply.

In the theater, it was the day of "crooks" and detectives. Our plot-playwrights being driven out of the "costume" centuries, yet being as ever dependent for thrill upon weapons and the imminence of death and prison, had discovered with joy and gratitude that stage criminals can be made so virtuous in certain respects that audiences will love them, and wherever there is a criminal in a play, there must, of course, be a detective, sometimes many detectives. At this same time, there was a revival of detective plays—old-fashioned ones and new-fashioned ones, for many new kinds of detectives were invented. Not only upon the stage



More and more he merged into the character of George B.

were detectives ubiquitous; many magazines ran overflowing with detectives; the Sunday newspapers were always an ounce or so heavier with detectives; they had daily serials about detectives; the bill-boards everywhere shouted with posters of detectives, and, above all, the "movies" filled the land, up and down, and sideways and across, with detectives and detectives and detectives—they could live no hour of the day or night without detectives. So what wonder that Penrod would have said he had seen great numbers of detectives?

And considering the nature of the most powerful influences under which he came (at his age, those which affect the imagination being always the most powerful), it is not inconsiderably to his credit that he decided to be a detective and not a "crook." Perhaps—especially at the matinées—perhaps he wavered; for on the stage, in many of these plays, the criminals were incomparably more attractive than the law-abiding people, who naturally must appear as persecutors and take the place formerly filled by villains in tan coats. But the "movies" (which nearly always punish or kill the "crooks") and the stories and plays wherein detectives were the heroes—these won the day, and Penrod's decision was upon the side of the law.

Now, as Penrod sat on the steps of the back porch, his imagined self—the Penrod in his mind—began to shift and alter. By the very act of writing (which is an act comparable to the changing of plaster of Paris from a plastic to a fixed state), Penrod had solidified his nebulous studies of the notted detective, George B. Jashber, into a fixed contour, and by the same process, the more he thought of Jashber, the more he miraculously forgot himself. He became less and less conscious of the actual Penrod, and when his far-away eye glanced downward, what it physically saw—his knickerbockers and stockings and stubby shoes—bore no meaning. Penrod thought that he was wearing long trousers, rubber-soled shoes, a soft hat with the brim turned down, a long overcoat with the collar turned up, and that he had an automatic pistol in one of the outer pockets of that coat always ready to be taken forth and leveled at (or pressed against) a crook's abdomen. During this long, mystic sitting upon the back steps, the individuality of Penrod and the individuality of the notted detective were merging. Penrod was becoming George B. Jashber, or Jasber.

After a while he rose, glanced sharply over his shoulder, then, his right hand in the right pocket of his jacket, walked with affected carelessness as far as the door of the stable. Here he paused, looked right and left quickly, drew forth his hand from his pocket, glanced at it vigilantly, then, not in conscious imitation at all but by inspiration, gave the abrupt sag and heave to his shoulders of a "movie" actor about to make an exit. Penrod had not the slightest idea why he did this, and indeed, in the truest sense, it was not Penrod but George B. Jashber who did it. George B. having done it, Penrod passed determinedly into the stable.

He sat upon a box, facing the wheelbarrow, but the box was a swivel-chair and the wheelbarrow a large and polished desk, while the battered old door of the disused harness-closet gleamed mahogany and opaque glass with a sign upon it. This sign, in fact, became actual, for there was paint in a can in the storeroom, and the harness-closet door bore this rubric:

GEORGE B JASHBER
DETECTIVE OFFICE
WALK IN

This, then, was the beginning of Penrod's great detective period. In his day-dreams and his night-dreams, more and more he merged into the character of George B. Even when he played or romped in ordinary pastimes with comrade Sam Williams, or the colored brethren, Herman and Verman, or with Roddy Bitts and Georgie Bassett, he did not entirely forget his new significance; there was about him the superiority of one possessing a fateful secret, and there were times, when (perhaps offended by some action of his playmates) he would mutter inaudibly, "I bet they better not do that if they knew who I was!" And once, his pretty, nineteen-year-old sister Margaret overheard him communing with himself as he slowly dressed for school one Monday morning.

"Well, George, you got *your* eyes open all right! Yes, sir; I guess I have! Well, George, we got to watch out! Oh, we'll watch out, all right!"

Margaret laughed and called to him.

"Who's George, Penrod?" she asked.

There was a silence, and then his voice came indistinctly,



"Every evening I went out last week I had that
"How awful!"

"Nothin'."

Now befell one of those coincidences in which life abounds, though we are beginning to be cynical about them when we see them on the stage or read of them in fiction.

Thus it happened: Della, the cook, had an appanage of some vagueness, though definitely known as "Jarge." Jarge was a golden-haired, pale-eyed, strangely freckled

young man, whose chin and Adam's apple knew but one difference, and that was merely geographical. On Sundays, Jarge wore a blue-satin tie, manufactured in the permanent estate of a tiny flat bow-knot, and, as the newspapers are so fond of pointing out, he wore more than this tie—but nothing else so noticeable. The tie and Jarge's chin and Adam's apple had a strong fascination for Penrod; he thought Jarge a remarkable person, and felt favored by Jarge's conversations with him. Jarge came for Della every Sunday afternoon and was not infrequently to be discovered at other times, sitting solemn and non-committal in the kitchen, when some member of the Schofield family had occasion to go there. To this family he was known, through Della's reserved account of him, as "Jarge," simply; and as he was evidently much younger than Della, he was accepted by the Schofields as her nephew—or something; for so they alluded to him upon occasion.

Jarge was waiting on the back porch for his presumable aunt, on a fair Sunday afternoon in May, when Penrod approached him and in a rather guarded manner opened a conversation upon the subject of detectives. Jarge proved congenial, and presently informed Penrod that he, Jarge himself, was a detective no less. However, he stated that the experience had proved disappointing and of no financial benefit whatever. He added that for three dollars anybody could be a detective. It was only necessary to send three dollars to an address in Wisconsin, and a badge, a certificate,

"Look here," he said solemnly, his eyes grown abnormally large: "What'll you take for those things?"

Jarge had lost the book, and the certificate had been accidentally used by his landlady to start a fire in the stove; but he believed that the badge was somewhere in his trunk. It passed into Penrod's possession the following Thursday evening, the exchange being thirty-five cents in the form of two dimes, two nickles, and five pennies. Jarge had polished the badge for good measure, and it was as bright as quicksilver. It was shaped like an ornamental shield and bore in black intaglio the awing device:

MEM
GRAY BROS
PVT
DETEC AGCY
NO
103

From that moment, Penrod believed that he was Detective No. 103. That was as far as he went, and it was sufficient—the rest of the organization remained in his mind as something powerful behind a curtain of Wisconsin mist; it was enough for him that he was Detective No. 103. And yet, in spite of the fact that he did not at all question his official rank as Detective No. 103, he did not think of himself as Penrod Schofield, No. 103. So tricky is the interweaving of fact and fancy in a boy's mind, and so unexpected are the dropped stitches, when Penrod thought of himself as No. 103 he thought of himself as George B. Jashber—George B. Jashber, No. 103. Yes; somewhere deep in him there was a consciousness that Penrod Schofield was not actually a detective but only pretending.

None of his family saw the badge, and, for a time, neither did any of his comrades—not even Sam Williams. He wore it under his jacket, near his left armpit, and kept it beneath his pillow at night—to be handy, perhaps, in case of burglars.

There was one person, however, who was granted, not precisely a look at the portent but at least a glimpse of it. This was Marjorie Jones, and the glimpse came at the end of a short interview across Marjorie's picket fence, Penrod lingering upon the sidewalk there, in the course of a detour he made on his way home from school. He was so preoccupied—or, at least, he appeared to be so preoccupied—that Marjorie inquired about it.

"Penrod, what is the matter of you?" she cried.

"Well—" he said, neither removing the pucker in his forehead nor turning his watchful gaze to her. "Nothin'.

Anyway, nothin' you could understand about."

"There is, too!" Marjorie insisted. "I believe you been havin' a fight with some boy and keep watchin' out maybe he'll come round the corner."

"Not," Penrod returned, relaxing no more than that.

"Well, what is the matter? You acted this way last time, too."

"Well, what of it?"

"I know you got sumpting the matter of you, Penrod," she persisted. "I bet your mother's found out sumpting you did!"

"She has not!"

"Well then, you think she's goin' to."

"I do not!"

"I bet you do, too! I bet that's just (Continued on page 115)



curious and uncomfortable feeling of being followed." said Miss Carter

and a book of instructions would be the certain result unless the United States mail-car ran off the track. Jarge had proved this to be the fact, more than a year ago, by responding with three dollars to an advertisement; but now he wished he had his three dollars back. His gloom in the matter had anything but a discouraging effect on Penrod; on the contrary, an electric opportunity sparkled before him.

Nightshade

By Fannie Hurst

Illustrated by T. D. Skidmore

OVER the silent places of the world flies the vulture of madness, pausing to wheel above isolated farmhouses, where a wife, already dizzy with the pressure of rarefied silence, looks up, magnetized. Then across the flat stretches, his shadow under him moving across moor and the sand of desert, slowing at the perpetually eastern edge of a mirage, brushing his actual wings against the brick of city walls; the garret of a dreamer, brain-sick with reality. Flopping, until she comes to gaze, outside the window of one so alone in a crowd that her four hall-bedroom walls are closing in upon her. Lowering over a childless house on the edge of a village.

Were times when Mrs. Hanna Burkhardt, who lived on the edge of a village in one such childless house, could in her fancy hear the flutter of wings, too. There had once been a visit to a doctor in High Street because of those head-noises and the sudden terror of not being able to swallow. He had stethoscoped and prescribed her change of scene. Had followed two weeks with cousins fifty miles away near Lida, Ohio, and a day's stop-over in Cincinnati allowed by her railroad-ticket. But six months after, in the circle of glow from a table-lamp that left the corners of the room in a chiaroscuro kind of gloom, there were again noises of wings rustling and of water lapping and the old stricture of the throat. Across the table, a Paisley cover between them, Mr. John Burkhardt, his short spade of beard already down over his shirt-front, arm hanging lax over his chair-side and newspaper fallen, sat forward in a hunched attitude of sleep, whistling noises coming occasionally through his breathing. A china clock, the centerpiece of the mantel, ticked spang into the silence, enhancing it.

Hands in lap, head back against the mat of her chair, Mrs. Burkhardt looked straight ahead of her into this silence—at a closed door hung with a newspaper rack, at a black-walnut horsehair divan, a great sea-shell on the carpet beside it. A nickel-plated warrior gleamed from the top of a base-burner that showed pink through its mica doors. He stood out against the chocolate-ocher wall-paper and a framed Declaration of Independence, hanging left. A coal fell. Mr. Burkhardt sat up, shook himself of sleep.

"Little chilly," he said, and in carpet slippers and unbuttoned waistcoat, moved over to the base-burner, his feet, to avoid sloughing, not leaving the floor. He was slightly stooped, the sateen back to his waistcoat hiking to the curve of him. But he swung up the scuttle with a swoop, rattling coal freely down into the red-jowled orifice.

"Ugh, don't!" she said. "I'm burnin' up."

He jerked back the scuttle, returned to his chair and, picking up the fallen newspaper, drew down his spectacles from off his brow and fell immediately back into close, puckered scrutiny of the printed page.

"What time is it, Burkhardt? That old thing on the mantel's crazy."

He drew out a great silver watch.

"Seven-forty."

"O God!" she said. "I thought it was about ten."

The clock ticked in roundly again except when he rustled his paper in the turning. The fire was crackling now, too, in sharp explosions. Beyond the arc of lamp, the room was deeper than ever in shadow. Finally, John Burkhardt's head relaxed again to his shirt-front, the paper falling gently away to the floor. She regarded his lips puffing out as

he breathed. Hands clasped, arms full-length on the table, it was as if the flood of words pressing against the walls of her, to be shrieked rather than spoken, was flowing over to him. He jerked erect again, regarding her through blinks. "Must 'a' dozed off," he said, reaching down for his newspaper.

She was winding her fingers now in and out among themselves.

"Burkhardt?"

"Eh?"

"What—does a person do that's smotherin'?"

"Eh?"

"I know. That's what I'm doing. Smotherin'!"

"A touch of the old trouble, Hanna?"

She sat erect, with her rather large white hands at the heavy base to her long throat. They rose and fell to her breathing. Like Heine, who said so potently, "I am a tragedy," so she, too, in the sulky light of her eyes and the pulled lips and the ripple of shivers over her, proclaimed it of herself.

"Seven-forty! God, what'll I do, Burkhardt; what'll I do?"

"Go lay down on the sofa a bit, Hanna. I'll cover you with a plaid. It's the head-noises again bothering you."

"Seven-forty! What'll I do? Seven-forty and nothing left but bed."

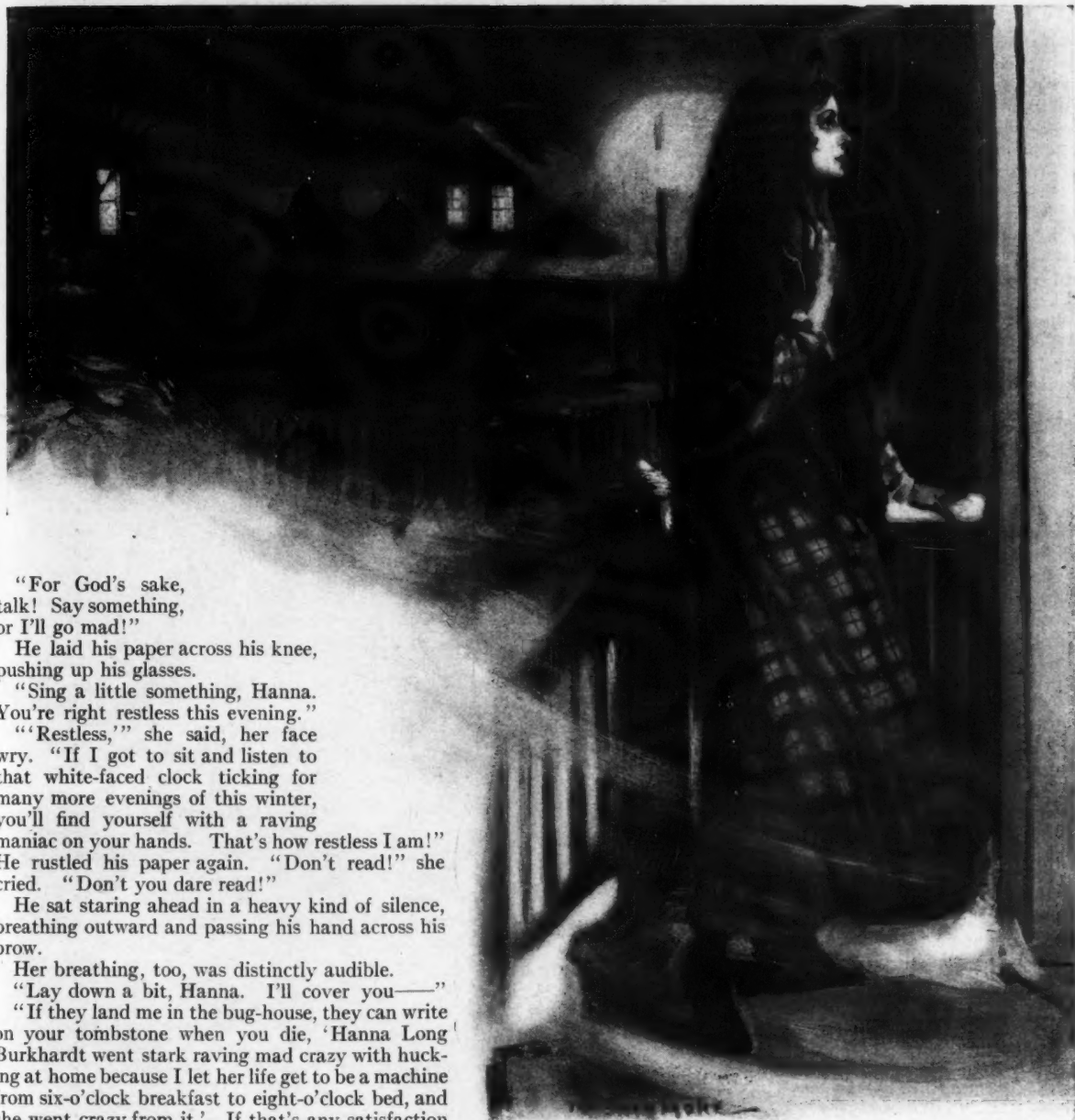
"I must 'a' dozed off, Hanna."

"Yes; you must 'a' dozed off," she laughed, her voice eaten into with the acid of her own scorn. "Yes; you must 'a' dozed off. The same way as you dozed off last night and last month and last year and the last eight years. The best years of my life—that's what you've dozed off, John Burkhardt. He 'must 'a' dozed off,'" she repeated, her lips quivering and lifting to reveal the white line of her large teeth. "Yes; I think you must 'a' dozed off!"

He was reading again in stolid profile.

She fell to tapping the broad toe of her shoe, her light, dilated eyes staring above his head. She was spare and yet withal a roundness left to the cheek and forearm. Long-waisted and with a certain swing where it flowed down into straight hips, there was a bony, Olympian kind of bigness about her. Beneath the washed-out blue shirt-waist dress her chest was high, as if vocal. She was not without youth. Her head went up like a stag's to the passing of a band in the street, or a glance thrown after her, or the contemplation of her own freshly washed yellow hair in the sunlight. She wore a seven glove, but her nails had great depth and pinkness, and each a clear half-moon. They were dug down now into her palms.





"For God's sake,
talk! Say something,
or I'll go mad!"

He laid his paper across his knee,
pushing up his glasses.

"Sing a little something, Hanna.
You're right restless this evening."

"Restless," she said, her face
wry. "If I got to sit and listen to
that white-faced clock ticking for
many more evenings of this winter,
you'll find yourself with a raving
maniac on your hands. That's how restless I am!"
He rustled his paper again. "Don't read!" she
cried. "Don't you dare read!"

He sat staring ahead in a heavy kind of silence,
breathing outward and passing his hand across his
brow.

Her breathing, too, was distinctly audible.

"Lay down a bit, Hanna. I'll cover you——"

"If they land me in the bug-house, they can write
on your tombstone when you die, 'Hanna Long
Burkhardt went stark raving mad crazy with huck-
ing at home because I let her life get to be a machine
from six-o'clock breakfast to eight-o'clock bed, and
she went crazy from it.' If that's any satisfaction
to you, they can write that on your tombstone."

He mopped his brow this time, clearing his throat.

"You knew when we married, Hanna, they called me
'Silent' Burkhardt. I never was a great one for talking
unless there was something I wanted to say."

"I knew nothin' when I married you. Nothin' except
that along a certain time every girl that can gets married.
I knew nothin' except——except——"

"Except what?"

"Nothin'."

"I've never stood in your light, Hanna, of having a good
time. Go ahead. I'm always glad when you go up-town
with the neighbor women of a Saturday evening. I'd be
glad if you'd have 'em in here now and then for a little socia-
bility. Have 'em. Play the graphophone for 'em. Sing.
You ain't done nothin' with your singin' since you give up
choir."

"Neighbor women! Old maids' choir! That's fine ex-
citement for a girl not yet twenty-seven!"

"Come; let's go to a moving picture, Hanna. Go wrap
yourself up warm."

"Movie! Oh, no; no movie for me with you snorin'
through the picture till I'm ashamed for the whole placē.

"It's me, Mrs. Scogin—Hanna Burkhardt!"

If I was the kind of girl had it in me to run around with other
fellows, that's what I'd be drove to do, the deal you've given
me. Movie! That's a fine enjoyment to try to foist off on a
woman to make up for eight years of being so fed up on still-
ness that she's half batty!"

"Maybe there's something showin' in the opry-house
to-night."

"Oh, you got a record to be proud of, John Burkhardt:
Not a foot in that opera-house since we're married. I
wouldn't want to have your feelin's!"

His quietude was like a great, impregnable, invisible wall
enclosing him.

"I'm not the man can change his ways, Hanna. I married
at forty, too late for that."

"I notice you liked my pep all-righty when I was workin'
in the feed-yard office. I hadn't been in it ten days before
you were hangin' on my laughs from morning till night."

"I do yet, Hanna—only you don't laugh no more.
There's nothin' so fine in a woman as sunshine."

"Provided you don't have to furnish any of it."

"Because a man ain't got it in him to be light in his ways don't mean he don't enjoy it in others. Why, there just ain't nothin' to equal a happy woman in the house! Them first months, Hanna, showed me what I'd been missin'." It was just the way I figured it—somebody around like you, singin' and putterin'. It was that laugh in the office made me bring it here where I could have it always by me."

"It's been knocked out of me, every bit of laugh I ever had in me; lemme tell you that."

"I can remember the first time I ever heard you, Hanna. You was standin' at the office window lookin' out in the yards at Jerry Sims unloadin' a shipment of oats, and little old Cocker was standin' on top of one of the sacks barkin' his head off. I——"

"Yeh; I met Clara Sims on the street yesterday, back here for a visit, and she says to me, she says: 'Hanna Burkhardt, you mean to tell me you never done nothing with your voice! You oughta be ashamed. If I was your husband, I'd spend my last cent trainin' that contralto of yours. You oughtn't to let yourself go like this. Women don't do it no more.' That, from the tackiest girl that ever walked this town. I wisht High Street had opened up and swallowed me."

"Now, Hanna, you mustn't——"

"In all these years never so much as a dance or a car-ride as far as Middletown. Church! Church! Church! Till I could scream at the sight of it. Not a year of my married life that ain't been a loadstone on my neck! Eight of 'em! Eight!"

"I'm not sayin' I'm not to blame, Hanna. A woman like you naturally likes life. I never wanted to hold you back. If I'm tired nights and dead on my feet from twelve hours on 'em, I never wanted you to change your ways."

"Yes; with a husband at home in bed. I'd be a fine one chasin' around this town alone, wouldn't I? That's the thanks a woman gets for bein' self-respectin'."

"I always kept hopin', Hanna, I could get you to take more to the home."

"The home—you mean the tomb!"

"Why, with the right attention, we got as fine a old place here as there is in this part of town, Hanna. If only you felt like giving it a few more touches that kinda would make a woman-place out of it! It ain't changed a whit from the way me and my old father run it together. A little touch here and there, Hanna, would help to keep you occupied and happier if——"

"I know. I know what's comin'."

"The pergola I had built. I used to think maybe you'd get to putter out there in the side yard with it, trailin' vines; the china-paintin' outfit I had sent down from Cincinnati when I seen it advertised in the *Up-State Gazette*; a spaniel or two from old Cocker's new litter, barkin' around; all them things, I used to think, would give our little place here a feelin' that would change both of us for the better. With a more homelike feelin', things might have been different between us, Hanna."

"Keepin' a menagerie of mangy spaniels ain't my idea of livin'."

"Aw, now, Hanna, what's the use puttin' it that way. Take for instance: it's been a plan of mine to paint the house, with the shutters green and a band of green shingles runnin' up under the eaves. A little encouragement from you and we could perk the place up right smart. All these years it's kinda gone down—even more than when I was a bachelor in it. Sunk in kinda, like them iron jardinières I had put in the front yard for you to keep evergreen in. It's them little things, Hanna. Then that—that old idea of mine to take a little one from the orphanage—a young 'un around the——"

"O Lord!"

"I ain't goin' to mention it if it aggravates you, but—but makin' a home out of this gray old place would help us both, Hanna. There's no denyin' that. It's what I hoped for when I brought you home a bride here. Just had it kinda planned. You putterin' around the place in some kind of a pink apron like you women can rig yourselves up in and——"



"There ain't a girl in Adalia has dropped out of things the way I have. I had a singin' voice that everybody in this town said——"

"There's the piano, Hanna, bought special for it."

"I got a contralto that——"

"There never was anything give me more pleasure then them first years you used it. I ain't much to express myself, but it was mighty fine, Hanna, to hear you."

"Yes, I know; you snored into my singin' with enjoyment all right."

"It's the twelve hours on my feet that just seem to make me dead to the world come evening."

"A girl that had the whole town wavin' flags at her when she sung 'The Holy City' at the Nineteen-hundred street-carnival! Kittie Scogin Bevins, one of the biggest singers in New York to-day, nothing but my chorus! Where's it got me these eight years? Nowheres! She had enough sense to cut loose from Ed Bevins, who was a loadstone too, and beat it. She's singing now in New York for forty a week with a voice that wasn't strong enough to be more than chorus to mine."

"Kittie Scogin, Hanna, is a poor comparison for any woman to make with herself."

"It is, is it? Well, I don't see it thataway. When she

stepped off the train last week comin' back to visit her old mother, I wished the whole depot would open up and swallow me—that's what I wished. Me and her that used to be took for sisters! I'm eight months younger, and I look eight years older. When she stepped off that train in them white furs and a purple face-veil, I just wished to God the whole depot would open and swallow me. That girl had sense, O God, didn't she have sense!"

"They say her sense is what killed Ed Bevins of shame and heart-break."

"Say, don't tell me! It was town-talk the way he made

"There's not a time she comes back here it don't have an upsettin' influence on you, Hanna."

"I know what's upsettin' me all right. I know!"

He sighed heavily.

"I'm just the way I am, Hanna, and there's no teachin' an old dog new tricks. It's a fact I ain't much good after eight o'clock evenin's. It's a fact—a fact!"

They sat then in a further silence that engulfed them like fog. A shift of wind blew a gust of dry snow against the window-pane with a little sleety noise. And as another evidence of rising wind, a jerk of it came down the flue, rattling the fender of a disused grate.

"We better keep the water in the kitchen runnin' to-night. The pipes'll freeze."

Tic-toc. Tic. Toc. She had not moved, still sitting staring above the top of his head. He slid out his watch, yawning.

"Well, if you think it's too raw for the movin' pictures, Hanna, I guess I'll be movin' up to bed; I got to be down to meet a five-o'clock shipment of fifty bales to-morrow. I'll be movin' along unless there's anything you want?"

"No—nothing."

"If—if you ain't sleepy awhile yet, Hanna, why not run over to widow Dinninger's to pass the time of evenin'? I'll keep the door on the latch."

She sprang up, snatching a heavy black shawl, throwing it over her and clutching it closed at the throat.

"Where you goin', Hanna?"

"Walkin'," she said, slamming the door after her.

In Adalia, chiefly remarkable for the Indestructo Safe Works and a river which annually overflows its banks with casualties, the houses sit well back from tree-bordered streets, most of them frame, shingle-roofed veterans that had lived through the cyclelike years of the bearing, the marrying, the burying of two, even three generations of the same surname.

A three-year-old, fifteen-mile traction connects the court-house with the Indestructo Safe Works. High Street, its entire length, is paved. During a previous mayoralty, the town offered to the Lida Tool Works a handsome bonus to construct branch foundries along its river banks, and except for the annual flood-conditions, would have succeeded.

In spring, Adalia is like a dear old lady's garden of marigold and bleeding-heart. Flushes of sweet peas ripple along its picket fences and off toward the back yards; grape-arbors, in autumn the great fruit-clusters ripening to purple frost. Come winter, there is almost an instant shriveling to naked stalk, and the trelliswork behind vines comes through. Even the houses seem immediately to darken of last

spring's paint and, with windows closed, the shades are drawn. Oftener than not, Adalia spends its evening snugly behind these drawn shades in great scoured kitchens or dining-rooms, the house-fronts dark.

When Mrs. Burkhardt stepped out into an evening left thus to its stilly depth, shades drawn against it, a light dust



Finally, John Burkhardt's head relaxed again to his shirt-front, the paper falling gently away to the floor

her toady to his folks, even after he'd been cut off without a cent. Kittie told me herself the very sight of the old Bevins place over on Orchard Street gives her the creeps down her back. If not for old lady Scogin way up in the seventies, she'd never put her foot back in this dump. That girl had sense."

of snow, just fallen, was scurrying up-street before the wind, like something phantom with its skirts blowing forward. Little drifts of it, dry as powder, had blown up against the porch. She sidestepped them, hurrying down a wind-swept brick walk and out a picket gate that did not swing entirely after. Behind her, the house with its wimple of shingle roof and unlighted front windows seemed to recede somewhere, darkly. She stood an undecided moment, her face into the wind. Half down the block, an arc-light swayed and gave out a moving circle of light. Finally she turned her back and went off down a side street, past a lighted corner-grocer, crossed a street to avoid the black mouth of an alley, then off at another right angle. The houses here were smaller, shoulder to shoulder and directly on the sidewalk.

Before one of these, for no particular reason distinguishable from the others, Mrs. Burkhardt stepped up two shallow steps and turned a key in the center of the door, which set up a buzz on its reverse side. Her hand, where it clutched the shawl at her throat, was reddening and roughening, the knuckles pushing up high and white. Waiting, she turned her back to the wind, her body hunched up against it.

There was a moving-about within, the scrape of a match, and finally the door opening slightly, a figure peering out.

"It's me, Mrs. Scogin—Hanna Burkhardt!"

The door swung back then, revealing a just-lighted parlor, opening, without introduction of hall, from the sidewalk.

"Well, if it ain't Hanna Burkhardt! What you doin' out this kind of a night? Come in. Kittie's dryin' her hair in the kitchen. Used to be she could sit on it, and it's ruind from the scorchin' curlin'-iron. I'll call her. Sit down, Hanna. How's Burkhardt? I'll call her. Oh, Kittie! Kit-tie, Hanna Burkhardt's here to see you."

In the wide flare of the swinging lamp, revealing Mrs. Scogin's parlor of chromo, china plaque, and crayon enlargement, sofa, what-not, and wax bouquet embalmed under glass, Mrs. Burkhardt stood for a moment, blowing into her cupped hands, unwinding herself of shawl, something Niobe in her gesture.

"Yoo-hoo—it's only me, Kit! Shall I come out?"

"Naw—just a minute; I'll be in."

Mrs. Scogin seated herself on the edge of the sofa, well forward, after the manner of those who relax but ill to the give of upholstery. She was like a study of what might have been the grandmother of one of Rembrandt's studies of a grandmother. There were lines crawling over her face too manifold for even the etcher's stroke, and over her little shriveling hands that were too birdlike for warmth. There is actually something avian comes with the years. In the frontal bone pushing itself forward, the cheeks receding, and the eyes still bright. There was yet that trenchant quality in Mrs. Scogin, in the voice and gaze of her.

"Sit down, Hanna."

"Don't care if I do."

"You can lean back against that chair-bow."

"Hate to muss it."

"How's Burkhardt?"

"All right."

"He's been made deacon, not?"

"Yeh."

"If mine had lived, he'd the makin' of a pillar. Once label a man with hard drinkin', and it's hard to get justice for him. There never was a man had more the makin' of a pillar than mine, dead now these sixteen years and molderin' in his grave for justice."

"Yes, Mrs. Scogin."

"You can lean back against that bow."

"Thanks."

"So Burkhardt's been made deacon."

"Three years already—you was at the church."

"A deacon. Mine went to his grave too soon."

"They said down at market to-day, Mrs. Scogin, that Addie Fitton knocked herself against the wood-bin and has water on the knee."

"Let the town once label a man with drinkin', and it's hard to get justice for him."

"It took Martha and Eda and Gessler's hired girl to hold her in bed with the pain."

"Yes, yes," said Mrs. Scogin, sucking in her words and her eyes seeming to strain through the present; "once label a man with drinkin'."

Kittie Scogin Bevins entered then, through a rain of bead portières. Insistently blond, her loosed-out hair newly dry and flowing down over a very spotted and very baby-blue kimono, there was something soft-fleshed about her, a not unappealing saddle of freckles across her nose, the eyes too light but set in with a certain feline arch to them.

"Hello, Han!"

"Hello, Kittie!"

"Snowing?"

"No."

"Been washing my hair to show it a good time. One month in this dump and they'd have to hire a hearse to roll me back to Forty-second Street in."

"This ain't nothing. Wait till we begin to get snowed in!"

"I know. Say, you c'n tell me nothing about this tank I dunno already. I was buried twenty-two years in it. Move over, ma."

She fitted herself into the lower curl of the couch, crossing her hands at the back of her head, drawing up her feet so that, for lack of space, her knees rose to a hump.

"What's new in Deadtown, Han?"

"New! This dump don't know we got a new war. They think it's the old Civil one left over."

"Burkhardt's been made a deacon, Kittie."

"O Lord, ma, forget it!" Mrs. Scogin Bevins threw out her hands to Mrs. Burkhardt in a wide gesture, indicating her mother with a forefinger, then with it tapping her own brow. "Crazy as a loon! Bats!"

"If your father had—"

"Ma, for Gossakes—"

"You talk to Kittie, Hanna. My girls won't none of 'em listen to me no more. I tell 'em they're fightin' over my body before it's dead for this house and the one on Ludlow Street. It's precious little for 'em to be fightin' for before I'm dead, but if not for it, I'd never be gettin' these visits from a one of 'em."

"Ma!"

"I keep tellin' her, Kittie, to stay home. New York ain't no place for a divorced woman to set herself right with the Lord."

"Ma, if you don't quit raving and clear on up to bed, I'll pack myself out to-night yet and then you'll have a few things to set right with the Lord. Go on up, now."

"I—"

"Go on—you hear?"

Mrs. Scogin went then, tiredly and quite bent forward, toward a flight of stairs that rose directly from the parlor. Opened a door leading up into them, the frozen breath of unheated regions coming down.

"Quick—close that door, ma!"

"Come to see a body, Hanna, when she ain't here. She won't stay at home like a God-fearin' woman ought to."

"Light the gas-heater up there, if you expect me to come to bed. I'm used to steam-heated flats, not barns."

"She's a sassy girl, Hanna—your John a deacon and hers lies molderin' in his grave a suici—"

Mrs. Scogin Bevins flung herself up then, a wave of red riding up her face.

"If you don't go up—if you—don't! Go—now! Honest, you're gettin' so loony you need a keeper. Go—you hear?"

The door shut slowly, enclosing the old figure. She relaxed to the couch, trying to laugh.

"Loony," she said. "Eats. Nobody home."

"I like your hair high like that, Kittie. It looks swell."

"It's easy. I'll fix it for you sometime. It's the vampire swirl. All the girls are wearing it."

"Remember the night, Kit, we was singin' duets for the



DRAWN BY T. D. SMITH

"Lemme die—that's all I ask! What's there in it—for me? What has there ever been? Don't do it, Lew! Don't—don't——"
It was then Mr. Kaminer pushed back his chair, flopped down his napkin, and rose, breathing heavily

Second Street Presbyterian out at Grody's Grove and we got to hair-pullin' over whose curls was the longest?"

"Yeh; I had on a blue dress with white polka-dots."

"That was fifteen years ago. Remember Joe Claiborne promised us a real stage-job, and we opened a lemonade-stand on our front gate to pay his commission in advance?"

They laughed back into the years.

"O Lord, them was days! Seems to me like fifty years ago."

"Not to me, Kittie. You've done things with your life since then. I ain't."

"You know what I've always told you about yourself, Hanna. If ever there was a fool girl, that was Hanna Long. Lord, if I'm where I am on my voice, where would you be?"

"I was a fool."

"I could have told you that the night you came running over to tell me."

"There was no future in this town, for me, Kit. Stenoggin' around from one office to another. He was the only real provider ever came my way."

"I always say if John Burkhardt had shown you the color of real money! But what's a man to-day on just a fair living? Not worth burying yourself in a dump like this for. No, siree. When I married Ed, anyways I thought I smelled big money. I couldn't see ahead that his father'd carry out his bluff and cut him off. But what did you have to smell—a feed-yard in a hole of a town! What's the difference whether you live in ten rooms like yours or in four like this as long as you're buried alive? A girl can always do that well for herself after she's took big chances. You could be Lord knows where now if you'd 'a' took my advice four years ago and lit out when I did."

"I know it, Kit. God knows I've eat out my heart with knowin' it! Only—only it was so hard—a man givin' me no more grounds than he does—what court would listen to his stillness for grounds? I ain't got grounds."

"Say, you could 'a' left that to me. My little lawyer's got a factory where he manufactures them. He could 'a' found a case of incompatibility between the original turtle-doves."

"God! His stillness, Kittie—like—"

"John Burkhardt would give me the razzle-dazzle jim-jams overnight, he would. That face reminds me of my favorite funeral."

"I told him to-night, Kittie, he's killin' me with his deadness. I ran out of the house from it. It's killin' me."

"Why, you poor simp, standing for it!"

"That's what I come over for, Kit. I can't stand no more. If I don't talk to some one, I'll bust. There's no one in this town I can open up to. Him so sober—and deacon. They don't know what it is to sit night after night dyin' from his stillness. Whole meals, Kit, when he don't open



Kitty Scogin Bevins entered then

his mouth except, 'Hand me this; hand me that'—and his beard movin' up and down so when he chews. Because a man don't hit you and gives you spending-money enough for the little things, don't mean he can't abuse you with—just gettin' on your nerves so terrible. I'm feelin' myself slip—crazy—ever since I got back from Cincinnati and seen what's goin' on in the big towns and me buried here, I been feelin' myself slip—slip, Kittie."

"Cincinnati! Good Lord, if you call that life! Any Monday morning on Forty-second Street makes Cincinnati look like New Year's eve. If you call Cincinnati life!"

"He's small, Kittie. He's a small potato of a man in his

way of livin'. He can live and die without doin' anything except the same things over and over again, year out and year in."

"I know. I know. Ed was off the same pattern. It's the Adalia brand. Lord, Hanna Long, if you could see some of the fellows I got this minute paying attentions to me in

Mrs. Burkhardt's head went up. Her mouth had fallen open, her eyes brightening as they widened.

"Kit—when you goin' back?"

"To-morrow a week, honey—if I live through it."

"Could—you help me—your little lawyer—your—"

"Remember I ain't advising—"

"Could you, Kit, and to—to get a start?"

"They say it of me there ain't a string in the Bijou Café that I can't pull my way."

"Could you, Kit—would you?"

"I don't tell nobody how to run his life, Hanna. It's mighty hard to advise the other fellow about his own business. I don't want it said in this town that's down on me anyways that Kit Scogin put ideas in Hanna Long's head."

"You didn't, Kit. They been there. Once I answered an ad to join a county fair—I even sent money to a vaudeville agent in Cincinnati—I—"

"Nothing doing in vaudeville for our kind of talent. It's cabaret where the money and easy hours is these days. Just a plain little solo act—contralto is what you can put over. A couple of 'Where is My Wandering Boy To-night' sob-solos is all you need. I'll let you meet Billy Howe of the Bijou. Billy's a great one for running in a chaser act or two."

"I—how much would it cost, Kittie, to—to—"

"Hundred and fifty done it for me, wardrobe and all."

"Kittie, I—would you—"

"Sure I would! Only, remember I ain't responsible. I don't tell anybody how to run his life. That's something everybody's got to decide for herself."

"I—have—decided, Kittie."



through a rain of bead portières

New York, you'd lose your mind. Spenders! Them New York guys make big and spend big, and they're willing to part with the spondoolaks. That's the life!"

"I—you look it, Kit. I never seen a girl get back her looks and keep 'em like you. I says to him to-night, I says, 'When I look at myself in the glass, I wanna die.'"

"You're all there yet, Hanna. Your voice over here the other night was something immense. Big enough to cut into any restaurant crowd, and that's what counts in cabaret. I don't tell anybody how to run his life, but if I had your looks and your contralto, I'd turn 'em into money, I would. There's forty dollars a week in you this minute."

At something after that stilly one-o'clock hour when all the sleeping noises of lath and wainscoting creak out, John Burkhardt lifted his head to the moving light of a lamp held like a torch over him, even the ridge of his body completely submerged beneath the great feather billow of an oceanic walnut bedstead.

"Yes, Hanna?"

"Wake up!"

"I been awake—"

She set the lamp down on the brown-marble top of a wash-stand, pushed back her hair with both hands, and sat down on the bed-edge, heavily breathing from a run through deserted night's streets.

"I gotta talk to you, Burkhardt— (Continued on page 107)

"CLIMB a wagon-wheel, stranger! I'm about to turn these son of a guns in."

It was Pat's voice calling us; it was his way of announcing that breakfast was served. Rain was still falling; the bushes were wet, and the rim of the plateau, far above, was obscured by clouds.

We uncovered no hydrophobia skunks when we turned back our blankets; none of us had been bitten during the night. A hurried trip to the creek, and we were ready for the worst that Pat had to offer.

As we cracked our vitrified, sour-dough door-knobs and sipped our tin demi-tasses, I inquired of him,



Mr. Beach gives here the account of a cougar-Grand Cañon region of Arizona. He and his the noted comedian, were members of a party Means and "Uncle Jim" Owen. They crossed Ferry, and make their difficult way to and over in the direction of Powell's Plateau. It was trip, and such had been their thrilling experience, before camping for the night, had come whatever might be the joys of cougar hunting, they would live to know them. The illustration taken by the moving-picture camera-man who

dinner—nice feller, he was, as nice a boy as ever I saw—but he happened to an accident. Our men came drifting in at meal-time and ringed around the wagon, pawing the ground and clashing their horns and belling for their feed. When it was all set, I yelled, 'Come and get it or I'll throw it out,' and—do you know?—those son of a guns like to tromped that poor stranger to death. Ever since then I always tell visitors to climb a wagon-wheel."

Our horses had fared badly during the night, for there was no grass hereabout; hence it was slow work threading our way up the cañon. We had supposed that the worst of our climbing was over, but, as usual, we were mistaken. During the entire trip, I don't think we ever congratulated ourselves on any subject without discovering that we had been premature. Up we went on foot, creeping over boulders, pawing our way through bramble and bush, and dragging our horses by their bridles, until we reached the white-limestone cliff—that tremendous ribbon of rock which bands the cañon so prominently. Under this we worked our way along a narrow path which looks out over twenty miles of vacant space until we emerged upon a narrow saddle connecting Powell's Plateau with the main mesa of the Buckskin Range.

Powell's Plateau is an isolated table-land, an aerial isthmus:



PHOTOGRAPH BY CAMPBELL STUDIO

Rex Beach

"What do you mean by inviting us to climb a wagon-wheel?"

"It's just a habit I got into when I was cooking for a cow-outfit in New Mexico," Pat explained. "Those old boys was rough eaters, and they thought well of their grub. One day an Eastern feller stopped at the chuck-wagon for

On the Trail of the Cowardly Cougar

A Hunting Adventure in the Grand Cañon

By Rex Beach



Breakfast on
Powell's
Plateau

hunting adventure in the brother-in-law, Fred Stone, organized by Ambrose the Grand Cañon at Bass's Shinumo Creek, heading now the third day of the ences that the two sports- to the conclusion that, it was doubtful whether tions for the narrative were accompanied the party.



A snowfall brought water right to the camp

it stands forth boldly, like a gigantic layer-cake, and round it the Colorado folds. Its sides fall away perpendicularly, except at the narrow neck which joins it to the North Wall; its top is covered with a parklike growth of magnificent pines. This was to be the scene of our adventures; here Uncle Jim had pitched camp and was awaiting us. From the stories we had heard, we expected to flush a covey of cougar at every step now, and so, bearing in mind that they take alarm easily, we made as much noise as possible and managed to avoid kicking any out of the grass.

Uncle Jim keeps his horses on this plateau, under authority of a grazing-permit from the government. In one respect at least, it is an ideal location, for a quarter of a mile of log fence thrown across the saddle gives him a five-thousand-acre pasture, and the only way his stock can get out of that pasture is to fall out. His horses are of the self-raising variety, and they neither require nor tolerate any attention from outsiders. When he needs one, he takes an early breakfast and a stout lariat, then rides through the woods until he discovers one which he fancies. There-upon, he lights out after it, and runs it twenty or thirty miles, or until it has to stop for refreshment. With good luck, he pens it into a corral, and is thus enabled to get within roping-distance. This accomplished, the real work sets in. Uncle Jim has spent thirty years in the Buckskins, and he hopes soon to have several of these horses broken to the saddle.

A committee of about two dozen prominent mule-eared deer welcomed us when we staggered up over the rim proper and fell exhausted. They did everything except shake



"Uncle Jim" Owen and Pot-hound

hands with us; then, like any reception committee, they hurried away to attend to more interesting business.

It was sleeting now, and inasmuch as we had brought nothing but light clothing—Arizona in May had sounded very tropical to us—our teeth chattered merrily. Uncle Jim had started out for a mule-load of snow, but hearing the music of our ivory castanets ringing through the glades, he headed us off.

"I thought you boys must 'a' had trouble," he said, when we told him about our delays at the Colorado and at the Shinumo. "Kind of a rough country till you get used to it. Now, you go on to camp and take a good rest before supper, while I hurry and get my snow; it's only about five miles. I'm all out of water, and there ain't a creek up here."

But at the mention of food we whimpered so piteously that he turned back. We now guardedly brought up the subject of mountain-lions, only to receive Uncle Jim's enthusiastic assurance that the country was indeed full of them. Fortunately it was cold, and he did not notice that the chattering of our teeth increased.

There is a lot of work wasted in camp-life. Late that afternoon, we hunted up the only remaining snow-drift on the plateau and packed in two hundred pounds of the cleanest of it. The next



A good lion

morning, we awoke to find that it was snowing so heavily that there was enough water for cooking-purposes right at hand—right in our blankets, as a matter of fact.

It was useless to go after lions in such weather, so we spent the day getting acquainted with the dogs and dodging the smoke from a sputtering camp-fire, the while Miller took the camera apart, dried it, and undertook to put it together again. It was quite an exhibition of sleight of hand, for he produced everything out of that box from a wreath of paper flowers to a live rabbit. When the machine was reassembled, he still had a hatful of superfluous parts.



Rex Beach watching the roping of a cougar.



country—one of the side cañons

Uncle Jim Owen is a famous character and much has been written about him, but, next to him, the most important and interesting member of our party was Pot-hound, the dean of the cougar-pack. Pot is a sad-eyed old canine, a veteran of many battles. His every-day dress consists of a haphazard assortment of liver-and-white spots, but on state occasions he wears, in addition thereto, a silver-mounted collar upon which is engraved his name and address, together with the following epitaph:

I have been at the killing of 450 lions

"Is that correct?" we inquired of Uncle Jim.

"Um-m, not exactly," he told us. "It's nearer five hundred now. Old Pot will find cougar where there ain't any."

Fred and I exchanged apprehensive glances. Every moment it looked more and more to us as if we were in for a meeting with a mountain-lion in spite of anything we might do. Nor could we poison the dog, for we had nothing with us more deadly than Epsom salts.

Uncle Jim has lived alone with his dogs much of his time, and he has formed a habit of conversing with them upon intimate subjects. Flattered by our attentions, Pot-hound had edged nearer to the fire than etiquette permitted, so Uncle Jim pecked the veteran on the shins with his poker, saying mildly,

"Now, Pot, you get away from here, or I'll knock a yelp out of you as long as a well-rope." Pot retired with a mournful dignity and seated himself with the rest of the

pack. "He's a powerful good dog, but these boys have spoiled his manners," Uncle Jim apologized. "Yes; he's a good dog. He saved my life once." We had already learned that Uncle Jim is parsimonious with his reminiscences; therefore we maintained a polite but inquisitive silence. "I was hunting alone, for the government, one season, and my horse threw me. Broke my right shoulder. One day, Pot and another dog treed a lion, and I shot it left-handed. It fell like it was dead and went over a ledge, with them after it. I left my gun behind, and went down to skin him out, but when I got below, I found I'd only creased him. The dogs had him ledged up, and he was as good as ever. When I showed up, he made for me. He'd of got me, too, only they nailed him. Then we had it. We tore up a lot of ground.

Everytime the cougar went for me, they'd



Fred Stone
in hunting
regalia

go for him, and when he'd go for them, I'd run in. I tried to kill him left-handed with a rock, but I didn't do very well at it. I was plumb tuckered out when a cowboy heard us rowin' down there and rode out to the rim.

"Shall I shoot?" he hollered.

"We was all mixed up together, but I yelled back,

"Gosh, yes!"

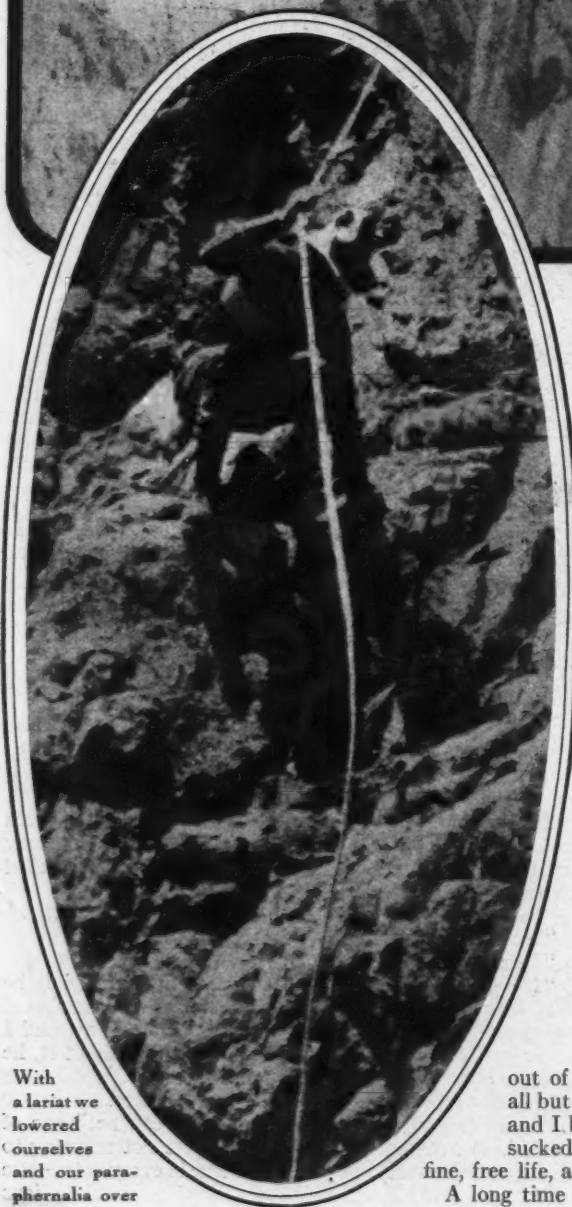
"He was all of three hundred yards above us, but he shot that cat right through the heart. Prettiest shot I ever saw. Then he put up his gun and rode away, and I never did know who he was. Funniest thing about it, he was the only man in those parts except me."

Fred and Paul and I discussed this story later.

"It beats the deuce how some people can lie," one of us said, and the others agreed. We were not referring to Uncle Jim—his story, we knew, was true in every detail—we were thinking of "Buffalo" Jones. Roping mountain-lions was a whole lot different to roping trunks.



The lioness had gone over at a favorable spot



With a lariat we lowered ourselves and our paraphernalia over the first ledge

A word here regarding Uncle Jim's dogs. Not only are they his helpers but also they are his friends, and he treats them as such. He feeds them well, no matter how scanty may be his own grub-supply; he sees to it that they have a tent and a bed as good or better than his. But while he is a considerate master, he is likewise a disciplinarian, and woe betide such impetuous members of the pack as, in a moment of abandon, take a deer-track. Uncle Jim waits patiently until they return, then he dismounts, breaks off a stout limb, and cleans up. The welkin rings to his profane chidings, to their agonized excuses, and to a hollow drumming. Pot-hound never runs deer; he knows his business thoroughly, and when his younger colleagues take a false scent, he, too, sits down and awaits the inevitable reckoning. He enjoys that reckoning; it pleases him deeply, and he makes no secret of the fact. He is both satisfied and refreshed thereby, and he hunts better afterward.

We were away early on the second morning, and before we had followed the rim for a mile, our dogs gave tongue and set off under forced draft. After them we galloped through thick, low cedars, the stiff limbs of which invited us to tarry awhile. Dodging and ducking and twisting, we tried to keep abreast of the pack, and, in order that we might find our way back, we left rags of flannel shirting here and there. We plowed through thickets, head down, eyes shut; we plunged into steep-sided gullies where our horses stood on their hands; then we dismounted and toiled out, our lungs bursting, our pores streaming. In the course of this mad chase, which lasted a couple of hours, we made extensive private collections of thorns, cactus spines and Spanish daggers. By the time we had quilled ourselves over like fretful porcupines, the dogs had gotten entirely out of hearing, and Ambrose announced that it wasn't a lion after all but a coyote. Yes; Pot would sometimes take a coyote-trail. Fred and I breathed easier. We got out of our saddles, rubbed our bruises, sucked our cuts, and dehorned ourselves. We agreed that it was a fine, free life, and very stimulating.

A long time later, when the dogs returned one by one, they were eager to explain but too tired to hunt further, so we returned to camp, greatly heartened

is an extravagant diner, and he seldom eats more than the heart and lungs of his prey. Sometimes he covers his kill and returns the next night for a cold snack, but not always. In nearly every brushy draw that we explored, we found the remains of these midnight supper-parties, and Uncle Jim told us that a full-grown mountain-lion will destroy annually perhaps two hundred deer, and not infrequently domestic stock as well. It is for this reason that the government and



The camera-man taking a picture, with Fred Stone looking on

by the realization that two uneventful days had stolen past, during which we had neither treed anything nor been treed by anything.

In order that our method of hunting may be properly understood, it is necessary briefly to outline the habits and idiosyncrasies of our quarry. To begin with, the cougar is a night feeder. He spends his days in meditation, holed up under the rim in some convenient cave where he can enjoy the scenery of the cañon, but at night he comes up, grabs himself a deer, and has a party. He

Looking up
White's Cañon to
Powell's Saddle



local cattlemen employ professional hunters and there is no closed season on cats.

Our practise was to leave camp soon after daylight and rim the main and the larger side cañons until afternoon, when the sun had had time to dissipate the scent. Rarely indeed is a lion brought to bay on the level top of the plateau, for the dogs have to go over and rout him out of his sun-parlor, and almost invariably he flees downward, not upward. It is the part

(Continued on
page 104)



In camp on Powell's Plateau

Camilla

A Novel of Divorce

By Elizabeth Robins

Author of "My Little Sister," etc.

Illustrated by Alonzo Kimball



Camilla sat at the dressing-table, looking more at the clock's face than at her own

ALONZO KIMBALL

IX

AN ENGAGEMENT AND A TELEGRAM

THE wedding was fixed for "a month from tomorrow," and Camilla was to spend "as much as possible" of the intervening time at Nancarrow.

"You'll like that anyway, *won't* you?" Michael pleaded. As for him, he was obliged to be here. There was a good deal to do in view of going abroad again so soon. The first week of the honeymoon was to be at Felton, standing empty at the moment. Then two weeks at Lugano—and so, home.

Mrs. Nancarrow agreed to continue for a time unspecified to direct the house, and Nelly and her brood were to go to Tenby.

"Yes," Camilla owned privately; "I begin to feel you're right, Michael. Your mother likes me—I *think* she does."

She didn't explain the grounds of her mental reservation. She recognized the reasons, both in feeling and in fact, which accounted for Michael's not caring to reopen the past. For one thing, he had an acquaintance with it which no one else here had. He already knew as much as he felt to be essential. He had his own picture of the Camilla of other days. She found it natural that he should not wish to revive

CAMILLA TRENHOLME, an American living in London, is going to marry Michael Nancarrow, a member of a very conservative English family, living on the estate in Cumberland. They had first met in Florida and afterward in Switzerland. Camilla has been divorced from Leroy Trenholme, and this fact is regarded as a serious obstacle by Michael's mother, who, however, finally withdraws her objection. With the rest of the household—Mrs. George Nancarrow (Nelly) wife of the elder son, a colonel serving in India, and her children, Tony, Blanche, and Sue; Michael's sister, Alice, Lady St. Amant, and her daughters Diana, Marjory, and Peggy, and Tony's tutor, Alec Fairbairn, who is going to marry Diana St. Amant—Camilla is very popular. She, however, finds it difficult to reconcile herself to the manner of life and ideas of the Nancarrows. For instance, she knows that Lady St. Amant has a lover, Lord Harborough, and that the situation is regarded quite complacently by her husband and mother; yet they have decided prejudices against divorce. She begins to realize that a considerable readjustment in her attitude toward many things in her social life will be necessary. As yet, she has only very vague ideas about certain details in connection with her own wedding, but evidently she cannot have things exactly as she wants them.

memories which, at best, must be jarring to his jealous absorption in the Camilla who was his alone.

But the others—his mother, above all. After those few trenchant questions and the comment that had put Camilla to flight at the time of the first visit, Mrs. Nancarrow never, directly or indirectly, so much as suggested the subject of Camilla's American associations. They seemed not to interest her any more—or, more exactly, not to exist.

Camilla had hardly made up her mind never to speak of this to Michael, when, one evening up in his sitting-room, she threw her resolve to the winds.

"Your mother never asks me about my home," she said. "Do you think she's afraid?"

"Afraid?"

"Yes; that must be it. Always thinking, I suppose, that she may bring up against Leroy."

"Oh, I don't imagine that's the case at all!"

She wondered a little at his cloudless face.

As the days went on, she came to see that Michael was right. For Mrs. Nancarrow, Camilla came into the world on the day she came into Nancarrow Hall. The absence of interest in the pre-European life was no pretense—neither mask for disapproval nor cloak for personal shrinking. It was plain, solid, impermeable indifference. It did not, for some reason, wholly please the prospective daughter-in-law.

"Are you like that, too, Michael?" she asked, after saying she didn't believe his mother knew where America was on the map.

"Well, you see, I've had to look it up," he laughed.

"Have you? I sometimes feel I dreamed that, too. I

sometimes feel I dreamed twenty-seven years of my life. Then a word—a little, little word, and all this disappears, and I'm back there again."

"Back where, dear one?"

"Down yonder in the pine woods."

His lips on hers made whispering, "Come home."

She wasn't to be allowed to go to London to get clothes. She had more clothes now than any mortal woman needed.

"Besides, there's the post," said Diana. "Don't go."

"The post!" Camilla smiled; she didn't see the point, but it must be a joke. "I have to see the things—to choose—"

"Of course you do. They'll send you masses to choose from. It's quite easy to do by post. I shall."

"You shall what?"

But Diana only flung her arms round Camilla, repeating; "Don't go. Something terrific is going to happen. We want you here. No, no—not another word!" She wouldn't have said as much as that to any earthly soul except Camilla.

In spite of her self-absorption and Michael-absorption, Camilla had been aware of the under-current of excitement that carried a sparkling happiness through certain channels of the younger life in the house. She was fully aware, too, of another current more marked on the surface. A moody restlessness swept Alice St. Amant to and fro between ebullitions of frothy, rather bitter high spirits and the depths of depression. But even Camilla's sensitiveness could not imagine this new phase had anything to do with her. Everybody else was so adorably kind that she came to think—Michael apart—never, never again should she feel alone, never again lack "love and friending."

"I believe they like me better than you do," she announced, in unusual spirits. "You never said a word against my going away."

He didn't know, he excused himself, what preparations she might have to make. "We'll have to go into that." And then, studying her face with smiling perplexity, "for a serious person, you know, you take some things with a lightness that borders on frivolity. And there, on the lawn with people walking about, he began to talk about the formalities necessary to marriage by special license.

Camilla showed no enthusiasm for "that way."

"Don't let us have anything special or out of the common."

It was true, she found, what Diana had said, though; instead of doing her ordering by post, Camilla did it by telegraph. In

the result, she discovered yet another aspect of that English "difference" with which she seemed to be making fresh acquaintance daily. The tradesmen's response came in no mere envelop of samples—or "patterns," as these people called them. By post or by "goods-train" the boxes and packages poured in till Camilla's bedroom looked like the showroom of a fashionable *modiste*.

Not for a long, long time had gowns and wraps and scarfs and hats looked so entrancingly pretty and gay to Camilla. The reason was not altogether in her own happier eyes. These new "fallals," as Michael called them, were the first colored things Camilla had ordered for several years. In addition to that circumstance, a great factor in the fun of having all these charming things raining in was the rapture with which they were inspected and pulled about—yes, and tried on, sometimes, at Camilla's suggestion by Blanche or Diana—even by the flapper Marjory.

The number of things which suited Diana was remarkable.

Then others had to be found which "did for" Blanche. And Marjory had to be "squared" privately. Everybody was quite foolishly happy. Camilla's main impression—and she went back to it again and again—was what a much more happy world it was than she had been thinking.

Fast-locked as she kept that other, the memory-filled bridal chamber of ten years ago—never a foot across that threshold—she allowed one contrast between then and now to point her pleasure in "the English way."

After those lavish, much-talked-and-written-about nuptials at the New York house of Camilla's sister—the cost of that wedding would be a handsome *dot* to a dowerless girl—Leroy had taken Camilla to the show-suite in a monster hotel for the honeymoon. That flying, backward glance showed her no one who objected or sympathized, and many who envied. Having in her mind merely countered the hotel with "a country house, all to ourselves for that first week, and then the Italian lakes," she sheered away. One of her dodges for evading certain memories was to meet the enemy boldly on other than the intimately individual ground. She was ready to do this not only in private. Certain of the differences in social habit she would have quite liked to hear openly discussed; some of the resemblances she longed to hear admitted.

Dearly Camilla would have liked to take one or two of the Nancarrow people (and quite particularly Michael's mother) into the world across the water, that they might feel a little of that understanding



ALONZO KIMBALL

His lips on hers made whispering
"Come home"

and confidence in the life over there which she was learning here. Above all, she wanted to let these new friends know that her "people," too, were respect-worthy. Nobody here seemed to care in the least about that.

It struck her as very strange. In one conceivable contingency, it would matter to the most indifferent what sort of blood she brought into the family. In her heart, she began to think with passion of children—of children who would be Nancarrowes and yet, miracle of miracles, welding the dissimilar, uniting world wide-parted. Nancarrowes the children would be, and yet hers.

Obliviousness on the part of the rest of the family to America and things American was not shared by Alice. Yet Alice's form of interest turned out more trying than the unplumbed indifference of others. Lady St. Amant had never been to America. But that fact was no bar to having her theories about "the States," as she called them.

One of her most cherished ideas was that, bar two or three millionaire families, nobody in America had the least notion who his grandfather was. She was honestly astonished at the suggestion of any difference in social grade "over there."

"Aren't you a republic?"

"Yes," Michael had answered for Camilla; "so are the French."

"Oh, but France *has* been something else! That old *noblesse* of the Faubourg—"

"We aren't talking about the nobility—are we, Camilla?"

Camilla thought how perfectly he understood till she said,

"No; we are talking about commoners like you Nancarrowes."

Michael blinked at that. It was clear that Michael, too, had his doubts about matching the Nancarrowes. All that she meant, Camilla hastened to say, was that there were families in America—like her own, she threw in—who for a couple of hundred years had been people of education.

"Really?" Alice, with eyes widened to astonishment, could only suppose, "That's because you're a Southerner."

"Not in the least," Camilla hastened to say. She'd just like the New Englanders to hear Alice. "Or the old Knickerbockers of New York."

"The old *what*? Old knicker—"

Alice rocked with laughter.

"Oh, Nelly dear, do you know they've named the élite of New York 'old knickerbockers!' Oh, la! la! The lower orders, 'sole-leather,' I suppose. What? The betwixt and between—the middle class—'gaiters'—eh? Upper ten—'old knickers!' Oh, la! la!"

It was a poor joke. The sting of it lay in the laughter evoked.

For some reason unknown to Camilla, Alice's capriciousness had been steadily increasing. There were times when she appeared to find her one relief from depression in teasing Camilla. Moods in which her main object in life seemed to be scoring off you, showing up your slower moving, more

matter-of-fact mind. All with a kind of tricky friendliness, sometimes disarmingly remorseful.

"Why do you bear with me, Camilla? Why don't you clout me over the head? Don't look like that. See; I'm sorry."

If she had been really wounding—then a very fountain of affection and endearment. Nobody had ever been able to help forgiving Alice in this mood.

"Come and take my part," Alice called to her mother out of the window. "Camilla's quarreling with me because we make no distinctions between Americans." Mrs. Nancarrow was taking a turn in the garden with her son. They stopped under the drawing-room window. "She says," Alice went on, raising her voice, "Americans find in our drawing-rooms over here compatriots they would never run the least risk of meeting at home, not if they lived to the age of Methuselah. But we, she says, we lump Americans all together. The English are just as pleased with the shoddy as with the Simon pure, according to Camilla."



Not for a long, long time had gowns and wraps and scarfs

"It's true," said Camilla, abashed but impenitent, "at least in London."

"London society," said Mrs. Nancarrow, "is very different from what it was in my day."

"How, mother dearest?" Alice's eyes winked maliciously.

"People—the best people—lived more simply. Money used not to be a passport. But the whole standard of living has changed."

"What do you suppose is the reason?" Alice insisted.

"The millionaire Americans, I am told," replied Mrs. Nancarrow.

Camilla's eyes went to Michael.

"What about the millionaire South Africans?" he demanded. "And our own home-grown brewers and grocers?"

But Alice had divagated to journalism.

"Look at the effect of Americanizing our press!"

Again Michael was in the breach.

"What we called 'American' was simply a convenient word for a world-tendency."

"Then why is it known everywhere as 'American'?" demanded his sister.

"Simply because where everybody is doing it more or less, the Americans are doing it best"—and would Camilla come out to the fives-court?

She rose with unmistakable alacrity.

"Of course I don't mean our dear Camilla." With obvious reluctance, Alice permitted dear Camilla's escape through the French window while obliging the company outside with a hasty sketch of the Americans who stay at home—"people," according to Alice, "with pasty complexions who sit by hot pipes and eat pie."

As Michael and Camilla went down the path, Alice called out an inquiry about American mildew. As this received no notice, she ran after them.

"I don't believe you understand an English rag. Our schoolboys break us in. Kiss me this instant, Camilla! And you tell her, Michael"—she struggled against a fit of coughing—"she's not to look like that when we rag her."

"She shall look as she pleases," Michael said, smiling. "And you'd better go indoors and mend your manners."

She didn't go in. On the contrary, she went down the avenue as if she were expecting some one. Michael followed her an instant with his eyes.

"I am afraid you are anxious about her."

Michael turned and looked at Camilla a little curiously.

"Why do you think that?"

"Because you are all so forbearing, so very gentle with her."

"My mother is a little anxious when the cough comes back."

"You aren't?"

"No. It's more nerves than anything else." Michael seemed anxious to dismiss the subject. "Hi!"

He hailed diversion in the person of the young man crossing the lawn.

"Coming for a game, Alec?"

Alec would have liked to most awfully, but he'd just promised—He looked back at the house.

"Oh, Blanche has got the first call? All right; all right!"

It was the frankest reference yet made to the young man's status there. He turned away a confused face and went with an air of precipitate relief to meet the horde pouring out at the front door.

"Are you sure it's Blanche?" Camilla asked.

Before Michael could more than assure her that "beyond doubt," the troop of young people, laughing and hotly arguing, came running down the path to the fives-court.

"Yes; Camilla first," they heard Diana's voice high over all. "Well, uncle Michael, then. Isn't he the head of the family? Uncle Michael—look!"

Michael turned, racket in hand.

"What's up? You're very gorgeous."

"Yes; aren't I?" Diana twirled about in the doorway and slipped out into the court with a flourish. "Present from Camilla. Just before tea."

"It's much too fine."

"Too fine for a going-away frock?"

"For going away where?" asked the purblind man.

"Haven't got as far as where. The only



and hats looked so entrancingly pretty and gay to Camilla

thing I've decided is my clo'es and who I'm going with." Camilla went to the child and kissed her. Then she held out a hand to young Fairbairn.

"You don't mean—" Michael began.

"Well, who else should I go away with but Alec?" said his niece.

With quite needless delicacy, neither Michael nor Camilla looked at Blanche. Her somewhat stolid good humor was wholly unruffled, as they saw after congratulating the engaged pair and scolding them for not first telling Mrs. Nancarrow.

"It'll be frightful fun," Blanche said, "having a wedding at Nancarrow."

Her uncle agreed.

"Oh, yes; nothing like a village wedding—" Then he interrupted himself. "If you don't go and confess your sins to your grandmother, you won't be given a wedding at all."

Mrs. Nancarrow was plainly more taken aback at Alec's choice than Mrs. George was. Her maternal heart had had misgivings. But apart from their sympathy with Diana's radiant happiness, both ladies were alive to the advantage of keeping Alec in the family. The amiable Nelly consoled herself with the thought that her niece's early removal from the sphere of rivalry would indubitably make plainer sailing in the future for Blanche.

The strange thing for Camilla was that Diana's mother was less enthusiastic about the engagement than anybody.

"Makes me feel a hundred," she confided. "A few months, and that minx of mine will be making me a grandmother. Me!"

Though her cough was worse, Alice's restlessness wouldn't allow her to stay indoors and take proper care of herself. Telegrams were always coming for her. Whenever she went for a walk, she sent one—never from her own village post-office but from some outlying hamlet. Camilla, too, was still having telegrams now and then—or, more properly speaking, cables of congratulation as the news spread on the other side. One of these messages had come after tea, and she had been teased for not showing it.

"It's only from Florida," she said.

Camilla was all but late for dinner that night. When she reached the half-way landing on the long staircase, her heart misgave her. They were all waiting for her down there in the hall. With an absurd *soulagement*, she perceived that Alice was later still.

For some reason, the familiar scene below there struck her to-night with a new significance. Was any other interior so stately as this was lit still by lamps?

"I suppose you'll be putting in electricity," Alice had said. When Camilla disavowed any such vandal project, Alice exclaimed: "Oh, *won't* you? I would in your place. It would be an immense improvement."

"It shall stay like this for my time," Camilla vowed to herself as she began to descend the last flight.

Certainly, the light of shaded lamps suited Nancarrow's sober state. It gave value to the high notes in the picture which a glare of electricity would have canceled—those beautiful hide-and-seek flickerings of fire reflected upon brass and polished oak, on the full-length portraits, on the faces of the living (so like them) gathered at the chimney-piece round the white-haired woman and her son.

Over his mother's shoulder, Michael kept an eye upon the stair. That look Camilla was coming to count on—the look of waiting. Then the lit gladness as the turn in the long staircase brought him the sight of her, brought her the eyes that thanked her for being there, thanked her for putting on white for him to-night.

People of his blood, those he loved about him, his mother still holding him there with talk. But his soul gone to meet the stranger on the stair. Stranger? No. "One of them."

How wonderful life was!

Michael had kept her till the last minute after the dressing-bell rang, talking about their plans. But it had all been

Felton and Lugano, and what they would do when they came back from the wedding journey. Did men usually take no interest in where they were married? Camilla had just been wondering to herself, as she dressed in a whirl. The catch on her necklace had not been securely clasped. The jewel was sliding down now, like cold drops of rain. As she stopped on the last step to fasten it, her handkerchief fluttered to the floor. Alec and Diana raced one another from the end of the hall. Diana, with her advantage at the start, reached the goal first and turned to mock at Alec. The long-legged, long-armed young gentleman had slipped on the polished floor and recovered himself only by wild balancings and mirth-provoking clutchings at the air.

"And this is yours, too?" Diana had found a folded paper near the handkerchief. No; not hers. Camilla was in the act of turning her back on the laughing pair when some obscure impulse arrested her. The two young heads were close together over the opened telegram. Alec had more eyes for the charming face so near his own than for the paper, but Diana's smooth forehead was puckered in perplexity. As Camilla tried to take the telegram, the girl lifted it high over her head.

"No—wait! It's the queerest—I haven't got the hang of it yet."

"Why should you get the hang of my telegrams?" Camilla reached up and took it out of the girl's hand.

Oh! Was it the one she wouldn't show?

"If I were *you*—" Alec began gaily to Michael.

Diana interrupted him.

"Hush! It's Camilla's affair, not yours." She led the way back to the fire.

Camilla's own stark perplexity as she read the unsigned message dissolved suddenly in a rush of embarrassed agitation.

"No bad news?" Michael joined her.

"No—oh, not at all!" She put the folded paper in her belt. She knew now why Alice was late—looking frantically for the lost message. She suggested going up for her. But Mrs. Nancarrow said, in her peremptory way, it was bad enough to have one of the party late without having two.

"It's all right," Camilla whispered, as Alice passed to her place a few moments after the rest were seated.

"What's all right?" she said curtly, and everybody looked up.

Poor Alice! She must be forgiven for declining to accept any assurance of all-rightness short of the possession of the telltale message. All through dinner, Camilla could think of little else than of Alice and her lover. That whole situation had slipped so far into the background that it had come to seem wholly unreal. Some quality in the atmosphere of Nancarrow acted as a solvent upon intrigue. Its firmness of outline had faded; it had receded; it had vanished till that scrap of paper so unblushingly, so outrageously proclaimed it—the skeleton in the family cupboard. That Alice's own daughter should have chanced on it! Camilla squirmed in her chair. Had Diana read as little, understood as little as she pretended? The girl's mother must be spared the knowledge of who had first picked up the message.

The first instant Camilla could make her way after dinner to Alice's side, "I've got it," she whispered, and looked round guiltily to make sure no one could conceivably have overheard.

"Got what?" demanded Alice, with her new *brusquerie*.

"Sh!" Camilla glanced round once more. The hands that extricated the slip of paper from her belt shook with nervousness. "Picked up in the hall," she explained.

As the telegram was being opened, Camilla put herself between the rest of the party and Alice.

She crumpled the paper in her hand.

"It's an old one," Alice said discontentedly. "One of last week's."

"You ought to be more careful," said Camilla.

"Why?"



DRAWN BY AUGUSTO KIMBALL

"Hasn't a telegram come for me?" she demanded of the footman

"Anybody might—why, your"—shame forbade her to say "daughter"—"your mother might have read it."

Alice reopened the wad she had made and glanced again at the wording.

"There's nothing so *very*—" she said.

"Well, it's not from Shropshire."

"Why should it be from Shropshire?"

"Why should such a message be coming from *that* address? It's a lover's message!"

Alice went over to the fire and dropped the telegram on the coals.

X

LEROY

CAMILLA found she had evaded talking about the details of her marriage till she had brought herself to a point of sensitiveness on the subject which refused to yield before her private assurances to herself that she was absurd. If only she had said in the first instance, "Where shall we be married?" The putting of that simple, necessary question had now come to wear an air quite harassingly difficult. Nelly had said that she was married here. "I hadn't any real home or belongings of my own," she explained.

Camilla very definitely did have a home of her own. In her heart she believed that, out of some feeling of delicacy, Nancarrow had not, in her case, been suggested, for fear she should want to be married from her own house. Michael had even, as she now remembered, sounded her about that. Quite soon after her return here, he said, "In America, you are usually married in the drawing-room of the bride's house, aren't you?" And all she had answered was, "A great many are."

Diana's wedding, as everybody knew, was to be at Christmas. A poor arrangement, the children declared, because you thereby ran the awful risk of people's giving you your Christmas presents as a wedding gift. "All the rest of your life," the precocious Peggy assured her sister, "people will be rolling two of your presents into one. Why, it's as bad as having Christmas for your birthday."

Diana, quite undeterred at this prospect, nevertheless sought sympathy from Camilla.

"Don't you think a Christmas wedding is the very jolliest kind of wedding—next, of course," she threw in, with gay compunction, "next to one in November?"

For some reason, a gulf seemed, at that moment, to dispart the gray month from the time of double festivity, the Christmas chimes and Diana's wedding-bells.

"Is there some special reason for yours and Alec's not being a little sooner?" Camilla asked. "We might have had it on the same day." The girl stared. "A double wedding, you know. I've heard that is the cheerfulest wedding of all."

"Yes, I dare say. But—I'm going to be married here."

"Of course," the other assented, and left it there.

But the girl's look of perplexity followed Camilla. She

tried to think back. Two things only occurred to her as bearing on the matter. One, a word Mrs. Nancarrow had let drop a day or two before Diana's engagement—something to Michael about "the preliminaries," which, she seemed to think, might involve "going to town." Michael had answered casually, "Time enough for all that." The second occasion was in the midst of a great family discussion as to which cousins on each side should be asked to be Diana's bridesmaids, and how furious the left-out ones would be, and should they be dressed like the Romney ancestress or "in the very latest?"



"It's been delightful meeting you again."
you're going into a family

"What a comfort," Michael said, aside to Camilla, "that we aren't going to have all that irrelevant fuss!"

For any lack of "fuss" on the part of her seniors, Diana seemed disposed to make the handsomest amends. In truth—and largely through Camilla's connivance—the balance of interest among the younger members of the household had now quite definitely shifted to Diana.

Afternoon visits of cheerful ceremony were exchanged between the elders of the families of Fairbairn and Nancarrow, and the next great event was Diana's week at Threllhow.

"You've never been there?" Camilla asked, a little bewildered at the excitement over the prospect.

"Oh, yes; but not since—Threllhow became so impor-

tant. For the matter of that, not since *I* became so important," she laughed. Then, grave and full of care: "This will be my—what Alec calls my first 'official visit.' Oh, dearest Camilla, don't you think—I've been quite stiff with anxiety since Alec called it that—don't you think you could come along just as a—body-guard? Mummy is going to motor me over, and I'd like it dreadfully if *you* came."

"Why, are they such ogres?" Camilla had been away on an expedition with Nelly and Michael the day the elder Fairbairns had motored over from the far side of the county.

"Ogres!" Diana echoed indignantly. "What an idea!



she said, smiling at Camilla. "And so English of the English!"

Perfect dears! And now I think you've simply got to come and make up for calling them names. Besides"—she slipped her hand through Camilla's arm and turned up her face quite in the beguiling way of her mother—"the other time I was there, I didn't know they were going to be my in-laws. It's *most* important for me to make a nice impression this time. Do come and help me to make a nice impression."

Diana, sitting bodkin between her mother and Camilla, every now and then during the drive kept feeling for Camilla's hand; especially at such moments as those Alice devoted to making fun of "that couple of old bores, Major

and Mrs. Fairbairn. Oh, the salt of the earth—but, *poor* Di, how she'll stand it after Nancarrow?"

"She'll have Alec," Camilla suggested.

And that elicited another grateful squeeze. While her mother, map in hand, was arguing with the chauffeur about the most direct road, the girl said, in a burst of affection to Camilla:

"You were good to come! *Please* be at Nancarrow when I get back."

"I thought you were only going to stay till Tuesday."

"Yes, Tuesday. But," she remarked eagerly, "as grand-mama says, you'll have other things to see to besides clothes."

"What other things does she mean?"

"Well, I suppose she thinks you'll want to see your lawyer. Or will you send for him?"

"Lawyer!" Camilla echoed, extremely astonished. "Why should I want to see a lawyer? I haven't got a lawyer."

"Haven't you?"

"No; I'm glad to say I *haven't*." Lawyers in Camilla's mind were inextricably associated with trouble and conflict. What was there in her life *now* for a lawyer? "Why does your grandmother think I should want to see a lawyer?"

Diana turned her candid eyes on the older woman.

"She hasn't said, but I suppose she means about the marriage settlements. Alec's family lawyer and ours are going to have a consultation with uncle Michael and Major Fairbairn next week about my settlements."

"Oh, but *I* don't need—I mean, I don't care about settlements."

"You don't care? But I expect that doesn't make any difference."

"You don't mean everybody over here has to have that sort of—"

Well, Diana had been bridesmaid half a dozen times, "and tons of our relations are always being married." Out of her wide experience, she assured Camilla, "I never heard of *anybody* who didn't have some sort of marriage settlement. Oh, we are there!"

Another attractive old place, with unusually fine gardens and famous green-walled paths of close-clipped yews. Under the shelter of the fur rug, Diana was still holding on quite tight to Camilla as the motor drove round to the entrance in full sight of a party on the lawn. Alec, with a wave of his cap, advanced with immense strides on compass-like thin legs. His much older sister, freckled and severely tailor-made, followed more sedately, but striding, too. Contemplated from her Norfolk jacket upward to her high, bald forehead, Miss Phoebe Fairbairn made upon the beholder the impression of a curate. Behind Miss Phoebe an elderly couple advanced, with a lady between them, a tall, graceful person who might be thirty-two or three and might be more.

"Who's that?" Alice demanded under her breath, and then "Bless me!" as she stepped out of the motor, all animation. "In this *galère*—of all places!"

Neither of the other occupants paid the least attention to Lady St. Amant's interest in the outsider. This brand-new preoccupation on the part of one of them about settlements was for the moment quite overtopped by sympathetic absorption in Diana. Camilla looked on with grave pleasure at the altogether satisfactory demeanor of "the principals." Diana's form quite perfect, her happiness just touched with a shyness infinitely engaging; Major Fairbairn, bluff, brick-red as to skin and sandy as to hair, with rather a bow-wow manner but evidently well-meaning and entirely cordial; Mrs. Fairbairn's reception of the girl, so kind and beaming that Camilla was more than ever inclined to resent Alice's description of the lady: "Nearly as brick-red as her (Continued on page 119)

The White Star

*Henry Calverly
takes charge of a
difficult situation*

By Samuel Merwin

Illustrated by
Howard Chandler Christy



Corinne's manner jarred a little on all three of the others. Mildred seemed to sink even closer toward Humphrey

FROM the university clock, up in the north end of Sunbury village by the lake, twelve slow strokes boomed out. Henry Calverly, settled comfortably in the hammock on Mrs. Arthur V. Henderson's front porch, behind the honeysuckle vine, listened dreamily. Beside him in the hammock was Corinne Doag.

The flirtation between Henry and Corinne had already, within less than a week, passed through several clearly defined phases. It had begun with a violent flaring-up of interest, which had suddenly, within a day or two, burnt itself out. A day or two more had followed, during which Henry had found himself incapable of reviving her interest in him. But Henry was subject, at irregular intervals, to unaccountable blazings-up within himself of a sort of creative fire. This phenomenon had unexpectedly recurred. Corinne, who, though more sophisticated than Henry, was at times caught in the spell of her own gifts, was stirred and fascinated. She frightened Henry by exhibiting a Carmen-like ardor.

The storage-battery in the modern automobile will automatically cut itself off from the generator when fully charged. Henry's emotional nature was of similar construction. Corinne overcharged him, and automatically he cut her off. The outer result of this action and reaction was a rather bewildering quarrel.

Early in the present evening, shortly after Humphrey Weaver and Mrs. Henderson left the porch for a little ramble to the lake—"Back in a few minutes," Mildred had remarked—the quarrel had been made up. Neither could have told how. Each felt relieved to be comfortably back on a hammock footing.

Henry, indeed, was more than relieved. He was quietly exultant. The thrill of conquest was upon him. He could kiss her when he liked. He did it now and then, merely to gratify his rampant masculine sense of possession. Now and then he gave her a little squeeze, from the same motive. It was as if she were an enemy whom he had defeated and captured. He was experiencing none of the sensations that he supposed were symptoms of what is called love. Yet what he was experiencing amounted to a feeling of wild delight. He could even lie back here and revel in it. Corinne's head stirred on his shoulder.

"That was midnight," she murmured.

"What of it?"

"I suppose I ought to be thinking about going in."

"I don't see that your chaperon's in such a rush."

"I know. They've been hours. They might have walked round to the rooms."

Henry was a little shocked at the thought.

"Oh no," he remarked; "hardly—not without us."

"Mildred would, if she wanted to. It has seemed to me lately—"

"What?"

"I don't know—but once or twice—as if she might be getting a little too fond of Humphrey."

"Oh"—there was concern in Henry's voice; his arm tightened about her shoulders—"do you think so?"

"I wonder if you know just how fascinating that man is, Henry."

"He's never been with girls—not around here. You've no idea—he just lives with his books and in his shop."

"Perhaps that's why," said she. "Partly. Mildred ought to be careful."

Henry, soberly considering this new light on his friend, looked off toward the corner. He sat up abruptly.

"Henry! For goodness sake! Ouch—my hair!"

"Sh! Look—that man coming across! Wait. There now—with a suitcase!"

"Oh, Henry, you scared me! Don't be silly. He's 'way out in—Henry! How awful! It is!"

"What'll we do?"

"I don't know. Get up. Sit over there."

The man came rapidly nearer. His straw hat was tipped back. They could see the light of a cigar. A mental note of Henry's was that Arthur V. Henderson had been a football player at the state university. And a boxer. Even out of condition, he was a strong man.



Howard Chandler Christy, 1911

"Quick—think of something to tell him!" Corinne was saying. "It'll have to be a lie. Henry—*think!*"

Then, as he stood motionless, helpless, she got up, thrust his hat and bamboo stick into his hands, and led him on tiptoe round the corner of the house.

"Henry, for goodness' sake—what'll we do?"

"We've got to find her, I think."

"I know it. But—"

"If she came in with Hump, and he—you know, this time of night—why, something awful might happen. There might be murder. Mr. Henderson—"

"Don't talk such stuff! Keep your head! Well—he's coming. Here!"

She gripped his hand, dragged him down the side steps, and ran lightly with him out past the wood-shed to the alley. They walked to the side street and, keeping in the shadows, out to the Chestnut Avenue corner. From this spot they commanded the house.

Mr. Henderson had switched on lights in the front hall, dining-room, and kitchen. The parlor was still dark. Next, he had gone up-stairs, for there were lights in the upper

windows. After a brief time, he appeared in the front doorway. He lighted a fresh cigar, then opened the screen door, and came out on the porch. He stood there, looking up and down the street. Then he seated himself on the top step, elbows on knees, like a man thinking.

"Henry!"

"Yes."

"Listen: You go over to the rooms and see."

"But they might be down at the lake."

"Not all this time. Mildred doesn't like sitting on beaches. If you find them, bring her back. We'll go in together, she and I. We'll patch up a story. It's all right. Just keep your head."

"What'll you do?"

"Wait here."

"I don't like to leave you."

"But they might come walking in."

"I want to kiss you."

"You'll see me again."

"I know; but—"

"Well— Now hurry!"

Henry turned into another alley that ran back of the old Parmenter place. Here stood the barn which Humphrey Weaver had converted into "shop" and living-quarters; the bachelor inventor's paradise, where he had dwelt in studious quiet until the temperamental Henry appeared to share his life, bringing new troublous acquaintanceships, leaving emotional turmoil in his wake.

The building was dark.

"Hm!" mused Henry, pulling at his soft little mustache. "Hm! Certainly aren't here. Take a look, though."

With his latch-key he softly opened the alley door, felt his way through machinery and belting to the stairs. At

the top he stood a moment, groping for the electric switch.

A voice—Humphrey's—said,

"Don't turn the light on." Then, "Is it you, Hen?"

There they were—over in the farther window-seat—sitting very still. He felt his way round the center-table toward them.

"Looking for you," he said. His voice was husky. There was a throbbing in his temples. It was going to be hard to tell them.

"I suppose it's pretty late," said Mildred. There was a dreamy, tender quality in her voice which Henry had not heard there before. He stood silent.

"Well"—Humphrey's voice had the dry, even slightly acid quality that now and then crept into it—"anything special, Hen? Here we are."

Henry cleared his throat. That huskiness seemed unconquerable. And his overvivid, quite uncontrolled imagination was playing fantastic tricks on him. Hideous little pictures, very clear. Wives murdering husbands; husbands murdering lovers; dragged-out, soul-crushing scenes in high-ceiled court-rooms.

Humphrey got up, drew down the window-shade behind Mrs. Henderson, and turned on the light. She shielded her eyes with a slim little hand.

Henry, staring at her, felt her littleness, paused in the rush of his thoughts to dwell on it. Curled up there in the window-seat, her feet under her, very quiet, she seemed like a little girl that you would have to protect from the world and give toys to.

Henry, to his own amazement—and chagrin—covered his face and sobbed.

"Good Lord!" said Humphrey. "What's the matter?"

The long silence that followed was broken by Mildred. Still shielding her eyes, without stirring, she asked quietly, "Has my husband come home?"

Henry nodded.

"Where's Corinne?"

"She—she's waiting on the corner, in case you——"

Mildred moved a little now, dropped her chin into her hand, seemed to be studying the pattern of the rug.

"Did he—did he see either of you?"

Henry shook his head. Mildred pressed a finger to her lips.

"We mustn't leave Corinne waiting out there," she said.

Humphrey dropped down beside her and took her hand. His rather somber gaze settled on her face and hair. Thus they sat until, slowly, she raised her head and looked into his eyes. Then his lips framed the question:

"Stay here?"

Her eyes widened a little and slowly filled. She gave him her other hand. But she shook her head.

"Come, then, dear. We'll go down there."

From the top of the stairs he switched on a light in the shop. Mildred, very pale, went down. Henry was about to follow, but he saw Humphrey standing, darting glances about the room, softly snapping his bony fingers. The long, swarthy face was wrinkled into a scowl. His eyes rested on Henry. He threw out his hands.

"It's—it's the limit!" he whispered. "You see—my hat—" That seemed to be all he could say. His face was twisted with emotion. His mouth even moved a little. But no sound came.

Henry stood, waiting. At the moment, his surging, uncontrollable emotion took the form of embarrassment. It seemed to him that, in this crisis, he ought to be polite toward his friend. But they couldn't stand here indefinitely without speaking. There was need, particular need, of politeness toward Mildred Henderson. So, mumbling, he followed her down-stairs and out through the shop to the deserted alley.

Then they went down to Chestnut Avenue. Mildred and Humphrey were silent, walking close together, arm in arm. Henry, in some measure recovered from his little breakdown, or relieved by it, tried to make talk. He spoke of the stillness of the night. He said:

"It's the only time I like the town—after midnight. You don't have to see the people then. I don't like the people here." Then, as they offered no reply, he fell still.

Corinne, when they found her leaning against a big maple, was in a practical frame of mind.

"There he is!" she whispered. "Been sitting right there all the time. This is his second cigar. Now listen, Mildred: I've figured it all out. No good in letting ourselves get excited. It's all right. You and I will walk up with Henry. Just take it for granted that you've been down to the lake with us. We needn't even explain."

Mildred, still nestling close to Humphrey's arm, seemed to be looking at her. Then they heard her draw in her breath rather sharply, and her hand groped up toward Humphrey's shoulder. His arm slipped about her.

"Wait!" she said breathlessly. "I can't go in there now. Not right now. Wait a little. I can't!"

Humphrey led her away into the shadows.

Corinne looked at Henry.

"Hm," she murmured; "serious!"

The university clock struck one.

Again Henry felt that pressure in the temples and dryness in the throat. His thoughts, most of them, were whirling again. But one corner of his mind was thinking clearly, coldly: "This is the real thing. Drama! Life! Maybe tragedy! And I'm seeing it!"

I'm in it—part of it!"

Corinne was peering into the shadows.

"Where'd they go?" she said. "We've got to find them. This thing's getting worse every minute."

Mildred and Humphrey were sitting on a horse-block, side by side, very still. Corinne stood over them. But Henry hung back, leaned weakly against a tree. Corinne was right; the situation was getting worse every minute. First thing they knew, the university clock would be striking two. He began listening for it, trying absurdly to strain his ears.

"Well," said Corinne, almost briskly, "we're not getting anywhere."

Humphrey threw out his hand irritably.

"Just—just wait a little," he said. "Can't you see——"

"It's past one."

Corinne's manner jarred a little on all three of the others. Mildred seemed to sink even closer toward

Humphrey.

Henry felt another sob coming. Desperately he swallowed it down. Humphrey, holding Mildred's head against his shoulder, looked up at Corinne. His face was not distinctly visible; but he seemed to be studying the tall, easy-going, unexpectedly practical girl.

"I don't think you understand," he finally said. "It's very, very awkward. My hat is in there."

"Where?"

"In the parlor. On the piano, I think."

"I don't think he lighted the parlor. We three can go up just the same. Now listen: Henry can leave his hat here with you, and get yours when he comes away."

"It has my initials in it," said Humphrey.

Corinne walked to the corner, came swiftly back.

"Well," she remarked dryly, "he's been in there. The parlor's lighted."

Mildred stirred.

"Please!" she murmured. "Just give me a minute or two. I'm going with you."

"Suppose," said Corinne, "he has seen the initials."

Mildred's eyes sought Humphrey's. For a long instant, her head back on his shoulder, she gazed at him with an



They found her leaning against a big maple



DRAWN BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

He came to her side. She didn't look up. He was breathing harder now. And was again experiencing a dryness of the throat

The White Star

intensity that Henry had not before seen on a woman's face. It was as if she had forgotten himself and Corinne. And then Humphrey's arm tightened about her, as if he, too, had forgotten everyone and everything else.

Henry had to turn away. He walked to the corner. Neither Humphrey nor Mildred knew whether he went or stayed. Corinne was frowning down at them, thinking desperately.

Henry stared at the house, at the dim, solitary figure on the top step, at the little red light of the cigar that came and went with the puffs.

Henry was breathing hard. His face was burning hot. He hated conflicts, fights; hated them so deeply, felt so inadequate when himself involved, that emotion usually overcame him. Therefore, he fought rather frequently, and, on occasions, rather effectively. Emotion will win a fight as often as reason.

He considered getting Humphrey to one side, making him listen to reason. He dwelt on the phrase. The mere thought of Mildred being driven back into that house, into the hands of her legal husband, stirred that tendency to sob. He set his teeth on it.

They could take her back to the rooms. He would move out. For that matter, if it would save her reputation, they could both move out. At once. But would it save her reputation?

He took off his hat, pressed a hand to his forehead, then fussed with his little mustache. Then, as a new thought was born in his brain, born of his emotions, he gave a little start. He looked back at the shadowy group about the horse-block. Apparently they hadn't moved. He looked at his shoes—tennis-shoes with rubber soles.

He laid hat and stick on the ground by a tree, went a little way up the street, past the circle of the corner light, and slipped across, moved swiftly, keeping on the grass, round to the alley, came in at the Henderson's back gate, made his way to the side steps.

There was a door here that led into an entry. There were doors to kitchen and dining-room on right and left, and the back stairs. Henry knew the house. Kitchen and dining-room were both dark now, but the lights were on in parlor and hall.

He got the screen door open without a sound and felt his way into and through the dining-room. It seemed to him that there were a great many chairs in that dining-room. His shins bumped them. They met his outspread hands. Between this room and the parlor were sliding doors which were shut.

He stood a moment by these doors, wondering if Arthur V. Henderson was still sitting on the top step with his back to the front screen door. Probably. He couldn't very well move without some noise. But it would be impossible to see him out there with the parlor light on. Deliberately, with extreme caution, Henry slid back one of the doors. It rumbled a little. He waited, keeping back in the dark, and listened. There was no sound from the porch.

The piano stood against the side wall near the front. On it lay Humphrey's straw hat. Anyone, by merely looking into it, could have seen the initials. And the man on the steps had only to turn his head and look in through the bay window to see piano, hat, and anyone who stood near—anyone, in fact, in that diagonal half of the room.

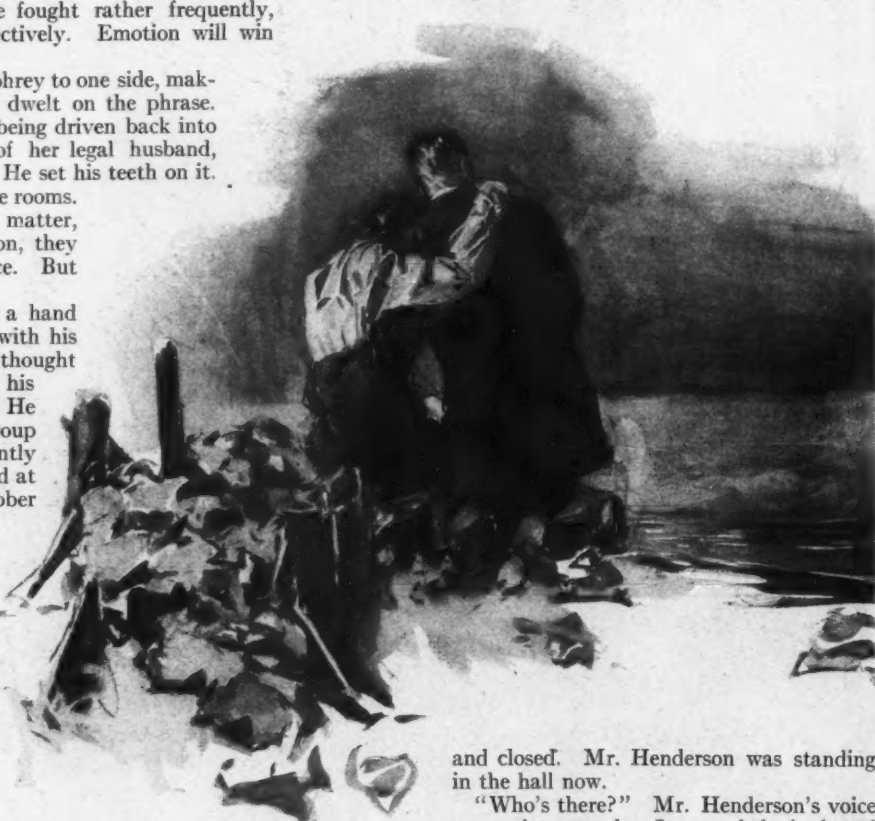
Henry held his breath and stepped in, nearly to the center of the room. Here he hesitated.

Then, beginning slowly, not unlike the sound of a wagon rolling over a distant bridge, a rumbling fell on his ears. It grew louder. It ended in a little bang. Henry glanced behind him. The sliding door had closed.

There was a sudden scuffling of feet on the steps.

Henry reached up and switched off the electric lamp in the chandelier. Then he stepped forward, found the piano, felt along the top, closed his fingers on the hat, and stood motionless. His first thought was that he would probably be shot. Pictures of Humphrey and Mildred were painfully vivid among his thoughts.

There were steps on the porch. The front door opened



and closed. Mr. Henderson was standing in the hall now.

"Who's there?" Mr. Henderson's voice was quiet enough. It sounded tired and nervous. "Come out o' there quick—whoever you are!" Henry was silent. He wasn't particularly frightened. Not now. He even felt some small relief. But he was confronted with some difficulty in deciding what to do.

"Come out o' there!"

Then Henry replied, "All right," and came to the hall doorway.

Mr. Henderson was leaning a little forward, fists clenched, ready for a spring. He still had the cigar in his mouth. But he dropped back now and surveyed the youth who stood, white-faced, clasping a straw hat tightly under his left arm. He seemed to find it difficult to speak, shifted the cigar about his mouth. He even thrust his hands into his pockets and looked the youth up and down.

"I came for this hat," said Henry. "It was on the piano."

Still Mr. Henderson's eyes searched him up and down. Eyes that would be sleepy again as soon as this little surprise was over. And they were red, with puffs under them. He was a tall man, with big, athletic shoulders and deep chest, but with signs of a beginning corpulence, the physical laxity that a good many men fall into who have been athletes in their teens and twenties but are now getting on into the thirties. He traveled for the Camman Company, reapers and binders.

It was understood here and there in Sunbury that he had times of drinking rather hard. Indeed, the fact had been dwelt on by one or two tolerant or daring souls who ventured to speak a word for his wife. She had always quickly and willingly given her services as pianist at local entertainments. Perhaps because, with all her brisk self-possession, she must have been hungry for friends. She played exceptionally well, with some real style and with an



"Don't I make you feel like singing, Henry?"
"Oh, yes—sure!"

almost perverse touch of humor. She was quick, crisp, capable. She disliked banality. To the initiated, her playing of Chopin was a joy. The sentimentalists said that she had technique but no feeling. She could really play Bach. And she was an accomplished accompanist.

"Say"—thus Mr. Henderson now—"you're Henry Calverly, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, I'd like to know what you're doing here."

"I told you. I came for this hat."

"Your hat?"

"Didn't you see the initials?"

"No. I noticed the hat there. Why didn't you come in the front way? What's all this burglar business? You seem to forget that this is my house."

"No; I don't forget that."

Mr. Henderson took out his cigar, turned it in his fingers. Color came to his face. He spoke abruptly, in a suddenly rising voice.

"Seems to me there's some mighty queer goings-on around here. Sneaking in at two in the morning!"

"It isn't two in the morning."

"Darn near it."

"It isn't half-past one. I tell you—" Henry paused. His position seemed rather weak.

Mr. Henderson studied his cigar again. He drew a cigar-case from an inside pocket.

"I don't know's I offered you one," he said. He almost muttered it.

"I don't smoke," said Henry shortly.

Mr. Henderson resumed the excited tone. It was curious, coming in that jumpy way. Even Henry divined the weakness back of it and grew calmer.

"I've been out on—" He paused. Mildred had trained him not to use the phrase, "On the road." He resumed with: "On a business trip. More'n a month. I swan I'm tired out. Way—trains and country hotels. Fierce! If I seem nervous— Look here: You seem pretty much at home. Perhaps you'll tell me where my wife is." Henry considered this. Shook his head. "Trying to make me think you don't know, eh?"

"I do know."

Mr. Henderson knit his brows over this. "Seems to me you ought to tell me,"

he said.

"I can't."

"That's queer—ain't it?"

"Well, it's true. I can't."

"She wrote me that she had Corinne Doag visiting here."

"Yes; she's here."

"With my wife? Now?"

Henry bowed. He felt confused, and more than a little tired. And he disliked this man deeply. Found him depressing. But outwardly—he didn't himself dream this—he presented a picture of austere dignity. An effect that was intensified, if anything, by his youth.

"Anybody else with her and Corinne?"

Henry bowed again.

"A man?"

"Yes." Henry was finding him disgusting now. But he must be extremely careful. An unnecessary word might hurt Mildred or Humphrey. Good old Hump!

Mr. Henderson turned his cigar round and round,

The White Star

looking intently at it. In a surprisingly quiet manner, he asked,

"Why doesn't she come home?"

Henry looked at the man. Anger swelled within him.

"Because you're here!" He bit the sentence off. He felt stifled. He wanted to run out, past the man, and breathe in the cool night air.

Mr. Henderson looked up, then down again at his cigar. Then he pushed open the screen door.

"May as well sit down and talk this over," he said. "Cooler on the porch. Darn queer line o' talk! You're young, Calverly. You don't know life. You don't understand these things. My God! When I think— Well, what is it? You seem to be in on this. Speak out! Tell me what she wants. That's one thing about me—I'm straight out. Fair and square. Come on with it! What does she think I ought to do?"

"I can't tell you what she thinks." Henry was downright angry now.

"Oh, yes; it's easy for you! You haven't been through—" His face seemed to be working. And his voice had a choke in it. "But how could a kid like you understand? How could you know the way you get tied up and—all the little things? My God, man, it hurts! Can you understand that? It's tough!" He subsided.

Finally, after a long silence, he said huskily but quietly, with resignation, "You'd say I ought to go?"

Henry was silent. Mr. Henderson got up.

"I guess I know how to be a sport," he said.

He went into the house, and in a few minutes returned with his suitcase.

"It's—it's sorta like leaving things all at loose ends," he remarked. "But then—of course—"

He went down two or three steps, then paused and looked up at Henry, who had risen now.

"You"—his voice was husky again—"you staying here?"

"No," said Henry, and walked a way up the street with him.

Mr. Henderson said, rather stiffly, that the hot spell really seemed to be over. Been fierce. Especially through Iowa and Missouri. No lake breeze or anything like that. That was the thing here in Sunbury—the lake breeze.

They were still out there by the horse-block. But Mildred had risen. They stood watching him as he came, carrying the extra hat.

"Where on earth have you been?" asked Corinne.

Henry met with difficulty in replying. He was embarrassed, caught in an uprush of self-consciousness. He couldn't see why there need be talk. He gave Humphrey his hat.

"How'd you get this?"

"In there."

"You went in?" This from Mildred.

"Yes."

"But you—you must have—"

"He's gone."

"Gone!"

"Yes."

"But where?"

"I don't know."

"What did you tell him?" asked Corinne sharply.

"Nothing. I don't think I did. Nothing much."

"But what?"

"Well, he acted funny. I wouldn't tell him where Mildred was. Then he asked why you didn't come home, and I said because he was there."

Mildred and Corinne looked at each other.

"But what made him go?" asked Corinne.

"I don't know. He wanted to know what you wanted him to do, Mildred. Of course I couldn't say anything to that. And then he said he guessed he knew how to be a sport, and went and got his suitcase."

"Hope he had sense enough not to go to the hotel," Corinne mused, aloud. "They'd talk so."

"There's a train back to Chicago at two-something," said Humphrey.

They moved slowly toward the house. At the steps they paused.

The university clock struck two.

They listened. The reverberations of the second stroke died away. The maple leaves overhead rustled softly. From the beach, a block away, came the continuous low sound of little waves on shelving sand. The great lake that washes and on occasions threatens the shore at Sunbury had woven from Henry's birth a strand of color in the (Continued on page 128)



Still Mr. Henderson's eyes searched him up and down



The Riviera Girl

WILDA BENNETT, who is in the front rank of musical-comedy prima donnas, is an American girl of Irish descent. She began to cultivate her voice when she was thirteen, and still takes a lesson every day, although she now has the title-rôle in one of this season's most elaborate musical productions, "The Riviera Girl."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CAMPBELL STUDIOS, 545 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK



*Fannie Ward
in Screen-land*

FANNIE WARD for several years has given her entire time to motion-picture work, and has been largely responsible for the success of "The Cheat," "Tennessee's Pardner," and other plays on the screen. She has now become one of the great cluster of Pathé "stars," and will be seen in a number of important new productions.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EVANS STUDIO

*An Ingénue
Dancer*



DOROTHY KLEWER, last season's charming débutante in the merry world of revues and musical plays, has transferred herself and her talents to the brilliant production of "Miss 1917" at New York's Century Theatre. Through its many scenes she sings and dances her blithesome way, to the emphatic delight of visitors to the big playhouse.

PHOTOGRAPH BY CAMPBELL STUDIOS, 538 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK



BETTY HALE lost no time after graduation from a convent school last spring in carrying out her plans for a career on the stage. She came to New York, where her beauty and charm at once gave her a place in the famous chorus of the "Midnight Frolic." She impersonates Belgium in one of the numbers of this entertainment.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CAMPBELL STUDIOS, 518 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

Virtuous Wives

By Owen Johnson

Illustrated by George Gibbs

ANDREW FORRESTER, an ambitious New York business man, has married Amy Starling, whose father—her mother having died when she was twelve—has brought her up in the most indulgent manner, while every responsibility has been spared her. The young couple find a place in a wealthy and idle set of people who are entirely strange to Andrew, and he, carried away by their mode of life and scale of living, resolves to sacrifice everything for a few years and become a millionaire. So he accepts the presidency of a refining and smelting company, which post will necessitate long absences in Arizona and Mexico. Among their married friends are the Delabarres, the Challoners, and the Lightbodies. Irma Dellabarre arouses jealousy in her husband by her flirtations; at the present moment she is amusing herself with Monte Bracken, a popular bachelor. Kitty Lightbody is doing the same with Captain Barrisdale, a married man separated from his wife, and Gladys Challoner with Charlie Pardee. Yet these women never overstep the bounds of propriety and regard themselves as perfectly virtuous wives. Tody Dawson and Jap Laracy are young men of the fetch-and-carry type which they like to have in their train.

This company is now gathered at the Dellabarres' home on Long Island, which is largely in the hands of Miss Bane, the housekeeper. A party is made up to motor to the city and make a round of visits to cabarets and roof-gardens. The husbands are not included.

AFTER luncheon, Miss Bane ushered in the children, immaculate and rigid as though they moved in a spotless existence—Rudolph junior, aged six, and Doris, who, at the age of eight, was shooting up so rapidly that Irma never saw her without feeling that she was doing it on purpose. Under the directing eye of Miss Bane, they made the rounds of the table, gravely performing precise courtesies, and arrived finally before their mother, whom they contemplated in wondering admiration, as if she were some strange fairy princess. Irma gathered them in impulsively, one under each arm, and embraced them rapturously. Mon Amour, from his high chair specially made, began to bark in angry, thin yapping.

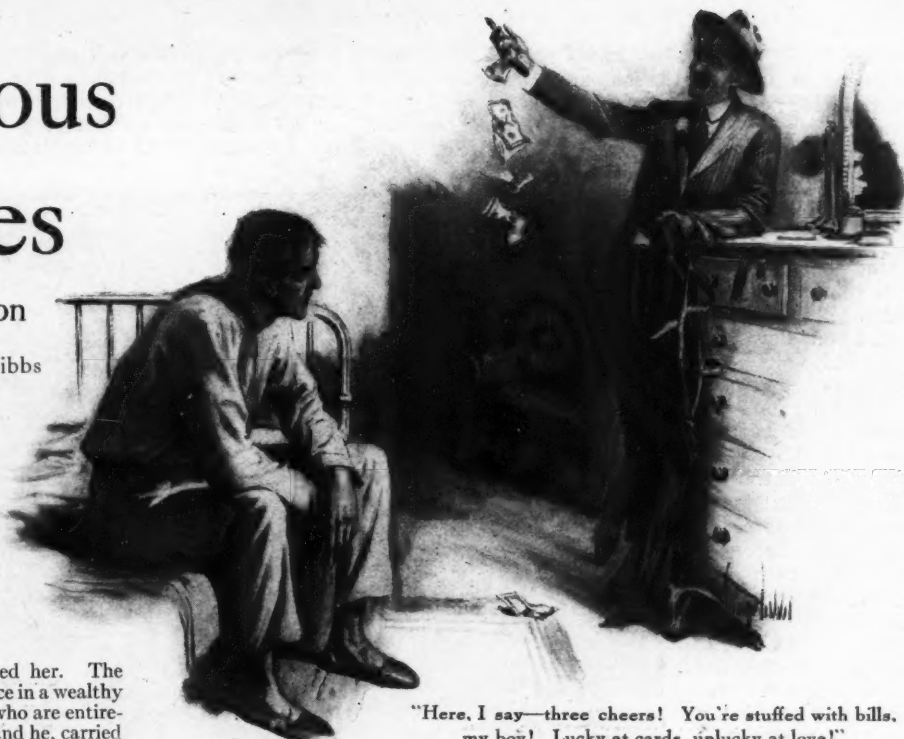
"There, there; I won't kiss them any more," said Irma soothingly. "Did it make him jealous? No; he shan't be teased."

"And how old are you, dear?" said Amy to Doris.

"Eleven, going on twelve," said that young lady innocently.

"What!" exclaimed Mrs. Dellabarre, in a shriek. "Who told you to say that? Tell me at once, Doris—at once!"

"Mr. Laracy," said the child, looking frightened.



"Here, I say—three cheers! You're stuffed with bills. my boy! Lucky at cards, unlucky at love!"

"Mr. Laracy is a very impertinent person," said Irma, looking daggers at that young joker, who had retired in convulsions of mirth behind his plate. But as the laugh was general, she yielded to it. "Jap, I'll never forgive you—she's quite too enormous as it is!"

"Why, mother?" said Doris, opening her eyes.

"Never mind, my dear," said the mother. "Now be good children and behave properly, and don't sit down in the grass," she added impressively.

The children nodded solemnly and went out. The next moment they heard them whooping joyfully as they ran out to the motor.

At five o'clock, the motors were brought out for the run into the city. Laracy, in the runabout, shot ahead with Mrs. Challoner, while Tody Dawson, at the wheel of the great touring car, directed the stowing of the valises, and a copious supply of rugs against the return home.

"What about Mr. Challoner?" said Amy, who found herself in the back seat with Kitty Lightbody.

"Jack? My, you are an innocent little thing!" said Mrs. Lightbody, rolling her large china eyes. "Take husbands along! Say, child, we're out for a good time." She began to hum merrily to herself, wagging her head in time with her feet, which had already begun to dance. "Lordy me, I'm just expiring for one real spree!"

"But there are not enough men to go round, it seems to me," said Amy, concealing her amusement.

Mrs. Lightbody looked at her with a little suspicion. "Didn't Irma tell you? Charlie Pardee and Captain Barrisdale are going to join us."

"I'm really quite a country mouse," said Amy maliciously, for she had certain scores to settle; "you must help me not to make any mistakes."

"In what way?"

"Tell me who belongs to whom. I don't want to make an enemy of Mrs. Challoner. Is it Pardee or Barrisdale?"

Kitty laughed, looked quite flustered, laughed again nervously, and finally made up her mind to explain.

"Charlie Pardee is Gladys's property," she said.

"And Captain Barrisdale is Irma's?"

"I guess not!" said Kitty Lightbody vehemently.

"Oh, I see!" said Amy, laughing. "I was dense, wasn't I?"

"When I say 'property'—" said Mrs. Lightbody, hesitating between two fears, either to appear too rapid or not rapid enough.

"Oh, I understand perfectly. All right; I won't trespass."

"Of course, when I say 'property,'" said Mrs. Lightbody, looking a little worried, "that's just an expression."

"Now *she's* going to explain," thought Amy.

"Of course, my dear, it's all innocent enough, at least on my part. What Gladys does, the Lord knows! You can't stop all flirtation just because you're married, can you?"

"Evidently not."

"My dear, that would be too boresome. It would make us hate marriage, wouldn't it?" said Mrs. Lightbody, who prided herself on a sense of logic. "Of course, you're just a bride, and that's different. But after you're married a year or two, you can't be going around *all alone* where other women are, can you? Ted—that's my husband—and I understand each other perfectly. He wouldn't like it at all if no men paid me attention."

"Oh, that's what Andrew says to me."

"Really, dear? Now, that is sensible. But you mustn't misunderstand. There's nothing really wrong in flirting the way I do. I like a good time. Lord, we've got so little time to enjoy ourselves in this world," said Mrs. Lightbody, with a huge sigh. "But, my dear, I'm most careful. And I make men understand that. If they want to fall in love with me, all right; but they must respect me because I am—"

"A virtuous wife," suggested Amy softly.

"Er—yes. Yes; that's it," said Mrs. Lightbody, so taken aback that, for several moments, she stared blankly ahead without a word to say.

"And Mrs. Dellabarre," said Amy pensively, with a significant look at Irma, who was bending over Tody Dawson, "is she a virtuous wife?"

Mrs. Lightbody responded by raising her eyebrows.

"Irma—oh, Irma's a mystery. Of course, I don't mean to insinuate anything—but Irma's strange, very strange—really—don't ask me."

At the end of a moment, Amy burst out laughing.

"What are you laughing at, my dear?" said Kitty anxiously.

"Thinking what a splendid chaperon I'm going to be."

"My dear, I suppose you thought I was frightfully sniffy last night," said Mrs. Lightbody, who had a suspicion

that her companion was laughing at her for some reason or other and ascribed it to a desire to even up the score.

"I was; but I didn't know who you were, did I? You have to be so careful with strangers."

"Oh, naturally," said Amy, who was too amused to cherish



They returned to civilization for a little

resentment, for, by this time, she had come to perceive Kitty Lightbody's place as a foil to Irma and Gladys Chaloner—a heavy centerpiece, diverting and useful for the purposes of contrast.

"But you mustn't mind me—it's just my way," continued Mrs. Lightbody, whose bad manners were instinctive. "Really, I admire you, my dear, and I'm sure I'm going to like you enormously."

"Thank you."

"And I hope you'll like me," added Mrs. Lightbody, who gave her confidence generously, "Everyone makes the goat of me, but I don't mind. I'm for a good time in this little burg—a short life but a merry one! Don't think I haven't had my trials—I have," she continued, screaming in Amy's ear against the whip of the wind. "I would be in

a sanatorium now if I wanted to take things seriously. But what's the use—and, then, your husband isn't worse than anyone else's, is he? What's the use of quarreling? Let him go his way and you go yours. I'm going to enjoy myself, I am!"

it had a depressing effect—like the conjured terrors of a sermon. Poverty existed as a warning—the harvest of evil. It brought her closer to Andrew, to what she had dreamed of making of their marriage. While Kitty was rushing on torrentially, she was peering out at the soiled

children, the old women set in the gaping windows, the bleakness and the shiftlessness that rolled on like a Gipsy caravan.

She made sudden resolutions. Her husband should never be to her like Kitty Lightbody's or Gladys Challoner's. What she did, she would do openly, with his full knowledge. A little season of youthful extravagance, to feel the fever of gaiety and to grow tired of it. Afterward—in a few years—to grow into womanhood and responsibility. It was right that she should have this hour—her woman's hour. Andrew understood this need in her—

But all at once, ahead, the great Williamsburg Bridge, with its electric necklaces, leaped across the melting night. Beyond the dusky, rolling river, shot with glow-worms, the blazing towers of New York flamed against the horizon.

"Don't you love it?" said Mrs. Lightbody ecstatically. "Don't you just LOVE it?"

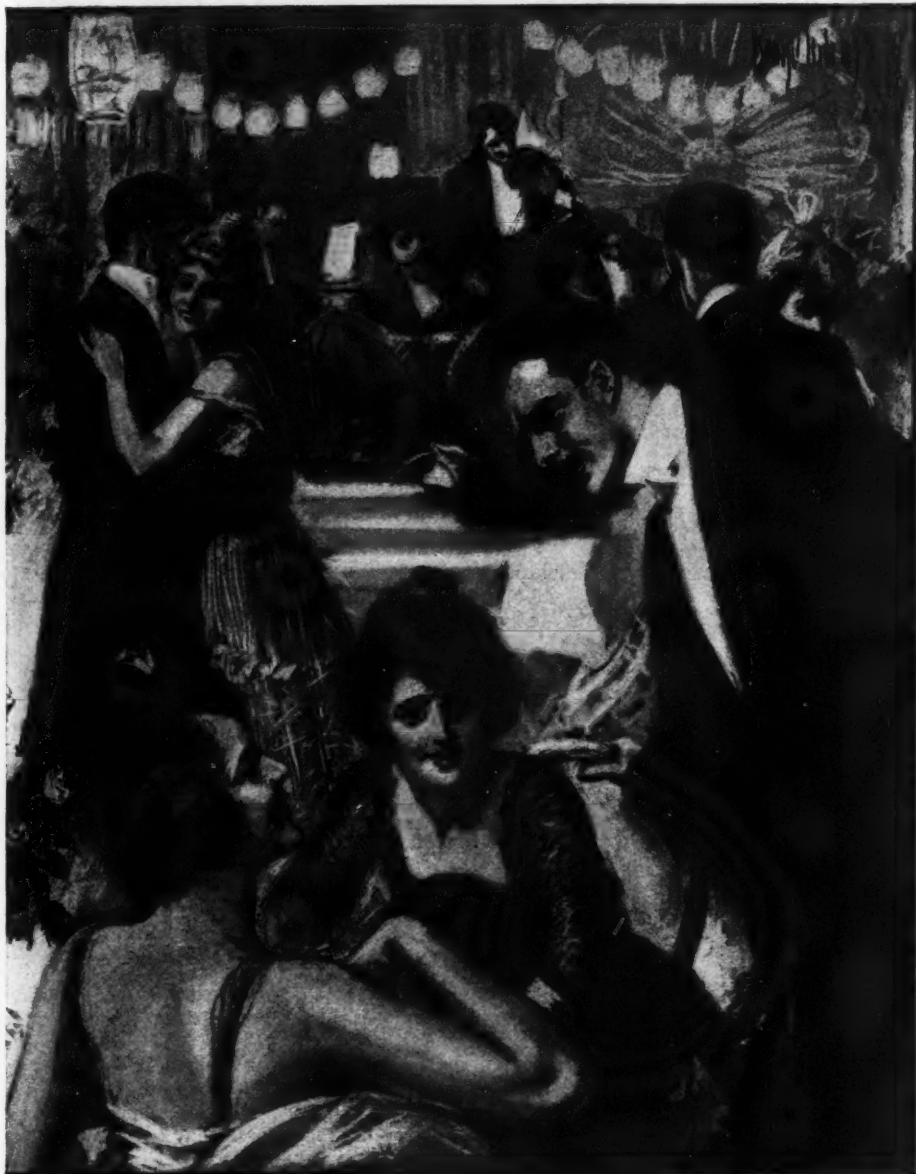
They glided skilfully among concentrating hordes, checked and held in new multitudes, multitudes that had the feeling of the mingled East. They did not see the soiled present at their sides or divine the challenge of the future. Ahead, across the floating span, was the magic of the night, a breathless,

nervous city pursuing the phantom of pleasure with the same dynamic intensity with which, during the ugly day, it had scrambled for the wealth it would leave to future generations to enjoy. The tired masculine day was over, yielding to the glittering feminine night, and in the hanging gardens of the air was the feeling of music and dancing. The night was feminine; the night was theirs. Each felt a quickening of the nerves, an awakening appetite, a sudden joy of existence, a sense of possession by the right of her position, her charm, and her power. All the extravagance of pleasure, all the multiple electric allurements to the eye, the singing call of violins, the moving color of laughing crowds existed for them.

Kitty Lightbody, rebel against a life of monotony and drudgery, cried, with a staccato laugh:

"At last! My—it's grand to have just *one* good time!"

They passed out of the high chill of the river into the



breathing-spell at a roof-garden

They were passing out of the open country into the suburbs of New York through the shanty civilization of mingled hordes, who watched the swift passage of the world from communal flats, with tired, memory-haunted eyes, hoping for the day when they, too, would move on. Incomplete factories, frame shelters to let, parceled lots shaggy with unkempt grass, elbow to elbow with pretentious brick stores; garish trimmings, noise and confusion, transitory thrift—stagnant acceptance of life crowded about them in these multitudes who had camped the day before and would crowd dustily on with the morrow.

They did not comprehend poverty or have the illuminating vision which sees beyond mediocrity the climbing generations. Poverty and mediocrity offended their delicate nostrils like the odor of some disfiguring disease. On Amy

sudden warm breath of the tenemented city and ran down to the Langdon Hotel, where the runabout was waiting.

"Gang's up-stairs," said Laracy, with a fat flourish of his hand.

Amy sought hungrily through the crowd in the vestibule. One glance, and she experienced a quiet satisfaction. Beside Mrs. Challoner was Charlie Pardee, a slim, blond youth, with the usual flowing hair and pleasing face unmarred by lines of heavy thought; Captain Barrisdale, an Anglo-American mining Croesus, dark, heavy-shouldered, copiously scented, and receptively handsome, and behind them, as she had divined he would be from the first, Monte Bracken.

XII

IMMEDIATELY Amy was satisfied that Monte Bracken would be there, she felt a sharp return of her former irritation. She gave him her hand loosely, turning to the others, who were already discussing new plans for the evening. Dressing was voted a bore, the conventional restaurant another bore, the theater a dreadful bore, and slumming the only real thing to do.

"Slumming is too adorable!" exclaimed Mrs. Lightbody, bobbing up and down and clapping her hands without notice of the staring crowd. "I just adore slumming! You can have so much more fun when nobody's watching!"

They dined at a beer-garden in Harlem, amused themselves noisily at a melodrama in the Grand Opera House until warned by the management, and came down Broadway, dipping into chop-suey restaurants, flashy cabarets, and shoddy dance-halls. After this profound study of the habits of the unexplored races which live about Fifty-ninth Street, they returned to civilization for a little breathing-spell at a roof-garden.

"Hello," said Mrs. Challoner, who was ahead, "if here aren't our husbands!"

Challoner, a strapping coal-miner, pitchforked into society by the genius of a masterful father, greeted her without surprise.

"Sober?" said Mrs. Challoner, raising her eyebrows.

"Fairly."

"Amusing yourself?"

"So-so."

"Want us to clear out?"

"No; we're quite respectable—aren't you?"

"Good Lord, friend husband! Wouldn't you know it?" exclaimed Kitty, in whispered anguish to Amy. "For heaven's sake, hang on to the captain or there'll be murder!" With a rapid motion she attached herself to Laracy's arm, who, after a start of surprise, being a wide-awake young gentleman, comprehended his rôle.

The meeting of the Lightbodies was simplicity itself.

"Hello, what are you doing here?"

"Hope I'm not in your way, Ted dear."

"You? No. Why should you?"

He nodded affably to the rest, and followed Challoner back to their party in an opposite box—a thin, middle-aged, bow-legged, horsy man, quite bald and world-weary.

"Touching family reunion," said Bracken meditatively. "And there is still a blue law forbidding husbands to kiss their wives in public."

"What an awful moment!" said Amy, who, convinced by Mrs. Lightbody's agitation, was awaiting a touch of melodrama. "What will she tell him?"

"I say, Amy—you are green!" said Tody Dawson, from his superior worldly wisdom. "Ted Lightbody care what Kitty does? That's a good one!" He went off into a roar of laughter.

"But then—"

"Oh, that's just Kitty's way of appearing devilish."

"Dancing this with me, aren't you?" said Captain Barrisdale, stalking up.

"Under orders?" said Amy, with a laugh.

The captain was not a subtle person.

"Been dying to break away the whole evening," he said, with a killing glance. "I say, you dance like an angel."

"Look out; I'll tell on you."

"Good heavens, no! Kitty would give me a beastly dressing-down," he said hastily. "I say, you wouldn't do that. You're too good a sport. By George, I could dance all night with you!"

"Better not."

"Say the word, and I'm game," he said rashly.

"You are direct, aren't you?" she said, leading him on.

"Yes; I don't take long to make up my mind." He added pointedly, "I've been watching you."

"And you never are disappointed?"

"Eh, what? Oh, I see you're making fun of me," he said, in short breaths, for the task of guiding her through the whirling crowd was an ordeal.

"Clever man!"

"Look here: Suppose we sit this out."

"Thought you could dance all night with me."

He laughed and stopped short.

"I like you; you've got spirit. Sit down here a moment." He turned and stared at her. "Have I met you before? Tell me about yourself. What are you—married, divorced, or a widow?"

"You must be awfully rich," she said demurely.

"Why? Oh, I see! No offense. I just wanted to know."

"Ask Kitty, then."

He made a wry face.

"Look here: You don't think I'm in love with Kitty Lightbody now?"

"No; you couldn't be. You're a married man."

He looked at her a long moment, studying her, not used to an attitude of opposition in the women he condescended to admire.

"I can't make you out," he said, frowning.

"Perhaps I'm divorced."

"I wish you were."

"Heavens, how rapid you are! Look out; Kitty's watching you!"

"Look here," he said: "If you don't believe I say what I mean, ride back to Chilton with me in my car."

She stood up, laughing, as another dance began.

"Will you?"

"Tell you later," she said evasively. If Mrs. Lightbody wished to use her as a screen, she could take the consequences.

Mrs. Lightbody who had, in fact, watched them with growing anxiety, greeted them with a marked petulance.

"Joe, come right away from that designing blond young woman! You're entirely too attentive."

"Captain Barrisdale has followed your orders splendidly," said Amy slowly.

"What orders?"

"Why, didn't you tell him to make love to me?"

Barrisdale pulled at his mustache and shot her an imploring glance from under his tufted eyebrows.

"Well, Joe, the joke's on you," said Mrs. Lightbody acidly; "and serves you right, too, wasting your time on a bride!"

Barrisdale, overcome at this revelation, murmured something inaudible amid the laugh which arose at his expense, while Mrs. Challoner examined Amy with more care, recognizing an ability to defend herself.

Tiernan's, where they next entered as the clock was striking three, finally satisfied their craving for bohemia, with its hilarity, its banks of acrid smoke, its explosive laughter, and its flashing beauties.

"Don't you just adore it?" said Kitty excitedly. "Did you ever see such people! Oh, Lord, what good times men do have!"

Freed from the censorship of social eyes and a little excited, she began to grow kittenish, in a determined effort to rival the formidable youth of Amy Forrester. Mrs. Chal-



DRAWN BY GEORGE GIBB

Barrisdale, to whom this riotous sense of youth was peculiarly appealing, found a moment, as they were entering the automobile, to whisper: "Joke's on me—this time. Never mind; I don't forget, and I can wait." "What does that mean?" she said, laughing

loner, with her impenetrable, smiling calm, sipping her glass of champagne, frowned significantly.

"Kitty, be careful!"

"A short life but a merry one!" exclaimed Mrs. Lightbody recklessly, looking round with thirsty eyes. She gathered in every tribute, even to the meanest, to the slanted glances of the heavy-jowled dancers, to the stares of the ratty waiters, crediting all to her personal account. "I'm just waking up. Look to yourself, Gladys!"

The caution did not apply to Mrs. Challoner. At most, on the sculptured white cheeks, a tongue of red showed, and in the eyes a sparkle of gathering excitement. To Amy, she was, and always remained, a complete mystery.

"She looks as though she had just come out of the ice-box," she thought to herself. "Is she capable of emotion? What attracts men to her?" Mrs. Challoner had a high-bred disdain of the crowd, a fastidious air of perpetually looking down on some one. Amy remembered Morley's description of her former mistress and wondered. What was she like in her own home, when the front door had been closed for the night. The sounds of rising laughter, the whirling, breathless swaying of the dancers, the staccato music, glances, and whispers divined the awakening of the primitive savage; the spectacle of this boisterous relaxation aroused in her the appetite for movement. She danced ceaselessly, never tired, never visibly excited. Once Amy caught a glimpse of what burned beneath the surface—a sudden glance in her direction when Charlie Pardee was lingering beyond the needs of strict politeness. He saw it, and left her instantly and docilely.

"If I were a man," thought Amy, remembering the look, "I should never fall in love with her. I shouldn't dare!"

She would have liked to discuss her with Monte Bracken. Up to now, it had amused him to acquiesce in the attitude of indifference she had assumed toward him. Yet, despite this indifference, she was uneasily conscious of passing in parade before his keen eyes.

She resented this, as she had resented everything he had done or left undone. Nevertheless, she was always conscious of his presence, whether she followed him in the tangle of the dancers or caught the fragments of his conversation with Irma, fragments which came to her through the jumble of the strident evening. She watched the two covertly, wondering how deep his interest went, resenting the intimacy of their conversation.

"He thinks I'm too much of a child to put himself out," she thought irritably. When he should ask her to dance, as finally he must, she would refuse curtly, with some sharp answer which would bring him to a realization of her displeasure.

He rose at last and approached where she sat on the fringe of the rushing crowd. A little gleam came into her eyes.

"Mrs. Forrester?" he said, bowing.

She turned, as though in surprise.

"Yes?"

"May I give you the opportunity of refusing to dance this with me," he said, looking good-humoredly into her eyes.

"Why?" she said, taken aback.

"Because you will refuse."

She got up suddenly.

"Let's dance!"

He obeyed.

"If only he didn't dance so divinely," she thought, as, the next moment, they glided surely and dexterously through the dancers, avoiding the lumbering, heavy saips which bore down on them. All at once, a memory of what he had told her came into her mind.

"I thought you were going abroad."

"I am—day after to-morrow."

All her antagonism left her. She did not know why, but the knowledge that he was leaving, that he would go out of her life changed everything. He was going—that was the essential thing.

"I've been trying to snub you, but you wouldn't let me," she said gently.

"Because I guessed too much?"

"I don't admit you guessed right," she said, laughing, in some confusion. "However, I've been horrid. Forgive me?"

"I hadn't noticed it," he said pleasantly.

"He doesn't the least care what I do," she thought angrily. He thinks I am throwing myself at him like a hundred other women. I am a little idiot."

In a moment, she stopped him.

"Floor's really too crowded—and besides, you don't enjoy dancing like this."

"It is crowded."

When she came to her seat at the table, she looked at him with a smile, which she was far from feeling.

"Don't be polite. Go back to Mrs. Dellabarre."

Laracy passed; she summoned him and returned into the crush again. But this pointed revenge brought her no satisfaction. Why had she accepted to dance with him? Why had she sought to excuse herself and, above all, what had possessed her to show her ill-humor? He was sitting beside Irma—she could see him from time to time—and he did not even take the pains to notice what she did.



Flushed with a gallop in the glow of

She began to flirt openly with the other men, tolerating even Barrisdale, trespassing recklessly, feeling that, in the smile she gave another, she was punishing him.

In truth, her success was easy, for she was the only one to whom pleasure was young. To her, it was not a mental intoxicant but a natural impulse. This rushing progress from restaurant to restaurant, this delight of music and rhythmic motion, the hundred little episodes which sent them into peals of laughter were all of the sparkling surface. She saw nothing below the sheen of pleasure, neither the flight from boredom nor the lurking shadows of covetousness and frenzy. To her, this world was really young and gay and happy, and, eager as a child, she succeeded in communicating something of this illusion to the rest. When five o'clock drew near, and the moment for the flight before the dawn, she gave a cry of disappointment.

"What—already!"

The chagrin of her exclamation was so unconscious that even Mrs. Challoner laughed. Barrisdale, to whom this riotous sense of youth was peculiarly appealing, found a moment, as they were entering the automobile, to whisper:

"Joke's on me—this time. Never mind; I don't forget, and I can wait."

"What does that mean?" she said, laughing. He was too clumsy to inspire fear—a true "crocodile," as Irma expressed it.

"Next year we'll meet again," he said pointblank, "and then you may not be so indifferent."

She frowned, turned her shoulder, and sprang into the car.

"What a stupid, heavy person!" she thought. "I suppose he's had too much."

Would Bracken come in the car with them, she wondered, looking back. There was a moment's whispered consultation between Mrs. Challoner and Mrs. Dellabarre, who immediately announced:

"Monte and I'll try the runabout. Meet you at Garden City."

The racing car, with Irma swallowed up in furs, shot out, leading the way. It was still murky; the streets were abandoned, the lamps sickly in the dawn, which came oozing heavily over the housetops. As they left the city and rose lightly over the spanned river, the early truck-wagons loomed at their sides, redolent of the country. A child lay asleep on a heap of vegetables. Horses plodded ahead in somnambulistic fantasy, with drowsy drivers. Gray vapors curled along the water-front in the drifting confusion of sky and earth. In the car they began to sing to keep up their spirits against the cold bite of strange hours.

"By George, Amy, you've got more life than the whole crowd!" said Toddy, under his breath. "They aren't within a mile of you."

"What—none?"

"Not one. Well, you've got me. When you want me, just whistle," he added, with a laugh. "I'm bowled over."

"You're a nice boy, Toddy," she said, lightly patting his arm, without thinking of what she heard.

The next moment there came a shriek from behind. The motor ground to a stop. Kitty Lightbody solemnly descended.

"Kitty, what in heaven's name is the matter with you?" said Mrs. Challoner, who was sleepy and cross.

"If he wants to devote himself to you," said Kitty, with a toss of her head, "let him!"

"What? Who? Is it Joe? Good heavens, she's jealous!"

"Kitty, come back; we all love you," said Laracy.

Mrs. Lightbody, camped in the middle of the Jericho Turnpike at five in the morning, sulkily refused to budge.

"Well, see here," said Laracy, rising as the diplomatist: "Fix it (Continued on page 112)



the morning, the four came riotously back

The Other Lobster

By Gouverneur Morris

Illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg

Eric Windham and Kitty Jordan, deeply in love with each other, are the guests of the Blair Alsops at their seaside country home. Kitty is a wealthy widow, but, by the terms of her husband's will, loses her fortune of nearly six millions if she remarries. Eric has ten thousand a year, but this is not enough, according to their scale of expenditure, for them to marry on, so he is going to Manila to make a fortune by growing hemp. This will take time, and the lovers are unhappy at the prospect. Kitty is willing to marry at once, but Eric is sure she would regret it. The night before he leaves, Mrs. Alsop arranges that they shall have a lobster supper all by themselves. After one lobster is consumed, they share a second, and the consequences of partaking of the other lobster are here related.



WINDHAM fell at last into a fitful sleep, and dreamed and waked, and slept again and dreamed again, and so on until rosy-fingered dawn stole into his room and waked him for good. His first dream was not about Mrs. Jordan. His first dream was about the inside of a lobster-pot, only, instead of being made of strong wickerwork, the trap was made of some glistening and delicately pink substance that voluted and convoluted and made you feel dizzy. It was also of enormous size, and the lobster which presently crawled into it, and, after a desperate attempt to get out, gave up, was as big as a man and bright red. Windham was not surprised that the lobster should talk like a man.

First, it buried its face in its claws and said, "Trapped!" Then it looked up angrily and said, "Of all the tidfiddling sons of slime, you take the clam!"

Then it made another desperate effort to escape. It rushed round and round the interior of the lobster-pot, talking most curseful and pinching the pink walls. Wherever it pinched, the walls reddened angrily. While it was raging about, another lobster, also bright red, crawled into the place, and for some time the two stared at each other in an offish manner. It was obvious that they would

Windham walked to the veranda railing and looked at Alsop's

have to scrape an acquaintance with each other, as they had never been introduced.

"Well," said the first lobster at last, "who are you?"

In a shrill treble, the newcomer announced:

"I am the other lobster. What kind of a joint is this?"

The first lobster looked about and up and down, and said at last,

"I don't think it's a joint."

"I don't quite know how I got here," said the other lobster. "I was just scavenging around, and—well, I think I fell asleep——"



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLASC

great white schooner floating serenely in the blue harbor

"That's what I think. I think we are having a bad dream. We've probably eaten something that wasn't quite rotten." This idea seemed to nauseate them, and they made horrible grimaces.

"Did you," said the other lobster, "dream, by any chance, that you were dropped into water that was much too warm and not half salty enough?"

"By the great Jumping Tarpon, that's just what I did dream!"

"If it was a dream. Pinch me."

"There—if that don't wake you, nothing will."

The other lobster, which had closed its eyes during the experiment, now opened them and looked about, blinking rapidly.

"Things don't change," it said. "No; I don't *think* we are asleep."

The first lobster became several tints lighter. It was turning pale at a sudden thought.

"Of course," it said, "you never know what death is like till you try. It's just possible that we are dead."

"You think we have shaken off our mortal slime—that we are spirits?"

"I don't *think* so. If I'm a spirit, I've been grossly deceived by my mother. I'm not nearly as happy as I deserve to be, and I'm not suffering nearly as much as I might. This place can't be hell. It's not dry enough. And it can't be heaven. It's not wet enough. My mother was a very religious lobster. She used to sing us kids to sleep with this beautiful expression of faith:

"One may not doubt that, somehow, good
Shall come of water and of mud;
And sure the reverent eye must see
A Purpose in liquidity.
We darkly know, by faith we cry,
The future is not wholly dry.
Mud unto mud—death eddies near.
Not here the appointed end, nor here!
But somewhere beyond space and time
Is wetter water, slimier slime."

The other lobster clapped its claws with delight. Then its face fell, and presently it began to tap the walls of the trap here and there, as if seeking for some hidden way of egress.

"Perhaps our united effort—" it suggested.

At that, the two lobsters seized the wall with their claws and pulled with all their might. The wall sagged toward them like the side of a collapsing tent and began to turn an inflamed red. A sudden and terrible groan was heard. Instantly the lobsters let go of the wall. They stood with their toes turned in and looked rather like two small boys who have been caught smoking behind the barn. The groan was not repeated.

"*Somebody* didn't like that," said the first lobster.

All of a sudden, the trap turned upside down and then righted itself.

The lobsters had two heavy falls apiece—the first when they landed on the ceiling, and the second when they landed on the floor. They were terribly shaken.

"Here," said the first lobster, in a trembling voice; "*this* won't do! Think! Think what some of the great lobsters of history would have done under these circumstances."

"We ought to make a file out of an old fish-hook, and—Hello!"

"What do you make her out to be?"

The other lobster bent over a large tub and drew from it a quart bottle of champagne.

"There's wetness in it," said the other lobster, shaking the bottle.

"I'm parched," said the first lobster. "It must be over a hundred in here."

Meanwhile, the other lobster had neatly severed the

wires which secured the cork, pulled the cork, and tasted the contents of the bottle.

"Bilgy," it said, "but wet. Have some?"

The first lobster tasted and looked reminiscent.

"There's *something* about that," it said. "I don't suppose you went on the Great Scavenge to Scuttle Suck?"

"Too young," said the other lobster.

"The word came," said the first lobster, "and we all hurried to the spot, big and little, millions of us. There never was such an eat! It was mostly cows and horses, but there was one man. Oh, yummy—yummy! I'd often seen him fishing from the end of the big wharf at Marion. His friends called him the 'village drunkard.' He was a bright blue. And do you know, he had a very queer effect on us? He had very much the same effect on us that I think—and hope—this stuff will have on me if I drink a good deal of it."

"What sort of an effect?"

"At first," said the first lobster, "we talked a good deal. Then we laughed and danced and sang and made love and fought. It was glorious. One very old lobster said we acted just like men. He knew. He'd once been a prisoner in the galley of a yacht. But he escaped. Such doings as he could tell about! The next day I was deathly sick, but it was worth it."

They finished the bottle, secured another from the tub, and, in their eagerness to get it open, broke the neck off.

"After all," said the other lobster, "we've only one life to live and we've only one death to die. And we don't know which we are doing."

"Say," said the first lobster, "what's your name?"

"Oh, it's a silly old New England name. After we lobsters got acquainted with the people who came over in the Mayflower, it got to be the fashion to name likely babies after them. And some of those names have come down through the generations. My name is Prudence."

"Why, that's a girl's name!"

"Sure," said the other lobster.

The eyes of the first lobster sparkled. He slipped a claw ingratiatingly under the claw of the other lobster and whispered,

"Say, kid, let's get drunk and raise Cain."

VI

WINDHAM waked, groaning. He was feverish and desperately uncomfortable. The water which came from the hot-water tap in the bathtub was only lukewarm. He craved, somehow, for an excessively hot bath. He tried bed again, with lights and without. But lying, standing, walking, or even crouching, his discomfort grew. At last, in desperation, he put on his wrapper and started out for his host's room. This one, he argued, must surely possess a family medicine-chest.

The feeling that he had been poisoned was not all that troubled Windham. The thought of how things stood between himself and Mrs. Jordan made his physical discomfort almost unendurable. In happiness, the pain would have been easy to bear.

He found his host's door and knocked. Presently, a sleepy voice answered, the door opened, and an excessively courteous and disheveled host was trying to find out what was the matter with the most miserable of guests. After a whispered consultation, Alsop disappeared into his bathroom and emerged with an alcohol-lamp arrangement for heating water and with a circular pasteboard box. He tapped the box with his forefinger and said,

"Take a dozen of them just as soon as you think that you can keep them down."

Windham glanced at the writing on the cover of the box and smiled a rueful smile. Then he thanked his host and departed. He walked doubled over. He suggested an Australian bushman tracking an enemy.

For an hour, at intervals, he drank the hottest water

possible; then, convinced that the twelve little crumbling white pills had a chance, he laid them upon his tongue and, with a swallow of cold water, washed them into place. Then, exhausted, his eyes filled with tears, and all himself hateful to himself but no longer in great pain, he flung himself face down on his bed. After a time, he began to think long thoughts; and then he must have slept, for suddenly he gave a cry such as men give in the midst of a nightmare and sat bolt upright.

He was in a cold perspiration. He listened and listened, but the calls for help which he imagined that he had heard were not repeated. Still— He sank back and lay staring into the darkness. After a long time his eyes closed once more, and once more he slept.

His ship was about to sail; she was bound for Manila. She had a cargo of lobsters and champagne. It was his own idea. He would sell these things to the head-hunters at exorbitant prices. He would make his everlasting fortune. His foot was on the gangplank. He was eager to go aboard. But some one had grappled him from behind, and he could not move hand or foot. He could, however, move his head; so he turned it and was not surprised to find that the person who had grappled him was Mrs. Jordan.

"Eric," she said, "something tells me that if you sail on that ship, it's the end. What chance have you of reaching Manila alive, with your reckless appetite and all those lobsters in the hold? Won't you stay and marry me, dear—won't you?"

But he sternly bent back the little fingers of her hands until she let go, and then he rushed up the gangplank, and the gangplank rolled itself up after him, as if it had been a strip of carpet, and the ship sailed, and the lobsters began to drink up the champagne and to sing and fight. And they danced about him in a ring and shook their claws at him, and said: "Selfish! Selfish!"—only, they pronounced it "shelfish."

He waked with their accusation ringing in his ears.

And wasn't he selfish? If Dolly preferred him and his ten thousand a year to singleness and her five or six millions, what right had he to hold off. His intention in refusing to marry her under the terms of old Jordan's will had seemed noble to him. He was no longer sure of this. Had that decision truly been born of generosity or of false pride and selfishness? Suppose he did go to Manila and make his fortune, would that help any if, in the mean time, unhappiness should come to her because of his absence? Suppose her in trouble and himself thousands of miles away! He pictured her as hurt, perhaps, in some accident, desperately hurt, dying even, longing for him, calling to him. He arrested these morbid thoughts with difficulty and once more slept. Rosy-fingered dawn was stealing through the shutters.

Once more in his mind's eye he beheld the interior of the lobster-pot. In one corner crouched the two lobsters. They had wet towels tied round their heads. But it was not their splitting headaches that troubled them most; it was fear, cold fear, fear of the unknown. Their eyes were turned toward the entrance of the trap, and they were listening, listening as the condemned listen for the coming of the executioner.

The sleeping Windham also listened. And he heard a sound of heavy, clanking footsteps, and then a strain of martial music blown upon a bugle. A moment later, there stepped into the lobster-pot a noble and indomitable knight, armed cap-à-pie in snow-white mail. His vizor was down. On his left arm was a snow-white shield without device of any kind. In his right hand was a battle-ax, heavy and gleaming.

The first lobster rose to his feet. He was trembling, but there was still a little fight in him. And, besides, he wanted to show off before the other lobster. He placed himself in front of her. And he looked as defiant as a lobster can look when he has a wet towel tied round his head and has been raising Cain all night.



DRAWN BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

Again Alsop chuckled, and the lovers began to look at him hopefully. "You don't realize," he said, "what a universally fair-minded and decent fellow the average American is, and what a chivalrous fellow he is at heart.

An American jury would give just one look at Dolly's lovely face and throw her late husband's silly, self-centered will out of court"

The Other Lobster

"Don't you know that two is company?" he said, in a bold, angry voice. But the knight in white armor only chuckled and moved slowly forward.

"Who are you, anyway?" cried the first lobster.

Then the knight spoke.

"I," said he, "am that good knight, without fear or reproach, whom men dub Sir Cuthbert Calomel."

And upon the utterance of that terrible name, or ever the lobsters could so much as scream once, he swung his ax and delivered two terrible blows. And then there came certain followers of the indomitable Sir Cuthbert, and these did lift up the cadavers and bear them forth from that place—

"Yes? Who is it?"

"How you feeling?"

"Fine! Come in."

Blair Alsop, senior poked his cheerful face in at the door.

"Get some sleep?"

"Y-e-e-s, and, of course, I'm feeling weak and wobbly, but I'm all right and glad to be alive. I sincerely hope that nobody else—"

Blair Alsop shook his head.

"Doctor Beacon has just arrived from Boston on a special train. Fortunately, she'd already taken a turn for the better. But, my word, I've had an anxious night of it!"

"Who has taken a turn for the better?" gasped Windham.

"Dolly Jordan. She has been really quite desperately

ill. The cook has confessed that one of the lobsters—well, she thinks it must have been alive when it went into the boiling water, but she isn't sure—"



Then he rushed up the gangplank, and the gangplank rolled itself up after him

"Mrs. Jordan desperately ill?"

"There was no use calling you. You had troubles of your own. But she's going to be all right. Fortunately, we did the right thing—hot water and more hot water. The doctor is going to give her something to make her sleep. She's been terribly worried about you, but I've listened at your door any number of times, and I knew that if you really needed anything, you'd sing out."

"Do you mean she's seriously ill—that she's in danger?"

"She may have been; but she isn't now."

"Do you mind if I don't catch that train of mine? It will keep. I can't go away till she's all right again."

"In that case," said Alsop genially, "I hope that her convalescence, while perfectly comfortable, will be extremely slow."

VII

PALE, thin, but clear-eyed and very beautiful, Mrs. Jordan reclined on a long chair that had been cushioned and prepared for her on an up-stairs veranda, and talked with Windham for the first time since their parting on the night of the lobster supper.

"It's been a revolting time," she said, "but now all is well."

"Did you know that you were actually in danger for a few hours."

"No. But I hoped I was. I was very anxious to die." She laughed and continued: "But being sick has its advantages. It's a golden opportunity for taking stock of life and thinking things over."

"So I found," said Windham. He drew his chair confidently near. "I changed a lot of my theories," he said, "a lot of them." His eyes searched her eagerly, and found in them a troubled, inquiring look.

"I am older than I was," he said, "and wiser. When—well, the other night—I hadn't thought about separation in terms of trouble and sickness. On those terms, it no longer seems possible to go away and leave you. What counts is loving each other—and not all sorts of luxuries and things. You suggested that I might change my mind. I flouted that suggestion. But I have changed my mind. We'll make my ten thousand go as far as possible, and I'll work like a dog and, because we love each other, I'm sure to succeed." Her eyes still had a troubled look, but she did not speak. He went on, smiling: "It's really lucky we were poisoned. Otherwise, I'd have gone away and all and all." He smiled happily. "After all," he said, "we owe a whole lot to that other lobster."

She took one of his hands in both hers and patted it in a cool, motherly way.

"My dear boy," she said, "I am awfully sorry you have changed your mind, because I have also changed mine."

He felt a cold weight of fear in his heart.

"All the time I was sick," she said, "I kept having dreams and visions. Some of them were humorous, but, for the most part, they were sordid and altogether horrible. For instance, I would dream that I was sick and that you couldn't be with me because of your work, and that, sick as I was, I had to crawl about the house and do the household work, wash the dishes, and dust the vases on the



mantelpiece, and write letters to the grocer and the butcher, explaining that we would be able to pay them something soon. And I couldn't have the trained nurse that I needed or any luxuries, and there I was dying and there was only one doctor who could save me. I *knew* he could save me, but we didn't have money enough to attract him, and that dream ended with a parting between us so real and so agonizing that it gives me the horrors even now to think about it."

"It looks," said Windham gloomily, "as if this was going to be an agonizing parting, too."

"Oh," she cried, "but you are to make your fortune, and then all will be well!"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"I was afraid you couldn't be happy without all the luxuries," he said.

"I couldn't, Eric," she said. "I thought that I could, but now I know that I couldn't. It's bad enough to have been sick in this great, airy house, with a nurse for the day and a nurse for the night, and servants to run errands, and doctors coming on

old lawyer that all was not well with the young people—was, indeed, seriously wrong.

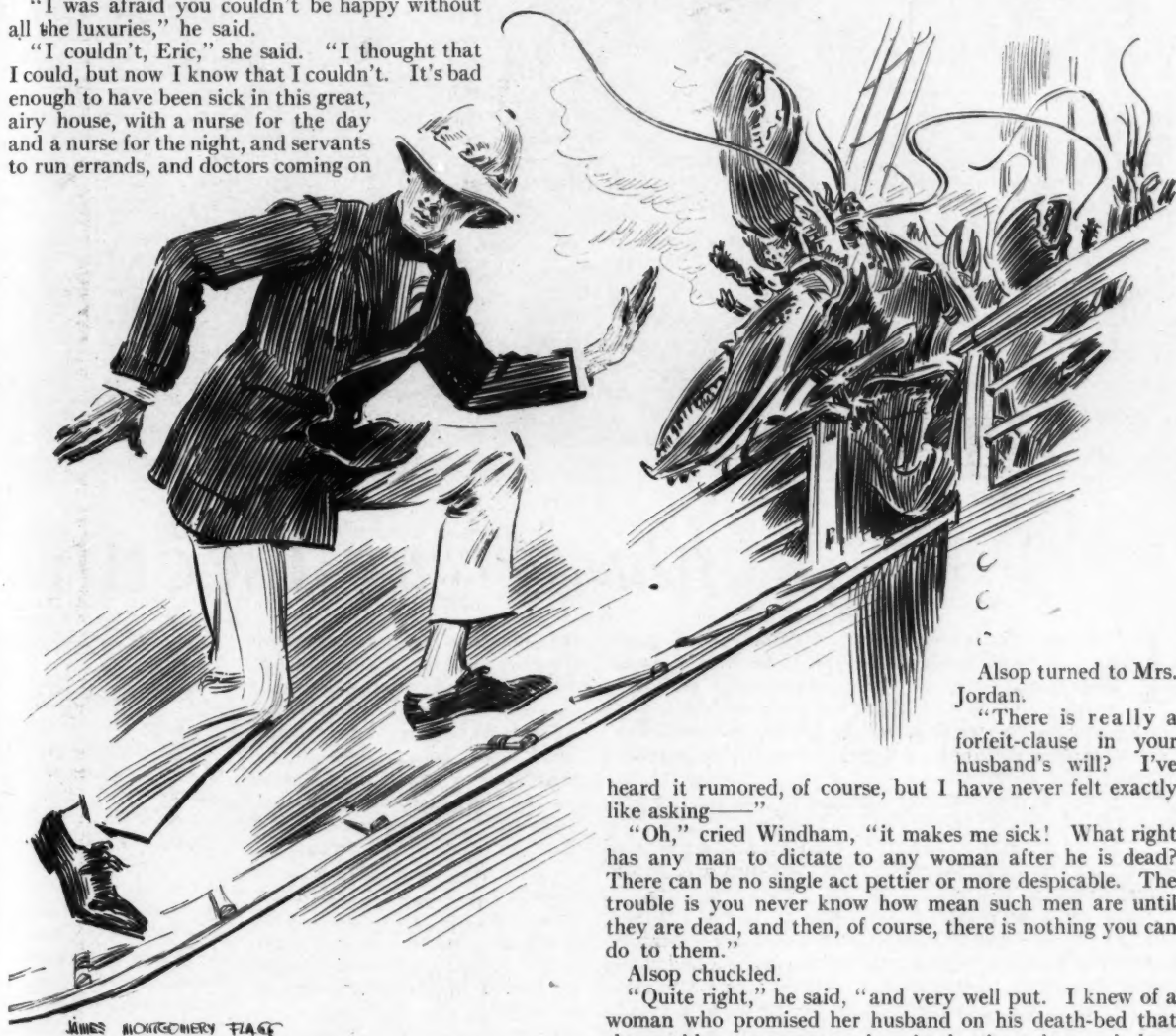
"I shouldn't have interrupted you," he said gravely, "but seeing that I have, won't you tell an old friend what is the matter?"

"Why," said Windham, "it seems that if we get married, Dolly loses her money, and she feels that, in the end, that deficiency would make us unhappy. I dare say she's right. But nothing could make me any unhappier than I am at this present moment."

Alsop selected a chair in a leisurely way, seated himself, and suddenly beamed upon them.

"Is that *all* that's troubling you?" he said.

"Isn't it enough?"



Alsop turned to Mrs. Jordan.

"There is really a forfeit-clause in your husband's will? I've

heard it rumored, of course, but I have never felt exactly like asking—"

"Oh," cried Windham, "it makes me sick! What right has any man to dictate to any woman after he is dead? There can be no single act pettier or more despicable. The trouble is you never know how mean such men are until they are dead, and then, of course, there is nothing you can do to them."

Alsop chuckled.

"Quite right," he said, "and very well put. I knew of a woman who promised her husband on his death-bed that she would never marry again. At the time, she was in love with another man, and a year and a day later she married him. To my mind, she did right both to make that promise and to break it. By making it, she pampered the selfishness of a dying man—and made him as happy as she could, under the circumstances. By breaking it, she made herself happy and a live man happy—"

"But," interrupted Windham, "we are not up against a promise; we are up against a *will*."

Again Alsop chuckled, and the lovers began to look at him hopefully.

"You don't realize," he said, "what a universally fair-minded and decent fellow the average American is, and what a chivalrous fellow he is at heart. An American jury would give just one look at Dolly's lovely face (Concluded on page 92)

special trains. Do you know, there wasn't a hot-water bag that would hold water in the whole house. Mr. Alsop telephoned to Boston and had some brought down by special locomotive. I'm afraid I'm in love with luxury."

Windham withdrew his hand from hers and walked to the veranda railing and looked at Alsop's great white schooner floating serenely in the blue harbor. His spirit was bitter, but he knew that Mrs. Jordan was right. Passion might pass, but the memory of luxury would always remain to eat ravenously into the structure of their happiness and ruin it. He turned his back on the harbor and began to speak, but at that moment their host stepped out on the veranda, cool and smiling, and Windham's words died on his tongue. A glance at the young people sufficed to show the experienced



A Dangerous Lecture

By Arnold

Decoration by

IT was at a war-charity sale, in a hot, crowded public room of a fashionable hotel, amid the humorous belowlings of an amateur auctioneer and the guffaws of amused bidders, that this thing happened to me. A young woman was passing, and, as she passed, she looked and stopped, and abruptly charged me with being myself. I admitted the undeniable.

"I hope you'll excuse me," she said. "I've read all your books."

"The usual amiable chatter," I thought, and made aloud my usual, stilted, self-conscious reply to such a conversational opening.

"You must have worked very hard."

She frowned—just a little frown in the middle of her forehead. She was very well dressed (which is not a fault), and she had a pleasant, sympathetic, serious face. She said:

"I've often wanted to tell you; in fact, I thought I ought to tell you about all those little books of yours about life and improving oneself and being efficient and not wasting time and so on and so on. They're very nice to read, but they've never done me any good—practically." She smiled. (No; it was not to be the usual amiable chatter!)

"I'm sorry," I said. "But, of course, books don't act by themselves. You can't expect them to be of much practical good until you begin to put them into practise."

"But that's just the point," she answered. "I can't *begin* to put them into practise. I can't resolve, and I can't concentrate, and I can't clench my teeth and make up my mind. And if I do make a sort of start, it's a failure after the first day. And this goes on year after year. No use blaming me—I can't help myself. I want awfully—but I can't."

"But *what* do you want?"

"I want to make the best of myself. I want to stop

wasting time and to perfect my 'human machine.' I want to succeed in life. I want to live properly and bring out all my faculties. Only, you see, I haven't got any resolution. I simply have not got it in me. You tell me to make up my mind, steel myself, resolve, stick to it, and so forth. Well, I just can't. And yet I do want to. You've never dealt with my case—and, what's more, I don't think you can deal with it. I hope you'll pardon all this bluntness. But I thought that, as a student of human nature, you might be interested."

I stood silent for a moment. She bowed with much charm and fled away. I gazed everywhere. But she was lost in the huge room. I could not very well run in pursuit of her—these things are not done in literary circles. She had vanished. And I knew naught of her. She might be young girl, young wife, young mother, anything—but I knew naught of her except that she had a sympathetic, rather sad face, and that she had left an arrow quivering in my side.

II

A FEW hours later, however, I spoke to the young creature as follows:

"It seems to me that you may have been running your

Under this whimsical title, to say to a young woman best of herself, and he says and convincingly. It will tan readers, because this of everybody. Much has cess in life, with all the ticular kind of success, for is usually paid, one, in the powers of most of us large number who have come ly as the generous reward only, Mr. Bennett states which, if they give heed to assist them to reconstruct as regards one of its



to a Young Woman

Bennett

W. T. Benda

Mr. Bennett has something who wanted to make the it brilliantly, forcefully, greatly interest Cosmopolit- young woman is a symbol been written about suc- emphasis laid on one par- which a pretty high price fact, that is quite beyond to pay. Therefore, to the to view success too narrow- of effort in one direction some common-sense fact, and duly act upon it, will their philosophy of life most important principles.

of exactly the same kind of coal and by means of a steam- heating system in the cellar warm the rooms of the house to such an extent that you have to wear your summer clothes in the depth of winter. The steam-heating system, however, has not increased the heat-energy of the coal; it has merely set free, utilized, and directed the heat-energy of the coal in a common-sense—that is to say, a scientific— manner. No amount of common sense and ingenuity will get as much heat-energy out of half a ton as out of a ton of coal. You may devise the most marvelous steam-heating system that exists on this side of the grave, but if there is

delightful head up against an impossible proposition. Perhaps you have been hoping to *create* energy in yourself. Now, you cannot create energy, either in yourself or elsewhere. Nobody can. You can only set energy free, loosen it, transform it, direct it.

"You may take a ton of coal and warm a house with it. The heat-energy of the coal is trans- formed, set free, and directed to a certain purpose. But if you try to warm the house by means of open coal fires in old-fashioned fire-grates, you will warm the chimneys and some of the air above the chimneys—and yet the rooms of the house will not be appreciably warmer than they were when you began. On the other hand, you may take a ton

no fuel in the furnace, or if there is in the furnace a quantity of coal inadequate to the size of the house, the house will never be comfortable except for polar bears and lovers. The available coal is the prime factor.

"Well, an individual is born with a certain amount of energy—and no more. Just as you cannot pour five quarts out of a gallon (as a rule, you cannot pour even four quarts), so you cannot extract from that individual more energy than there is in him. And, what is more important, you cannot put additional quantities of energy into him. You may sometimes seem to be putting energy into him, but you are not; you are simply setting his original energy free, applying a match to the coal or fanning the fire. An in- dividual is an island on whose rocky shores no ship can ever land that most mysterious commodity—energy. You may transfuse blood, but not the inexplicable force that makes the heart beat and defies circumstance.

"Some individuals appear to lack energy, when, as a fact, they are full of energy which is merely dormant, waiting for the match or waiting for direction. Other individuals ap- pear to lack energy and, in fact, do lack energy. And you cannot supply their need any more than you can stop their hair from growing.

"No, young lady; it is useless to interrupt me by asking me to define what I mean by the word 'energy.' To define some words is to cripple them. You know well enough what I mean by energy. I mean the most fundamental thing in you.

"Being a reasonable woman, you admit this—and then go on to demand, first, how you can be quite sure whether you have been born with a large or medium or a small quantity of energy, and, second, how you can be quite sure that you have not lots of energy (Concluded on page 94)



DRAWN BY CHARLES E. CHAMBERLAIN

When his visitors were admitted, the artist, in a blue smock and a straw hat, was sitting cross-legged on a table amid a ring of lighted candles, hard at work.

*A New Adventure of
Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford*



Never stung! There was an immediate movement in the chair to the right and in the chair to the left

"EVER I put a eye on that wop some other time, Meest' Berkley, I cut out 'is heart an' I eat' im!"

An intense little Italian, with mustaches which curled out wider than his olive-skinned face, and his shrill complaint rose above the chatter of all the white-clad barbers at the long row of chairs. "What you theenk, Meest' Berkley? See? That wop, he got the mon', plenty the mon'! Silk shirt, purp', like the grapes in Brindisi; an' a silk tie, green like the vines, an' a pigeon-blood ruby, beeg like my thomb! Count Pozzini, from Brindisi. Me, I know Brindisi, like I know my own moth' an' fath'. I eat the spaghetti' on every street in Brindisi; I turn the cart-wheel for American tourist—for the *centissime*. I sing the song in front the hotel; I dive for the silver mon'. Count Pozzini, he talk with me about Brindisi, all the café, the opera, the theat', the blue sky, his fath'. I know the Count Pozzini's fath' when I was lit' boy. He ver' nice man. An' when he toss the *centissime* an' say, 'Get out my road,' he say him with a smile what make lit' bird sing on tree. Well, what I do, Meest' Berkley? The young sport count, he promote grand wine company—thousan' acres vineyard on the Brindisi hills, maka da fine Brindisi Rosso, maka da beeg mon'. His frien', Giulio Assino—that me—come in on the dirt floor, maka da beeg mon', too, go back to Brindisi, be a reech man, toss the *centissime*, tell lit' cart-wheel kid, 'Get out my road,' with a smile what make lit' bird sing on tree." Giulio threw up his chair with a jerk and shook a fresh towel to put round his customer's neck. "So I take thousan' dollars out the Banco d'Italia, an' give it this wop, an' he skeep. Then I get wise my Count Pozzini is fake; an', Meest' Berkley, I take solemn oath on my knees before the candle, ever I put a eye on that wop some other time, I eat 'is heart! Meest' Berkley, what you do when you get stung like that?"

The reply came in the smooth, even voice of a mildly amused man.

"Well, Julius, I don't know." A touch of complacent pride now. "I never was stung—not for a nickel!"

Never stung! There was an immediate movement in the chair to the right and in the chair to the left, and two well-lathered faces came slowly up to take a good look at that rare man. One face was huge and round, the other long and narrow; and the eyes of both gleamed out at Mr. Berkley as through black holes in white masks. A man

Virgin Soil

By George Randolph Chester

Illustrated by Charles E. Chambers

who had never been stung! Virgin soil! The white masks turned to each other for a fleeting instant, and from the stubby mustache of the round one, and from the sharply pointed black tips of the mustache on the narrow one, the lather spread in grins. Then the heads lay slowly back, satisfied.

The man who had never been stung was a solid and substantial citizen, with a firm, smooth face, and a jaw which was tightly compressed from habit, a keen yellow eye, and unmistakable pomp in him when he presently walked out.

Never stung! When the round-faced man and the narrow one were relieved of their white masks and were out of their chairs, they grinned again at each other.

"Berkley," said big Jim Wallingford, as they passed out of the door. "That raging, untamed boob should be pinched. He's too wicked a temptation to be allowed at large."

"He who boasteth to the storm must beware the lightning," quoth lean and lank Blackie Daw, and lit a cigarette.

"What's the best thing to do after a shave?"

"I think I'll Perkley around a while," considered J. Rufus, in whom the professional instinct was inconveniently alive at times; and, strolling over to the hotel desk, he leaned his elbow on it nonchalantly, and, beaming his jovial beam on the clerk, began to Berkley.

When he went up to Blackie's room a couple of hours later, he found that restless-minded person busy with a box of water-color paints and a big sketch-block.

"Hold still, Jim!" hailed Blackie. "You're just what I want. Keep your pose."

"You can't paint," scorned J. Rufus, but struck an attitude nevertheless. "Do you want me full-face or side view?"

"Oh, this isn't a portrait, Jimmy." And artist Daw dipped his widest brush in the deepest red. "It is thought—the whirling splisms of my soul-vibrations translated into passionate color and centering round a blob. You, J. Rufe, are now the blob, and a better blob was never."

Chuckling, "the blob" strode across to look over Blackie's shoulder; then utter blankness came with a jerk on his huge pink face. All the richest colors of the little pans were on artist Daw's creation—long, sweeping curves which overlapped and intertwined, with here and there a sharp line "jiggled" through them, and all concentric to a round, muddled mass near one corner.

"I never can quite make up my mind," pondered Wallingford, "as to whether you're a grown-up kid or just a nut."

"No doubt," agreed Blackie placidly, as he tried to decide between deep yellow and flaming orange for the next firm stroke. "Your brain has not yet expanded to the delicate intensity of eventualistic art. Now, for instance, this started to be the poetic interpretation of a large squash lying happily in the field under a summer sun; but it didn't seem to turn out intelligent enough for a squash, so I decided to make it you. Or—wait a minute! You turn it sidewise, and it's the full moon feeling the warm, circular sensations of being full. Or—turn it this way—"

"I was right the first time," grunted Wallingford; "plain nut!" And taking the big chair in the bow window, he returned to the earnest consideration of Lester Berkley, the smartest man in the world, the man who had discovered and avoided every business trick known to commerce, the man who had never been stung, not for a nickel—the tempting virgin soil.

Suddenly, his brow cleared; he snapped his fingers, and his shoulders began to heave in a chuckle.

"Say, Pistache, I think we can sell that rainbow splash of yours!"

II

TRULY that rare man, Lester Berkley, was monarch of all he surveyed as he sat at his bird's-eye-maple desk in the bird's-eye-maple office of the immense Lester Berkley Printing and Lithographing Company.

"Eventualistic Daw!" he puzzled. "Who and what and why is Eventualistic Daw?"

"It's a circus," reported the neat little secretary, with a dimple of mirth in either smooth cheek. "If it had been an ordinary artist, Mr. Berkley, I could have handled him, but this one is so—so—" She suppressed a snicker as she hunted for the word. "So impressive! He—"

At that point came the invasion—a long, lean, lanky gentleman in a glove-fitting black frock coat, a gentleman with piercing black eyes and sharply pointed black mustaches, a gentleman distinguishable as an artist from the fact that he wore a low collar, a flowing red tie, and a black-velvet artist's tam

hanging rakishly over one ear. Behind him came a diminutive maroon-clad page-boy, glittering with countless brass buttons and carrying a neatly wrapped picture. Behind this page came another, a tall and gaunt one, who carried a cane, a gold cigarette-case, a box of matches, and an ash-tray. Behind him a sleepy fat page with a suitcase.

"Dawn!" intoned Eventualistic Daw, placing his eight knuckles and the tips of his two thumbs on the edge of Lester Berkley's desk and leaning over confidentially. "Daw's 'Dawn!'"

"Rrrghmm," stated Mr. Berkley, but he was only clearing his throat preparatory to speech—when he should find any.

"Number One!" ordered Eventualistic loftily, and the diminutive page, with awe in his eyes but with hysterical hilarity in his breast, unwrapped the picture. "Number Two!" Eventualistic stretched out his left arm, and the gaunt page dumbly placed a cigarette between the pair of lean, distended fingers and lit a match. "There!" Eventualistic stood Daw's "Dawn" before Mr. Berkley in its neat gold frame, took a full-mouthed puff of smoke, and laid his cigarette on his own ash-tray. "Daw's 'Dawn!'"

Still no trace of human expression on the part of Lester Berkley. He looked at the swirling curves of vivid color with the muddled "blob" in the corner, and he looked up at Eventualistic Daw and back at the masterpiece.

"What is this thing?" he wanted to know.

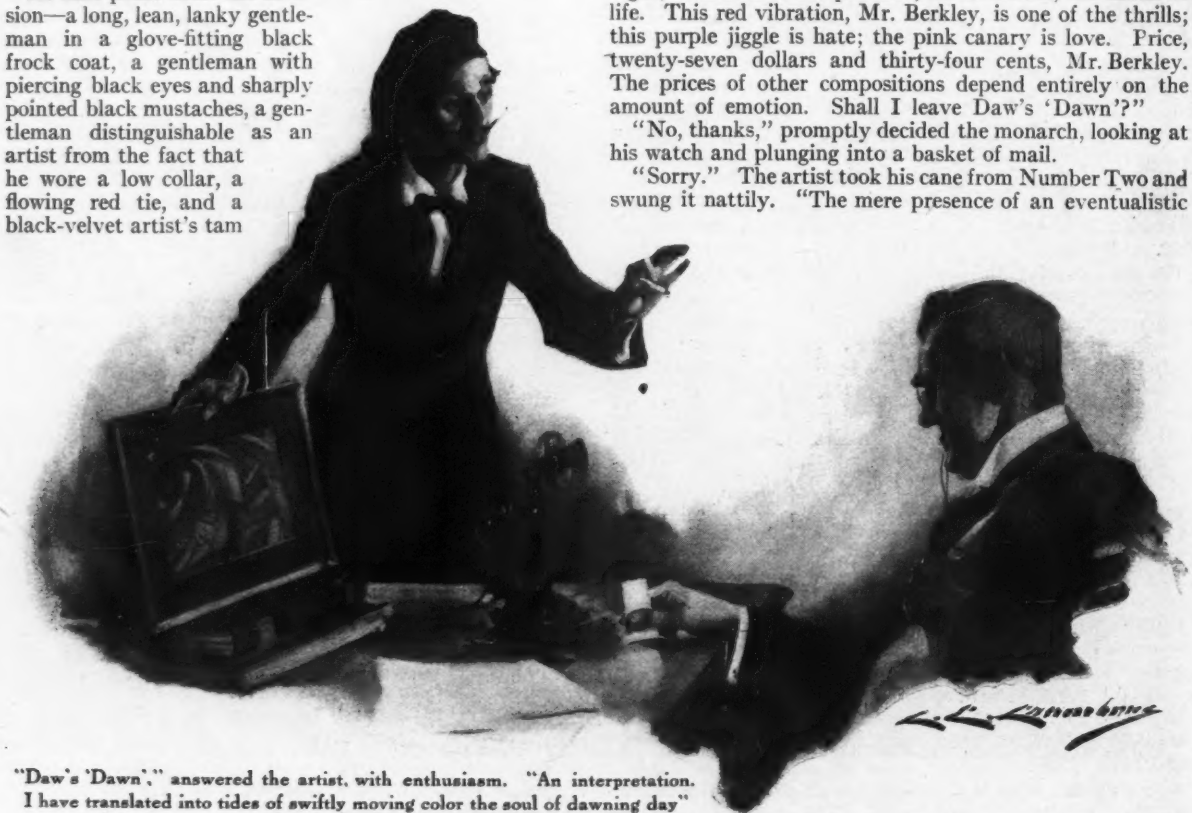
"Daw's 'Dawn,'" answered the artist, with enthusiasm. "An interpretation. I have translated into tides of swiftly moving color the soul of dawning day."

"Oh, yes"—and Lester Berkley was easy in his mind at once—"yes; I have seen some of these soul-things. I have no use for this." Whereupon, the Berkley jaw set firmly, and the forceful Berkley hand pushed back the picture.

"Daw's 'Dawn,'" proclaimed the artist, his enthusiasm in nowise abated, as he picked up the masterpiece and held it at arm's length. "With the morn comes new life; with the sun, still veiled behind the brown blob of migratory night, comes anew the passions, the emotions, the thrills of life. This red vibration, Mr. Berkley, is one of the thrills; this purple jiggle is hate; the pink canary is love. Price, twenty-seven dollars and thirty-four cents, Mr. Berkley. The prices of other compositions depend entirely on the amount of emotion. Shall I leave Daw's 'Dawn?'"

"No, thanks," promptly decided the monarch, looking at his watch and plunging into a basket of mail.

"Sorry." The artist took his cane from Number Two and swung it nattily. "The mere presence of an eventualistic



"Daw's 'Dawn,'" answered the artist, with enthusiasm. "An interpretation. I have translated into tides of swiftly moving color the soul of dawning day"

composition is victory, for it sends out a psychic sensation which sinks to the center. Number Three!" The blinking fat page waddled over to the desk, lifted up his suitcase, and opened it. "Will you please take care of this for me, Mr. Berkley?"

Again Mr. Berkley's countenance lost all trace of human expression. That suitcase was packed solidly with money! In bills!

"Rrrghmm," said he.

"Sixty-three thousands dollars," explained Mr. Daw. "A man just paid me a bet. I'm a stranger here. This is too much for the Hotel Majestic. Will you kindly——"

"I couldn't think of it," hastily refused the business man. "You want to get that right into a bank, Mr. Daw."

"Thank you. What bank?"

"I couldn't recommend one," returned Lester, putting into practise one of the safe rules he had with strangers. "Our down-town banks are all good. I'll send a couple of guards with you." And he touched a button.

"It isn't at all necessary, Mr. Berkley." Daw grinned engagingly. "Art alone endures, and riches are but fleeting."

"Yes, I know; but if anything happens to that money between here and the bank, I'm implicated. Miss Anderson"—this to the secretary—"have Willets and Burns go with Mr.

Daw to whatever bank he selects, and tell them not to leave him until he has deposited his money."

The monarch was so absorbed in the safe departure of that suitcase full of responsibility that he did not notice Daw's "Dawn" surging its tides of emotional color down from the bookcase. Moreover, there immediately ensued another excitement.

"Mr. Berkley!" The secretary's blue eyes were shining. She was half breathless as she caught him in the runway to the bindery. "Can we furnish, in sixty days, one quarter-million red-morocco-bound books, six and a half by nine, sixty-four pages, eighty-pound plate-paper, with twelve illustrations in ten colors, cover to be hand-tooled, gold-stamped, and illuminated? The man's on the wire!"

"Who is he?" The pomp of the monarch did not prevent his running toward the office as he asked the question.

"I don't know," answered the girl, running in reach of his right ear. "A stranger. Grand Palace Hotel. His name's J. Rufus Wallingford. We can't do it in sixty days, can we?"

The answer to that question was shot into the 'phone a moment later.

"Of course we can make delivery in sixty days, Mr. Wallingford. Come right over to the office. Or shall I come to your hotel?"

"It is scarcely necessary," came the crisp but still suavely dignified voice from the other end of the wire, a voice in which there was a decided trace of pomp. "If you will have an estimate for me in the morning, however, I shall be pleased to call on you at eleven o'clock and examine the stock and consider the figures."

Mr. Berkley hesitated, not so much to calculate whether he could have the estimate ready but to restrain the eagerness in his voice.

"Very well," he said pompously; "eleven o'clock tomorrow morning. Thank you, Mr. Wallingford!"

III

At eleven o'clock precisely, on the following morning, there walked into the monarch's office a man so ponderously impressive that the throne seemed to shift to the chair in which he sat. From suède-topped patent leathers to shining silk hat, Mr. Wallingford was an embodiment of visible wealth, even without the

huge diamonds which glowed from his cravat and from his finger. And, furthermore,

he won Berkley's instant respect the minute he tore the sample of eighty-pound paper and bit the edge. Another thing: when Mr. Wallingford looked at the estimate for the job, he did not frown as if the price were too much, or try to conceal a smile as if the price were less than he expected, but knitted his brows and nodded his head

and said:

"Very satisfactory. Perhaps you had better look at my credentials."

"Scarcely necessary, I am sure," returned Mr. Berkley, and went through them as with a fine-tooth

The round red face of J. Rufus was fairly radiating jovial joy

comb. "I presume you have your illustrations, Mr. Wallingford?" he observed, passing back the bank-

statements.

"Well, no," J. Rufus rubbed the bridge of his nose thoughtfully. "I'll have to look to you for those, and you may add the price to your estimate."

"I see," Berkley began to cross-hatch his pencil-pad. "That means time. If I don't have the illustrations in hand in two weeks, I can't contract to do the work in sixty days. What line of pictures are to be used?"

"Oh, decorative." And again Mr. Wallingford tried to rub the perplexity out of the bridge of his nose. "It's an advertising scheme, Mr. Berkley, and the text is half high-brow and half kidding. The color-prints should mean nothing in particular, but I'd like them unique and distinctive. They can be and should be entirely independent of the text, for the advertising snapper only comes out in the last page." He was looking at the pictures on the walls speculatively. "Perhaps if I glance through your samples——"

"Certainly." Berkley, already trying to imitate the inimitable suavity in that voice, rose with an unconscious imitation of Mr. Wallingford's grandiose manner, and with a flourish threw open his bird's-eye-maple wall-cases.

That was a discouraging task because of its indifferent results. Lithograph after lithograph, booklet after booklet, portfolio after portfolio they examined, and Mr. Wallingford pronounced many of them beautiful, many of them interesting, many of them almost what he wanted, but without the sort of enthusiasm which ends the search. Suddenly, Mr. Wallingford's roving and wearied eye was caught by the tides of swiftly moving color on the bookcase and he walked across to the decorated blob.

"What's this thing?" he inquired.

"Oh, that!" Mr. Berkley frowned. "Did that fool leave that here?" He gave a short, contemptuous laugh. "The craziest artist I ever saw! Would you believe it? He calls this thing 'Dawn'."

(Continued on page 96)

STEPHANIE QUEST,

after the death of her well-connected but worthless parents, is taken, at the age of eleven, into the home of John Cleland, a wealthy New Yorker, a widower with an only son, Jim. As she grows up, it seems to Cleland that the girl shows considerable latent talent, but for what he cannot determine. She does not care for society, and develops some radical ideas on the independence of women and their right to lead what life they wish. Cleland dies when she is eighteen; Jim goes abroad for two years, to study and observe life with the idea of writing fiction, and Stephanie, after taking a course in hospital nursing, becomes so attracted to the bohemian life of a certain type of New York artist that she takes a studio with a friend, Helen Davis, an animal-sculptor. With legacies from Cleland and a wealthy aunt, she now enjoys a considerable income. After nearly three years' residence in Paris, Jim receives a cable from Stephanie saying that she has married Oswald Grismer, a college-mate of his, who has taken up sculpture. Oswald's father was the uncle of Stephanie's mother. Jim returns home. He finds an unusual state of things existing. Stephanie has kept her own name and has not yet lived with Grismer as his wife. She says she will not do so until she is sure she loves him. She thinks she will know after a year or two. Apparently she has married him because he has lost his money and is in straitened circumstances.

Jim now finds himself seriously in love with Stephanie. At first she tells him that she can never feel more than respect and affection for him, although she exhibits symptoms of jealousy over his attentions to a chorus girl whom he met at a ball, and whom she calls "Lady Button-eyes." Finally, Stephanie admits that she is really falling in love with Jim, and doesn't know what to do about it. Cleland leases an

IT happened one day late in May that Cleland, desiring local accuracy of detail in a chapter of his brand-new novel, put on his hat and walked to Washington Square and across it, south into the slums. He left the spring freshness behind him when he entered that sad, dingy, swarming region to the south, where the only clean creature seemed to be the occasional policeman in his new summer tunic, sauntering aloofly amid the noise and wretchedness and the foul odors made fouler by the sunshine.

72



The Restless

A Chronicle of

apartment in the house in which Stephanie and her friend live, and works hard on a novel. He takes up with a few of his old-time friends, including Badger Spink, Clarence Verne, and John Belter, but he holds aloof from Grismer.

Cleland presently found the squalid street which he wished to describe in convincing detail, and stood there on the corner in the shelter of a tobacconist's awning, making preliminary mental notes. Then, as he fished out note-book and pencil, intent on professional memoranda, he saw Grismer. The man wore shabbier clothes than Cleland had ever before seen him wear; he was crossing the filthy street at his usual graceful and leisurely saunter, and he did not see Cleland under the awning.

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Cleland seated himself in a big, threadbare armchair. Grismer said, with a smile: "No use informing you that I'm obliged to live economically. Models are expensive; so is material"

Sex

By Robert W. Chambers

Illustrated by W. D. Stevens

Insurgent Youth

There was a chop-suey restaurant opposite, a shabby, disreputable, odoriferous place, doubly repulsive in the pitiless sunshine. And into this sauntered Grismer and disappeared.

The slight shock of the episode remained to bother Cleland all the morning. He kept thinking of it while trying to work; he could not seem to put it from his mind, and finally he threw aside his manuscript, took his hat and stick, and went out with the intention of lunching.

It was nearly lunch-time, but he did not walk toward the cream-colored Hotel Rochambeau, with its green awnings and its French flag flying. He went the other way, scarcely realizing what he meant to do until he turned the corner into Bleeker Street.

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He found the basement he was in search of presently; two steps down, with an area-gate and bell encrusted with rust.

He rang. Jangling echoes resounded from within. Two negro wenches and a Chinaman surveyed him from adjoining houses. He could smell a sour stench from the beer-saloon opposite.

"Hello, Cleland! This is very nice of you. Come in!" said a pleasant voice behind him, and, as he turned, Grismer, in shabby slippers and faded dressing-gown, opened the iron wicket.

"I hadn't called," said Cleland, a little stiffly, "so I thought I'd drop in for a moment and take you out somewhere to lunch."

Grismer smiled his curious, non-committal smile and ushered him into a big, whitewashed basement with a screen barring the further end, and quite bare except for a few bits of furniture, some plaster casts, and half a dozen revolving tables on which stood unfinished studies in clay and wax. Cleland involuntarily glanced about him, then went over and politely examined the studies in clay.

"They're just as clever as they can be," he said, "inferentially clever, Grismer. Are they commissions?"

"I'm sorry to say they are not," replied Grismer, with a smile.

"But a man who can do this work ought never to want for commissions," insisted Cleland.

"I'm exceedingly glad you like my work," returned Grismer pleasantly, "but as for orders"—he shrugged—"when I didn't need them, they came to me. But, Cleland, when the world learns that a man needs anything, it suddenly discovers that it doesn't need him. Isn't it funny," he added good-humouredly, "that prosperous talent is always in demand, always turning down work which it has no time to do; but the same talent on its uppers is universally under deep suspicion?" He spoke lightly, impersonally, and without the slightest trace of bitterness. "Sit down and light one of your own cigarettes," he

said. "I've only pipe-tobacco, and you probably wouldn't care for it."

Cleland seated himself in a big, threadbare armchair. Grismer said, with a smile:

"No use informing you that I'm obliged to live economically. Models are expensive; so is material. Therefore, I live where I can afford both, and a roof to cover them. And, do you know, Cleland, that after all, it doesn't matter much where one sleeps—" He made a slight gesture toward the screen at the end of the room. "I used to think it did until I had to give up a place of my own full of expensive and beautiful things.

"But it really doesn't matter. The main idea is to be free—free of debt, free of expensive impedimenta which cause one anxiety, free from the importunities and restrictions of one's friends." He laughed. "It's an amusing game, Cleland—isn't it?—the whole affair of living, I mean. Not too unpleasant, not too agreeable. But if one's heart-action were not involuntary and automatic, do you know, if it lay with me, I'd not bother to keep my heart ticking—I'd be too lazy to wind it up." He seemed serenely amused at his own ideas. "Did you have a good time abroad?" he inquired.

"Yes. When you get on your feet, you ought to go to Paris, Grismer."

"Yes; I know." He looked humorously at his well-shaped feet stretched out before him in shabby slippers. "Yes; it's up to my feet, Cleland. But they're a wandering, indifferent couple, inclined to indolence, I fear. Is your work getting on?"

The Restless Sex

"I'm busy. Yes; I think it's taking shape." He looked up at Grismer hesitatingly, frankly troubled. "Grismer, we were schoolmates. I wouldn't wish you to think me impertinent—"

"Go ahead, Cleland."

"Are you quite sure?"

"I'm sure of *you*," returned Grismer, with a singular smile. "I know you pretty well, Cleland. I knew you in school, in college. We fought in school. You were civil to me at Harvard." He laughed. "I've always liked you, Cleland—which is more than you can say about me." Cleland reddened, and Grismer laughed again, lightly and without effort. "It's that way sometimes. I think that you are about the only man I have ever really liked. You didn't know that, did you?"

"No."

"Well, don't let it worry you," added Grismer, smiling. "Go on and say what you were about to say."

"It was—I was merely wondering—whether you'd take it all right if—" He began again from another angle. "I've a country place—up in the Berkshires—my father's old place. And I thought that a fountain—if you'd care to design one—"

Grismer had been watching him with that indefinable smile in his golden eyes which perplexed men and interested women, but now he walked to the barred windows and stood there with his back turned, gazing out into the area. After an interval, he pivoted on his heels, sauntered back, and seated himself, relighting his pipe.

"All right," he said very quietly; "I'll do your fountain."

Cleland drew a breath of relief.

"If you like," he said, "come up with me to Runner's Rest in June. I think it would be fine to have a pool and a fountain in the old garden. Is it understood that you'll do it for me?"

"Yes. I don't wish to be paid."

"Good Lord! You and I are professionals, Grismer, not beastly amateurs. Do you think I'd write for anybody unless I'm paid for it?"

Grismer's eyes held a curious expression as they rested on him. Then his features changed, and he smiled.

"I'll do your fountain on your own terms. Tell me when you are ready."

Cleland rose.

"Won't you change your mind and lunch with me?"

"Thanks, no." Grismer, also, had risen, and the two men confronted each other. Grismer said:

"Cleland, I think you're the only man in the world for whom I have any real consideration. I haven't much use for men—no delusions. But it always has been different about you—even when we fought in school—even when I used to sneer at you sometimes. And I want, somehow, to make you understand that I wish you well, that, if it lay with me, you should attain *whatever* you wish in life, that if attainment depended upon my stepping aside, I'd do it. That's all I can say. Think it over and try to understand."

Cleland, astonished, looked at him with unconcealed embarrassment.

"You're very kind," he said, "to feel so generously interested in my success. I wish you success, too."

Grismer smiled.

"You *don't* understand me, after all," he said pleasantly.

"You are offering me your friendship, as I take it," said Cleland awkwardly. "Isn't that what you meant?"

"Yes. And other things." He laughed, with a slight touch of malice in his mirth. "There's such a lot yet left unsaid between you and me, which you and I must say to each other some day. But there's plenty of time."

He offered his hand; Cleland took it, the embarrassed flush still staining his face.

"Yes," he said; "there is a matter that I wish to talk over with you some day, Grismer."

"I know. But I think we had better wait a while—"

because I wish to answer everything you ask, and, for the present, I had rather not."

They walked slowly to the area-gate.

"I'm glad you came," Grismer said. "It's a bit lonely sometimes. I have no friends."

"When you feel that way," said Cleland, "drop in on me."

"Thanks."

And that was all.

Cleland walked thoughtfully back to his own studio.

"He's a strange man," he mused; "he was a strange boy, and he's grown into a curious sort of man. Poor devil! It's as though something inside him is lacking—or has been killed. But why, in God's name, did Steve marry him unless she was in love with him? It *must* be— And his pride won't let him take her until he can stand on his own feet. When I dig that pool, I'll dig a pit for *my* feet—a grave for a fool!"

He unlocked his studio and went in.

"I'm done with love," he said aloud to himself.

The jingle of his telephone-bell echoed his words, and he walked slowly over to the table and detached the receiver.

"Jim?"

"Is it you, Steve?"

"Yes. Would you like some tea about five?"

"All right. I've had no lunch, and I'll be hungry."

"You know, Jim, I'm not going to provide a banquet for you. Why don't you go out and take lunch?"

"I forgot it. I don't feel like work. Shall I come down and talk to you now?"

"I'm going out to take a dancing lesson in a few moments. I'll talk to you while I'm putting on my hat."

He said, "All right," took his hat and stick and went down-stairs again.

She opened the door for him, offering him her cool, slim hand; then she opened a hat-box and lifted from it a hat.

"I believe I'll join the Russian ballet," she said. "I do dance very nicely. You should hear what the ballet-master says."

"Nonsense! It's good exercise, but it would be a dog's life for you to lead, Steve. Where is Helen?"

"Out hunting a model for her Pegasus."

She inspected her new hat, and, facing the studio-mirror, pinned it to her chestnut hair.

"Do you like it, Jim?"

"Fine! You make all hats look well."

"Such a nice, polite boy! So well brought up! Where have you been, Jim? I called you up an hour ago."

"I went to see Grismer," he said.

"You did? Bless your dear, generous heart!" cried the girl. "You have acted like a man in calling on him, and not like a spoiled boy. You resented Oswald's marrying me. You have been sullen and suspicious and aloof with him since you came back. I know Oswald better than you do. I know that he has felt your attitude keenly, though he never admitted it even to me. He is a man of few friends, admired but not well liked; he is wretchedly poor, fiercely proud, sensitive—"

"What!"

"Did you think he wasn't?" she asked. "He is painfully sensitive. I think women divine it, and it attracts them."

"He hasn't the reputation of being very thin-skinned," remarked Cleland dryly.

"The average man who is sensitive would die to conceal it. You ought to know that, Jim; it's your business to dissect people, isn't it?" She thrust a second pin through the crown of her hat and adjusted it deftly. "Anyway," she said, "you are a nice, polite boy to go to see him, and you have made me very happy. Good-by! I must run."

"Have you lunched?"

"No; but I'm going to."

"With whom?" he asked incautiously.

"A man."

"You're usually just going out to lunch or dine with some man," he said sullenly.



DRAWN BY W. D. STEVENS

"Unknown but fascinating girl," he said gaily, "I drink to your health and fortune! Never shall I forget our dance together; never shall I forget the charming stranger who took tea with me!" "Nor shall I forget you—you very nice boy!" she said, looking at him with smiling intentness

"I like men," she said, smiling at him.

"What you probably mean is that you like admiration."

"I do. It's agreeable; it's sanitary; it's soothing. It invigorates one's self-confidence and self-respect. And it doesn't disarrange one's hair and rumple one's gown. Therefore, I prefer the undemonstrative admiration of a man to the indiscreet demonstrations of a boy."

"Do you mean me?" he asked, furious.

But she ignored the question.

"Boys are funny," she said, swinging her velvet reticule in circles. "Any girl can upset their equilibrium. All a girl has to do is to look at a boy sideways—the way Lady Putton-eyes looked at you yesterday afternoon——"

"What!"

"At the Rochambeau. And you got up and went over and renewed your friendship with her. Helen and I saw you."

"I was merely civil," he said.

"So was she. She fished out a card and wrote on it."

"She wrote her telephone-call. There isn't the slightest chance of my using it."

Stephanie laughed.

"He certainly is the nicest, politest boy in all Manhattan, and sister is very, very proud of him. Good-by, James——"

She offered her lips to him audaciously, but her gray eyes were bright with malice.

"Nice, polite boy," she repeated, "now kiss little sister."

"No," he said gloomily; "I'm fed up on sisterly kisses."

"You insulting wretch! Do you mean you won't? Then you shall!"

She started toward him, wrath in her eyes, but he caught her wrists and held her.

"You're altogether too well satisfied with yourself," he said. "You've no emotions inside your very lovely person except discreet ones. Otherwise, you've got the devil inside you, and it's getting on my nerves."

"Jim! You beast! Don't you think I'm capable of any deep emotions?" The smile had died on her lips.

"Maybe. I don't know."

"Who should, if you don't?"

He shrugged.

"Your husband, perhaps."

"Jim! I told you not to call him that!"

"Well, a spade is a spade."

"Do you mean to be offensive?"

"How can that offend you?"

She released her wrists and shot a curious, inexplicable look at him.

"I don't understand you," she said. "You can be so generous and high-minded, and you can be so unkind and insolent to me."



An elderly female holding the horse's head cried, "Shoo!" and

"Insolent?"

"Yes. You meant it insolently when you spoke of Oswald as my husband. You've done it before, too. Why do you? Do you really want to hurt me? Because you know he isn't my husband except by title. He may never be."

"All right," he said; "I'm sorry I was offensive. I'm just tired of this mystery, I suppose. It's a hopeless sort of affair for me. I can't make you love me; you're married, besides. It's too much for me—I can't cope with it, Steve. So I won't ever bother you again with importunities. I'll go my own way."

"Very well," she said, in an even voice.

She nodded to him and went out, saying, as she passed, "There'll be tea at five, if you care for any." And left him planted.

Which presently enraged him, and he began to pace

the studio, pondering on the cruelty, insensibility, and injustice of that devilish sex which had created man as a convenience.

"The thing to do," he said savagely to himself, "is to exterminate the last trace of love for her, tear it out, uproot it, trample on it without remorse."

They both laughed.

"Does it pay?" she inquired mischievously.

"No, it doesn't. I wish I had another job."

"Why not take the one I've just left?"

"What was it?"

"I was dancing at the 'Follies.'"

"All right. Will you try me out?"

"With pleasure."

"I'll turn on that phonograph."

The girl laughed her enchanting little laugh, appraised him at a glance, then critically surveyed the studio.

"I believe," she said, "I'm to pose for Miss Davis seated on a winged horse. Isn't that exciting?"

"You'd be delightful on a winged horse," he said.

"Do you think so?"

"I suspect it. What did you do in the 'Follies'?"

"Nothing very interesting. Have you seen the 'Follies'?"

"You ought to know I haven't," he said reproachfully. "Do you suppose I could have forgotten you?"

She rose and dropped him a Florodora courtesy. They were getting on very well. She glanced demurely at the phonograph. He jumped up and turned it on. The battered disk croaked out a tango. They dragged the rugs aside.

The studio was all golden with the sun now, and the brilliant rays bathed them as she laid her gloved hand in his and his arm encircled her waist.

She was a wonderful dancer; her supple grace and professional perfection enchanted him.

From time to time he left her to crank up the phonograph; neither of them tired. Occasionally she glanced at her jeweled wrist-watch and ventured to voice her doubts as to the propriety of continuing in the imminence of Miss Davis's return.

"Then let's come up to my studio," he said. "I've a music-phone of sorts. We can dance there until you're tired, and then you can come down and see Miss Davis."

She demurred. The phonograph ran down with a squawk.

"Shall we take one more chance here?" he asked.

"No; it's too risky. Shall I run up to your place for just one little dance?"

"Come on!" he said, taking her hand.

They went out and he closed the door. Then, hand in hand, laughing like a pair of children, they sped up the stairs and arrived breathless before his door, which he un-



Helen hustled him out, a little perturbed and intensely amused

The studio-bell rang. He walked to the door and opened it. A bewilderingly pretty girl stood there.

"Miss Davis?" she inquired sweetly. "I have an appointment."

"Come in," said Cleland, the flush of wrath still on his countenance.

The girl entered; he offered her a chair.

"Miss Davis happens to be out at the moment," he said, "but I don't believe she'll be very long."

"Do you mind my waiting?" asked the pretty girl.

"No, I don't," he said, welcoming diversion. "Do you mind my being here? Or are you going to put me out?"

She looked surprised; then she laughed very delightfully.

"Of course not. I'm only one of her models."

"A model?" he repeated. "How delightful! I also am a model—of good behavior."

The Restless Sex

locked. And in another minute they were dancing again, while a scratched record croaked out a fox-trot.

"I must go," she said, resting one gloved hand on his arm.

"I'd love to stay, but I mustn't."

"First," he said, "we'll have tea."

"No!" But presently they were seated on his desk, a plate of sweet biscuits between them, their glasses of sherry touching.

"Unknown but fascinating girl," he said gaily, "I drink to your health and fortune! Never shall I forget our dance together; never shall I forget the charming stranger who took tea with me!"

"Nor shall I forget you—you very nice boy!" she said, looking at him with smiling intentness.

"Would it spoil it if we saw each other again?"

"You know that such delightful encounters never bear repetition," she answered. "Now I'm going. Farewell!"

She laughed at him, touched her glass with her lips, set it aside, and slipped to the floor.

"Good-by!" she said. He caught her at the door, and she turned and looked up gravely.

"Don't spoil it," she whispered, disengaging herself.

So he released her, and she stretched out her hand, smiled

at him, and stepped out. The music-phone continued to play gaily.

A girl who was coming up-stairs saw her as she left Cleland's studio, and, as the pretty visitor sped lightly past her, the girl who was mounting turned and watched her. Then she resumed her ascent, came slowly to Cleland's open door, stood there resting a moment as though out of breath.

Cleland, replacing the rugs, glanced up and caught sight of Stephanie, and the quick blood burned his face.

She came in as though still a trifle weary from the ascent. Neither spoke. She glanced down at the two empty wine-glasses on his desk, saw the decanter, the biscuits, and cigarettes. The music-phone was expiring raucously.

"Who is that girl?" she asked, in an even, colorless voice.

"A girl I met."

"Do you mind telling me her name?"

"I—don't know it," he said, getting redder.

"Oh! Shall I enlighten you?"

"Thank you."

"She's Marie Cliff, of the 'Follies.' I've seen her dance."

"Really?" he said carelessly.

Stephanie leaned against the desk, resting one hand on it. An odd sense of mental fatigue possessed her; she was not very sure of what she was saying.

"I came up to say—that I'm sorry we quarreled. I'm sorry now that I came. I'm going in a moment. You've already had tea, I see. So you won't care for any more."

After a flushed silence, he said,

"Did you have a successful lesson, Steve?"

"I've had two—lessons. Yes; they were quite—successful."

"You seem tired."

"No." She turned and walked to the door. He opened it for her in silence.

"Good-day," she said.

"Good-day."

XXV

CLELAND's unhappy interpretation of the episode was masculine and therefore erroneous—the interpretation of a very young man whose reverence for the restless sex might require revision some day or other, unless he died exceedingly young. For he concluded now that he had thoroughly disgusted Stephanie Quest.

He saw himself quite ruined in the unemotional gray eyes of a girl who, herself, was so coldly aloof from the ignoble emotions lurking ever and furtively in the masculine animal.

He had had little-enough chance with Stephanie, even when his conduct had been exemplary. Now he was dreadfully certain that his chances were less than none at all. What had he to hope from her now?

To this unconventional yet proud, pure-hearted girl had been offered the very horrid spectacle of his own bad temper and reprehensible behavior. And, although there had been no actual harm in it, she could never, never understand or forgive it. Never! Her virginal ears had been insulted by the cynical avowal of his own masculine materialism. Of the (Continued on page 132)



She turned to go, and he sprang forward to detain her; but she twisted herself out of his arms and reeled back against the desk

The Door of Dread

War-time plots and the schemes of traitors continue to engage the attention of Craig Kennedy. And very often there is an element of heart-interest in them, too—as in the present case, where a distracted lover solicits the help of the great detective in a mystery which he has two powerful reasons for solving.

By Arthur B. Reeve

Author of "The Phantom Parasite"
and other Craig Kennedy stories

Illustrated by Edward L. Chase

"WHAT would you do, Professor Kennedy, if the girl you loved had disappeared—and there was no trace of where she had gone?" Lieutenant Stanley Dillard, U. S. N., leaned forward nervously as he poured forth to us an amazing story. "I've done everything I can think of to find her," went on the young officer excitedly. "Her mother, of course, is frantic. For Viva Gordon is a stunning-looking girl—and that may be dangerous, you know. Viva's father is dead, and she has no brothers. So, you see, I have had to take up this thing all alone—and it's too much for me. I had heard of you, and I felt sure that you could help me."

"Is there absolutely no trace of her, no clue?" asked Kennedy, immediately interested.

"As nearly as I can find out," Dillard replied doubtfully, "Viva was last seen at the garage of Nicholas Lynar two days ago. Lynar has a small automobile-repair shop. It is in one of the old houses, a quaint old place along the north shore of Staten Island. You see, Viva was a very athletic girl and fond of motoring. The Gordons have a pretty fair income and her motor was her one extravagance. Well, she used to have all her repair work done at Lynar's. Several days ago she took her car there for some adjustments. It is there yet, in the shop, the changes and repairs made, but Lynar knows nothing—at least, that's what he says."

"The case has been reported to the police?" questioned Craig.

"Yes; the night that she didn't come back her mother appealed to them. But what of that?" he added bitterly. "The police have given us no help. They gave me to understand that they considered the case no different from hundreds of other cases of missing girls. My God, man, are tragedies like this merely commonplaces to them?"

Just then our telephone-bell rang, not that of our private telephone, but the house-line from the switchboard downstairs. Kennedy reached over to answer it and, a moment later, handed the instrument to Dillard.

"For me?" asked the lieutenant, in unfeigned surprise. "Why, I didn't tell a soul that I was coming to see you! Hello—hello—who is this?" Dillard jiggled the hook until finally he got back the hall-boy down-stairs.



We came up to a huddled figure on the ground. It was Dillard, prostrate, badly scratched, but safe

Evidently the explanation from the front hall was unsatisfactory. Kennedy motioned to let him do the talking, and for some time he quizzed the boy. As he hung up, he turned inquiringly to Dillard.

"There was some one calling," he asserted. "The boy says that some one asked if there was a Lieutenant Dillard in Professor Kennedy's apartment. Between the time I answered and you took the telephone, the voice on the wire said to the hall-boy, 'Tell him he's a fool—and it will go harder with him if he doesn't quit,' and then the caller hung up. Have you any idea who it could be?"

Dillard was staring blankly at us.

"Not an idea," he confessed, startled. "Who could have known I was here? No one. I must have been followed. I tell you, the thing is deep. At every point I seem to be anticipated. It's enough to drive me mad. What does it all mean?"

Kennedy shrugged.

"Have you told me all?" he asked.

"No," exclaimed Dillard; "now, there's one other thing; I was coming to it. I ought to be worried over that, too—and I am worried—but this disappearance of Viva knocks it out of my mind—at times. You know—or, rather, you don't know, of course, that I am stationed down on Staten Island at the American Shipyards Company to supervise for the government the building of ten standardized cargo-ships, steel ships of five thousand tons each. You do not

The Door of Dread

know it yet, but two of the ships which I am supervising have been blown up—in the very yards—on the stocks.”

He paused a moment, and drew back to observe the effect on us of the startling statement. So effective had been the censorship that not a breath of the thing had leaked out into the newspaper offices.

“It isn’t my first trouble since I was assigned to this duty,” raged on Dillard, seeing that he had already enlisted our interest if not yet our services. “Since I have told you this much, let me give you the whole history of the affair.” Kennedy nodded encouragement. “Well,” explained Dillard rapidly, “almost as soon as we started work on the keels, I found that many of the ship-plates, castings, and structural shapes were not up to the standard and were even defective. To cut a long story short, I was not able to fix the blame for much that went on, but I have overcome that by having a most rigid inspection. I put the matter up to Archer squarely. He is the engineer at the plant. Since then we have had very little trouble. I know Archer doesn’t like me, but I have to hold him up to the specifications. Besides, what sort of traitor would I be to neglect a square inch or a bolt? Why, I could be court-martialed!”

“What happened then?” prompted Kennedy.

“Then we had some trouble with labor, with the riggers, riveters, steel-workers, machine-shop operators—all of them. First, it was over wages and hours. But we settled that. Still there was agitation and dissatisfaction. I began to think that it was inspired. However, I settled all that finally by putting the matter up to Rogers, the foreman. After that we had only picked men. I insisted on it and did most of the picking. Things seemed to be moving along smoothly when—bang!—comes this new thing.” Dillard paused, his fists clenched and his features set as he faced us. “This last trouble—these explosions—is beyond them all, though. Of course, I got

the secret service into the case. But I don’t think they are any further along than when they started.”

“How long ago was the first explosion?” inquired Craig.

“The day before Viva disappeared. The second one was the day after. You see, they were coming every other day. We are about due for another.”

“Haven’t you found any cause for the explosion—I mean no tentative explanation?” I asked.

“There doesn’t seem to be any explanation—at least, none that I can think of,” returned Dillard frankly, “unless they were due to bombs. How bombs could be placed there is beyond me. The workmen are all picked men. There’s not one I can say that I would not trust. The strange thing to me is that the explosions seem always to take place at night, if that may mean anything. I have investigated them, and I would like to have you, Professor Kennedy, come over and look at the wrecks. Perhaps they may suggest something to you.”

Dillard paused a moment, while Kennedy reviewed the situation silently and rapidly. The curious, threatening telephone-call intensified the mystery. Craig was keenly interested.

“You had been engaged to Miss Gordon some time?” asked Kennedy.

“Only a few days; I first met her several weeks ago.”

“She was familiar with your work?”

“Quite. Viva was an exceptional girl. That is what drew us together. It was her advice, her help, that always spurred me when things were darkest at the yards. Yes, indeed; she knew about my work.”

“But I mean about the explosions—the first one—she knew about that?”

“Yes; I told her in confidence.”

Kennedy smiled encouragingly.

“I don’t mean to put you on the defensive,” he explained. “I am trying to get at the real conditions—establish some relationship among the facts you have laid before me. Don’t hesitate to tell me anything of your suspicions, no matter how trivial. Now, who is this garage keeper, Lynar?”

“A rather clever fellow, I imagine,” Dillard answered guardedly. “They tell me, around the yards, that he has worked out an invention of a new aerial torpedo. The rumor is that he can do anything he wants with the thing—can explode it either before or after it penetrates the object at which it is aimed.”

“Has Lynar done anything toward getting it accepted?”

“I understand that he has offered it to the government. But really I know nothing about it. And Lynar

is one of these close-mouthed inventors, a silent, suspicious sort of fellow. Really,” Dillard confided, “when I was there at his shop I got the impression that Lynar had something—some secret. What it is, I have no idea. Perhaps it is this torpedo of his.”

“It may be,” considered Kennedy, thinking aloud, “that the explosions and the disappearance of Viva are really related in some way to one another.”



There was no question of waiting for a search-warrant. Together they broke through the door of the garage

"That's what I have been thinking," agreed Dillard. "I have been wondering whether it might not be possible that Viva had found something—something that made it necessary for some one to get her out of the way."

Dillard spoke hollowly. He seemed unwilling to face the shuddering possibility that he himself feared.

"Perhaps," remarked Kennedy tentatively. "At any rate, I feel inclined to take your own estimate of the relative values of the cases and begin on the case of Viva Gordon."

Dillard grasped his hand as he spoke. Of course, to him, the disappearance of Viva was paramount, say whatever he might about his duty. As for Kennedy, he was continually sizing things up by their human values. It was one thing that had always stamped Craig in my mind as unique among crime investigators.

It was now only a matter of a few minutes while Kennedy and Dillard pledged to help each other, and we were then on our way in Dillard's car to visit Lynar's shop.

We crossed the ferry and were soon in the vicinity of the shipyard. As we swung round a bend in the road, Dillard leaned over and bowed to a young lady walking hurriedly along the sidewalk. A moment later, he pulled his car up beside the curb, waiting for her to catch up with us.

"It is Laurel Rogers, sister of the foreman at the plant," Dillard explained, before she approached. "She and Viva were often together in Viva's car. Perhaps she has something new to tell us."

Laurel Rogers was a very pretty girl, with masses of fluffy light hair that set off her beautiful deep-blue eyes most effectively.

"Have you heard anything about Viva yet?" she cried, as she approached, scarcely waiting to be introduced to us in her eagerness to put her question. "Nothing? Oh, I cannot tell you how worried it has made me! It is terrible—terrible!"

I saw that she knew of the explosions. But then, I reflected, that was not strange, since her brother was foreman of the yards.

It was with a start that I awoke to the fact, an instant later, that Miss Laurel was playing her eyes for their full value on Dillard as they talked. I watched keenly to see whether he was proof. Apparently, he did not even know it. But from that moment, Laurel became an interesting character to me.

Dillard had left the motor running, and now, as it raced once or twice, it became evident that Laurel was reluctant to let us go. I wondered whether it was pique at not having made a conquest of Dillard. At least, whatever might be her anxiety for Viva, she had a deep interest in Dillard himself. I watched him furtively at the same time. To my surprise, he seemed not even to be aware that she showed such interest in him as he bowed easily and shot the speedster ahead.

"Laurel came here with her brother just before I was assigned to the works," explained Dillard, without a trace of embarrassment. "I believe that Archer is quite smitten. You can hardly blame him, can you?"

"A remarkably pretty girl," agreed Craig. "There is something very fascinating about her."

"And popular, too," Dillard added. "Oh, there are any number who would give anything to be in Archer's shoes!"

He said it, oblivious of her interest in him—



Tenderly Dillard bent over her and lifted her in his arms

self. He evidently was not one of those who thought that every girl must go mad over him.

"She and her brother have a car which they keep at Lynar's," recollected Dillard, as we spun along. "He is so busy that she uses it mostly. I guess Lynar would have held up all his other customers for Viva and Laurel. He has a keen eye for beauty. You'll find him an interesting chap—much more than an average garage-keeper. I hope you can puzzle him out more successfully than I can."

As we approached Lynar's shop, I noted that it was not far from the stockade line about the shipyards. It was a picturesque old house of a former generation, one part of which had been altered for a garage, and the rest of it, almost tumbling down, bore a sign: "For Rent."

Lynar himself was a peculiar type of man, tall, spare, with a peculiar impression of ambition and ability. As I studied him closely, I recalled what Dillard had said about Lynar's attitude toward Viva and Laurel.

"I'm just as anxious as you are, Lieutenant Dillard, to find some trace of Miss Gordon," Lynar assured us. "There's

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her car over there. I've fixed it up—expected she would be in for it the day it was ready. But she didn't come here—at least, I didn't see her. They say that she was in the garage. Maybe she was. I don't know. I might have been back in the shop at the time—must have been."

It was impossible to say yet whether Lynar was shamming or frank. Kennedy strode over to her car, a roadster, and we followed.

"How about the cellar?" he whispered to Dillard.

"I've searched it," he replied. "Would you like to see it?"

A word to Lynar was all that was necessary. He opened the door and handed us a light.

Under the house was a small cellar, nothing like the size of the old house, yet of fair proportions as cellars go. One part of it Lynar had had altered so that he could use it as a pit to get underneath an automobile.

About the rest of the cellar we groped. Kennedy made a most minute and thorough examination. The floor had been cemented and, as nearly as we could determine, the cement was old and undisturbed. Besides, as he particularly noted, there were dust and cobwebs over everything.

As I have said, the remainder of the house was vacant. With Dillard we made a rapid though pretty thorough search, finding nothing. Finally, we returned to the garage, where Kennedy rejoined Lynar.

"I hear that you have been working on an aerial torpedo," ventured Craig. "Have you a model of it?"

"Not now," Lynar replied, showing no concern at the question. "I sent it down to Washington to the War Department, and I am expecting to hear from them any day now. I could hardly get my model off fast enough," he went on, in a somewhat surly tone. "Why, do you know, while it was here, I am sure that attempts were made to steal the idea from me? No one can do that now. I have my papers, and if the government accepts the invention, it will make me famous."

Though he was talking freely, I noted that

he was telling us very little. All the time, he showed a secret hostility to Kennedy, an attitude that seemed to say, "Who are you—another spy?" That alone was sufficient to arouse my suspicions.

We parted from Lynar, mutually suspicious, and Kennedy announced that his next objective was a visit to the ship-building plant itself. Under ordinary circumstances, it could not have been accomplished, so close was the guard. But with Dillard, of course, there was no trouble. A high stockade had been erected about the plant, and it was patrolled by sentries day and night. Past them Dillard took us, first making arrangements so that we might come and go freely.

As we entered the gate of the stockade, Dillard led the way, and we soon found ourselves in the huge pattern-room,



I flashed the bull's-eye now full on the face of a man whom he had

where they laid out the various parts. There were some ribs being heated, pegged out on the stone floor, pulled out, and bent to shape. Dillard gradually worked his way to the other side, where a young man was directing several workmen.

"Mr. Archer," he introduced.

Archer was an alert, active fellow, a graduate of a famous technical school. There was a sort of brusqueness about him which showed that he resented interference from an outsider.

"Is there anything new?" queried Dillard.

"New—about what?" returned Archer, knowing perfectly well to what the lieutenant referred.

"About the explosions," explained Dillard, preserving his temper and poise admirably. "No clue yet?"

"Nothing."

It was more than fancy that there was friction between the two. At first, I thought that it might be the natural rivalry between the employee of a big shipbuilding corporation and the government officer who had been set to supervise him. But, on second thought, there flashed before me the picture of Laurel Rogers, of Archer's reputed feelings toward her, and of her evident interest in Dillard. Perhaps it was merely jealousy that I saw. Yet there might be something even deeper than trade rivalry or jealousy. Was Archer what he purported to be?

We left the pattern-room and went out into the yards. It was a scene of activity never to be forgotten. For they were working under high pressure there. Great traveling

cranes were carrying heavy pieces overhead. Little narrow and regular wide-gauge railways were pulling and hauling everywhere. A line of ship's hulls, ten of them, stretched before us, on the sides and overhead a network of steel construction, while at the far end lay the two that had been wrecked.

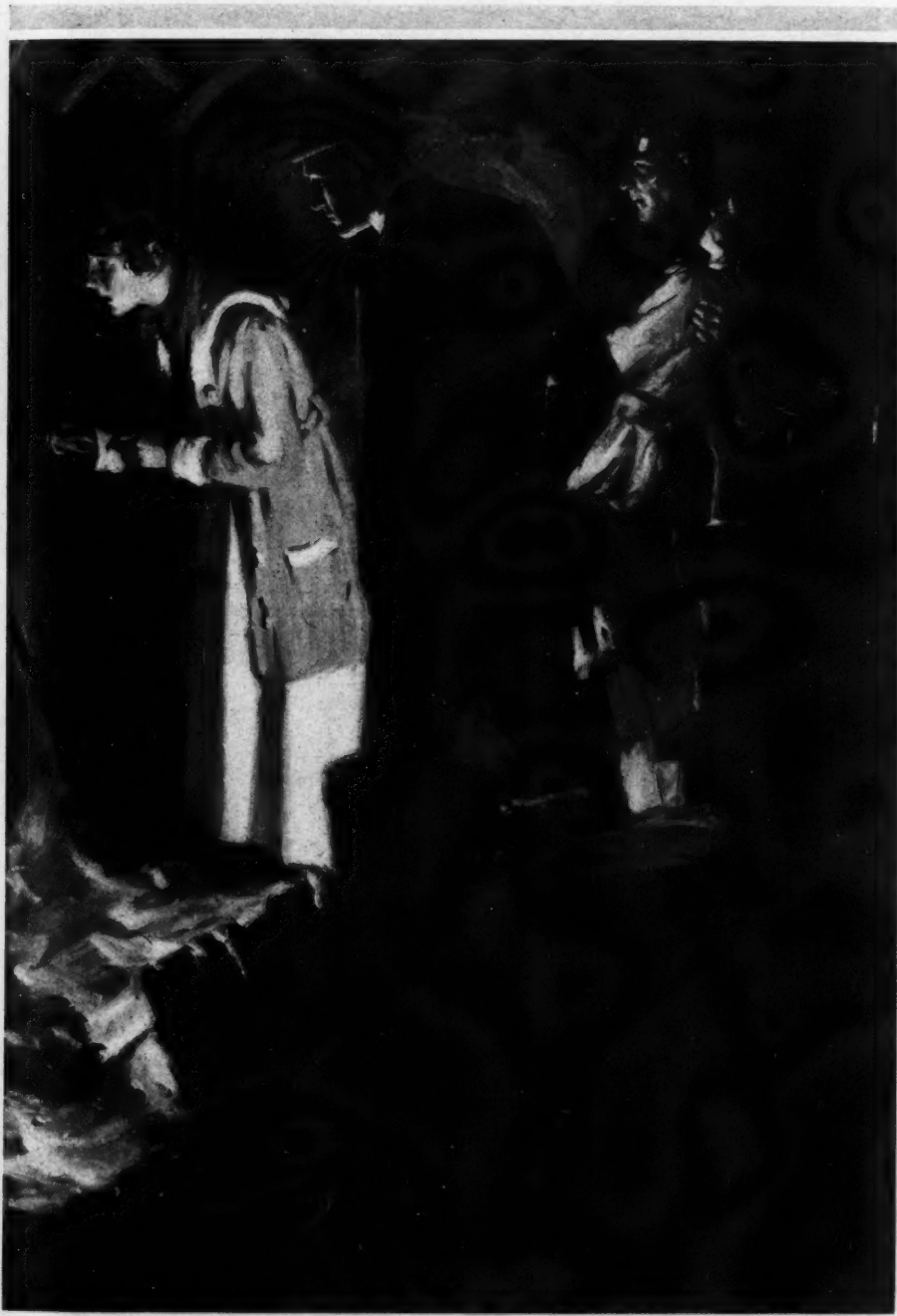
We had not gone far before we came upon the man whom Dillard was seeking for us to meet—Rogers. I should have recognized him anywhere as the brother of Laurel. Unlike Archer, he did not seem to show any desire to avoid talking to us.

"We met your sister on the way here," remarked Dillard casually, while both Kennedy and I seized the opportunity to watch whether Rogers betrayed that she was in his confidence.

"Indeed?" he replied. "I don't see very much of Laurel now. You see, when I get through here, it is pretty late, and I'm all in. Besides, she has so many friends that I can leave her entertainment to them—Archer, for instance."

We turned. The engineer had evidently found some excuse for following us out into the yards and had approached. His interest now was quite in contrast with his previous attitude. Evidently he was not going to let

(Continued on page 123)



pinioned to the floor. Laurel Rogers broke forward with a scream

Myself and Others

By Lillie Langtry
(Lady De Bathe)

In this chapter of her memoirs, Mrs. Langtry tells of the crisis that brought her face to face with some of the stern problems of life, forcing the idle, irresponsible woman of fashion to think, for the first time, of purposeful endeavor.



Lady de Bathe



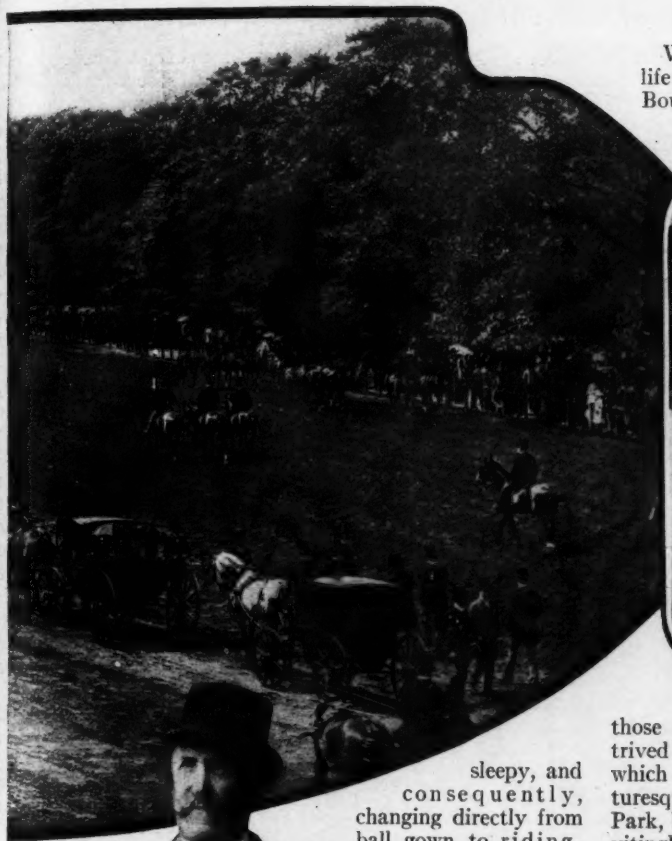
Rotten Row, the famous thoroughfare for equestrians, Hyde Park, London

The Awakening

EACH successive season brought with it the same orgies of convivial gatherings, balls, dinners, receptions, concerts, opera, which, between them, overfilled the spring months to such an extent that conscientious people raced feverishly from one party to another, eager to record an appearance at three or four during a single evening. The great houses of England are so well organized that entertaining seems to cause little inconvenience or forethought to the hosts, and this absence of personal effort makes their hospitality the more enjoyable.

At first it all seemed to me a dream, a delight, a wild excitement, to accept the proffered hospitality, and I concentrated on the pursuit of amusement with the whole-heartedness that is characteristic of me, flying from one diversion to another from dawn to dawn, with Mr. Langtry in vigilant attendance. I include the round of the clock in recording my social gambols, for there *were* times when, after dancing until sunshine confounded me, I felt wide-awake instead of

What a vital part Hyde Park plays in the outdoor life of London! It is not vast and wild like the Bois de Boulogne, Paris, or the Prater, in Vienna, nor has it



sleepy, and consequently, changing directly from ball gown to riding-habit, would mount my hack, Redskin, and take him for a breather in the Row, to find it already well filled with the hard-working "Liver Brigade," as well as a sprinkling of early-rising equestriennes, and, indeed, from cockcrow till dusk this exercise-ground seems never entirely deserted.

those cunningly contrived hillocks and lakes which add to the picturesqueness of Central Park, but it lies so invitingly at our very doors, a friendly neighbor, beckoning one and all, rich and poor, on wheels, on horseback, or on foot, to share its attractions.

The park is a flower garden, too, from the time that its sward is studded with early

Alfred G. Vanderbilt, a devotee of coaching, and the four-in-hand he drove from London to Brighton

crocuses and daffodils until frost lays its cruel hand on the late autumn blossoms. Londoners know every inch of their playground and spend so much time there that they regard it with an almost proprietary affection. Among Hyde Park's

daylight functions, I preferred the meets of the coaching and four-in-hand clubs that took place in the late spring, when the blatant rhododendrons were in full bloom. To sit on the box seat of one of these perfectly appointed coaches, the Duke of Beaufort's or some other, to bowl along past the expectant crowd that, in carriages or on foot, awaited the wonderful

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The Duke of Beaufort



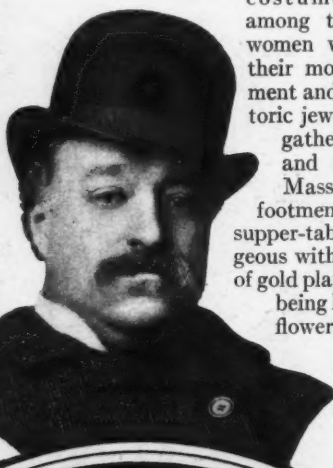
Alexandra, Princess of Wales

display of horseflesh, was a delightful prelude to a spin down to Hurlingham or Ranelagh for lunch. Now, alas, with the advent of the motor, the coaches are far less numerous. It needed a plucky American, the late Alfred G. Vanderbilt, to show us, with his road-coach, that we had lost in picturesque-ness what we may have gained in speed.

After my presentation at court, I attended a drawing-room each spring, was duly commanded to a ball at the palace each season, and, gradually becoming acclimatized to my surroundings, wondered, at last, why I had felt such trepidation when I first mounted the palace steps. Since the death of the prince consort, her majesty no longer cared to endure the fatigue of these crushes, and had detailed the Prince and Princess of Wales to preside in her stead. It is an indisputable fact that the then Princess of Wales was the loveliest and

the best dressed of all her sex on every occasion when she appeared in public, and at these state balls she was an especially radiant figure. Usually gowned in white or some pale color, with glittering trimmings and many rows of pearls draping her graceful neck, her royal highness seemed the incarnation of regal beauty, even the well-mannered guests being unable to resist crowding to that part of the large room which was reserved for royalty, in order to get a better view of the exquisite princess as she opened the ball with a quadrille, in which a privileged few—chiefly close friends—were bidden, through an equerry, to dance with royal partners. In those days waltzes, galops, and—what was even then old-fashioned—the polka, formed the usual program, with an occasional Highland schottische after supper as an extra ebullition of hilarity. But at the palace there was a preponderance of stately square measures, nor do I recall ever seeing the royal ladies “pirouetting” on any occasion. Uniform or court

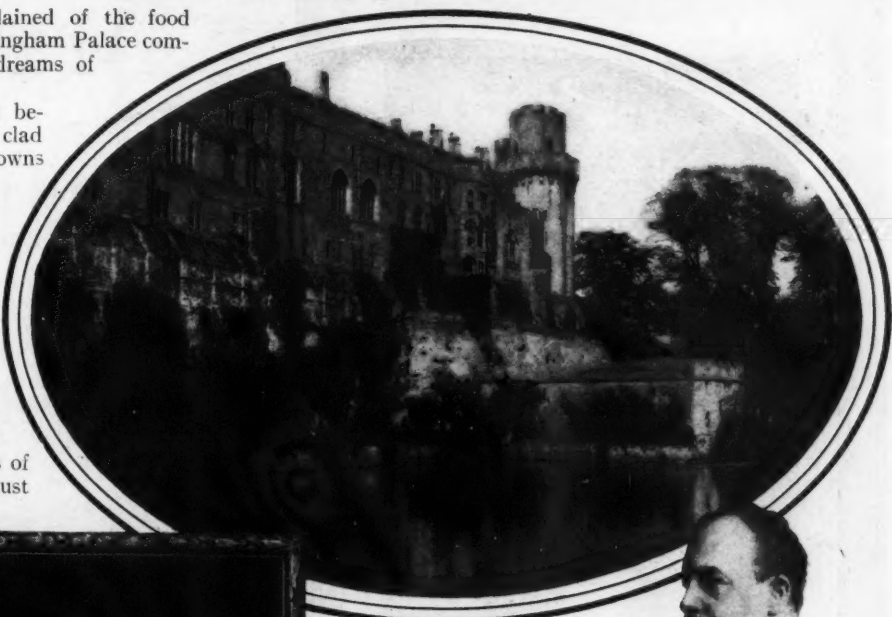
costume was *de rigueur* among the men, while the women who attended wore their most resplendent raiment and displayed their historic jewels, thus making the gathering a brilliant scene and a carnival of color. Masses of scarlet-coated footmen scurried about the supper-table, which was gorgeous with the famous service of gold plate, the tazzas thereof being laden with fruits and flowers from the royal gardens at Frogmore, and though the old

Edmund Yates,
editor of the
London World

State drawing-room, Buckingham Palace, London

and greedy sometimes complained of the food provided, these balls at Buckingham Palace completely realized my girlish dreams of fairy-land.

Constantly mingling with bejeweled and beautifully clad women, who changed their gowns like the kaleidoscope, created in me an unreasoning desire to do the same. For the first time in my life I became intoxicated with the idea of arraying myself as gorgeously as the Queen of Sheba, and, being accorded unlimited credit by the dressmakers, who enjoyed designing original "creations" for me, I began to pile up bills at all their establishments, heedless of the day of reckoning that must



Warwick Castle



Mrs. Langtry, when the reigning beauty of London society

eventually come. The period of mourning for my brother being past, the simple black or white that had made dressing economically and becomingly an easy matter was henceforward thrust aside, and I indulged unrestrainedly in a riot of colored garments. Indeed, the question of clothes became of paramount importance and temporarily filled my mind to the exclusion of most things. Greek lessons, art, etc., were forgotten, while I spent every possible moment planning bizarre hats and elaborate frocks. I shuddered when I remembered that two morning costumes and one evening gown had seemed ample in my unsophisticated days, and that when I was suddenly, so to speak, assimilated by London society, I had been quite unaware of the fact that dress mattered at all. Now I required a new "outfit" for every occasion, and my husband aiding and abetting

me by his approval, I became more and more reckless, allowing insidious saleswomen to line negligees with ermine or border gowns with silver fox without inquiring the cost, until the Christmas bills poured in, laying bare my colossal extravagance. I still felt rather unusual with my plainly dressed hair and unadorned neck, for I had no jewels of any description, but appreciating the fact that these coveted ornaments were hopelessly beyond my reach, I tried to comfort myself (after the manner of the fox and the grapes) by the feeble theory that gems dim the brilliancy of the eyes!

Of my many attempts at originality, I remember a yellow-tulle gown, draped with a wide-meshed gold fish-net, in which preserved butterflies of every hue and size were held in glittering captivity. This eccentric costume I wore at a Marlborough House ball, but it could scarcely be considered a very serviceable garment, for the Prince of Wales told me that, the morning after, many of the insects, which were lying about the ballroom floor, had been observed by him and picked up.

Shoes, hats, and every kind of garment were named after me and exhibited in the shop windows. The "Langtry" shoe survives and still bears my name. The "Jersey" waists, too, (Continued on page 101)



The Earl of Warwick

New Fables

By George Ade

The Fable of the Straight Leading to the Refresh-



Even those who had been stung by Ichabod could not deny that he was booked for the Pearly Gates

ONCE there was a Getter named Ichabod Roxworthy. His Father had married into the famous Clamm Family of New England, and one of his Ancestors was that godly Character, Jonas Wolf, of York State, who traded a Demijohn of Squirrel Whisky and two Looking-Glasses for all that portion of the New World lying west of Albany.

Mr. Roxworthy had it in every Pocket because he was a Good Man.

He knew that some day or other he would Shuffle, and two Minutes after his milk-white Soul had winged skyward, he would be checking in at the Pearly Gates and Saint Peter would be showing him a Diagram and urging him to take a Room with a good view of the Lower Regions, so he would be sure to Enjoy himself.

Even those who had been stung by Ichabod could not deny that he was booked for the Pearly Gates. They merely hoped that all of the Pearls would be fastened from the inside by Rivets.

One Monday morning Mr. Roxworthy arose feeling sure that he would be prospered during the Week to come if he carried the right Tools.

The Sabbath had been dedicated to Meditation, Prayer, Dark Clothes, and Overeating.

The Motor-Car had remained cold in the Garage.

No soul-destroying Golf for Mr. Roxworthy on the Day of Rest.

Instead of desecrating the long Sabbath P.M., he preferred to sit back in some quiet Spot and frame up a few air-tight Cinches.

As he came out of the Zone of Sanctimony into the cold Realities of Monday morning, he was working full-time under the Bonnet and getting ready to slip over some Hot Ones.

He was worried as to the Future of a Manufacturing Venture in which he held a hatful of Stock.

This Stock never had declared a Divvy, and the whole Venture was commonly regarded as a Quince.

Only the watchful Deacon and a few Insiders knew of a cheapened Process and the certain Prospect of Juicy Contracts which would convert the Fliv into a Baby Doll. So he was worried.

He saw a lot of Soft Collateral finding its way to those who might waste it in Sinful Practises.

That is why we catch him on Monday, locked in with a Lawyer who could walk in fresh Snow without leaving any Tracks.

Mr. Roxworthy made a candid Statement of Facts, after assuring himself that no one was lurking on the Fire-Escape.

The Property might have a Future if taken over by Responsible Parties of known Integrity.

The Lawyer said everything would be quite Legal. A little roundabout and more or less in the Twilight, but Legal.

They would send a Goat into Court and ask for the appointment of a Receiver.

Then a few carefully selected Pall-Bearers would go out and buy up Stock held by the poor Flatheads likely to go Cold in the Feet when they heard of the Receivership.

When the controlling Interest had been garnered by a capable Minority, the Receiver would jump gracefully out of the Window and the real Business Guys would go ahead and collect the Pickings.

It was all just as regular as melting the Solder on a Child's Tin Bank.

Mr. Roxworthy felt intensely relieved to know that he could put it across without snagging into the Revised Statutes.

He and the Limb of the Law went out to Lunch together in a rejoicing Mood.

The Counselor suggested a little Shake-Up with a Foundation of Gin.

Mr. Roxworthy recoiled as if from a Blow.

"How dare you?" he demanded, putting on the Tremolo. "How dare you offer me Rum? I want you to know that not one Drop of Anything ever passed these here Lips. Would I be the loved and honored Citizen I am to-day if I had licked up Cocktails? Take my Advice and flee from the Tempter."

After that, there was nothing for the Lawyer to do except fake an Excuse about going out to wash his Hands and then sneak two at the Bar.

Tuesday was all to the Happy for the He Seraph.

The kindly Providence that notes the fall of a Sparrow saw to it that Ichabod more than made his Expenses on this same Tuesday.

A certain Boyhood Friend, who was slowly sinking into a morass of Mortgages, still held on to a piece of Corner Property just on the border of the Business District.

Mr. Roxworthy sometimes purchased reliable Advance Tips from needy Persons employed by Architects and Real-Estate Promoters. He understood it was not against the Law.

On Tuesday he learned that the Transfers had been made and the Plans approved for the construction of a huge Department Store right across the Street from the property owned by his Boyhood Friend.

At the same time he had an awful Hunch that Boyhood Friend was not wise to the projected Improvements.

in Slang

Illustrated by
John T. McCutcheon

and Narrow Path ment Counter

So he dropped in, casual-like, to see his dear old Side Kick and Playmate of other Days.

A Tale of Grief was waiting for him. It involved a Sick Wife and Premiums due on Insurance Policies and the long-ing to send Daughter to College.

Well, when Mr. Roxworthy found his Old Friend lying face downward in the Gravel, he sure did a Magnanimous Thing.

He took over the Corner Property at about 80 per cent. of the recent Market Value and about 30 per cent. of what it would Fetch after being taken into the Retail Shopping District.

Of course the Friend was grateful. He offered Mr. Roxworthy a Cigar.

"I don't use Tobacco in no Form," said Mr. Roxworthy severely. "It is a vile Habit. I'd say that any Man using the Weed could hardly be called a Moral Man."

He walked up street with the Option next his Heart, and a great Peace seemed to flood his Soul.

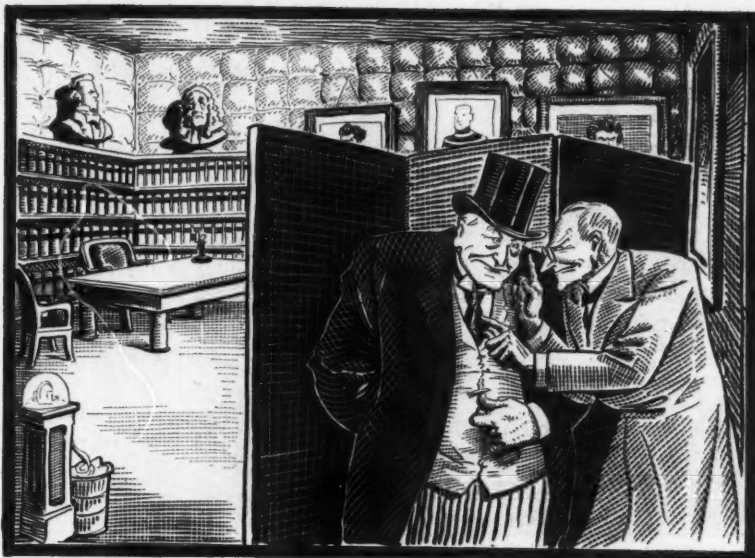
He had copped 40,000 Louies, just like picking Fruit, and, at the same time, he had rebuked a Wrong-doer.

That was his Idea of a Perfect Day—to kick Satan in the shins and then bring home the Bacon.

Wednesday was a fairly trying Day for the Benefactor.

No sooner did he get through with a meeting of the Committee to investigate Charges against the Minister than he had to sit down with his Bookkeeper and figure out a Declaration of Income for the Treasury Department.

When it came to coughing up Taxes, Ich was what you might term a Conscientious Objector.



The Lawyer said everything would be quite Legal. A little roundabout and more or less in the Twilight, but Legal

He never had any way of knowing, when he turned his hard-earned Spon over to the Government, that the Coin would be wisely expended by some one whose Private Life was Pure.

It seemed to him that the surest way to corrupt Public Officials was to give them too much Money to handle. So he tried to keep them Honest.

Poor Mr. Roxworthy! The Bookkeeper would ask about this Item and that Item, referring to Bunches of Grapes that the True Believer had plucked in the Vineyard.

Mr. Roxworthy was in doubt regarding the Propriety of including these Side Issues and Pick-Ups in any Sworn Statement of his regular Income.

He studied the various sub-headings and didn't see just where they could be worked in and, rather than make a Mistake and cause Confusion at the Collector's Office, he left them out altogether.

He knew, away down in his Gizzard, that the Declaration he attested before the Notary did not include all of the scattered Receipts during a busy year, but he had the Satisfaction of feeling that, even if he held out a little Kale, he more than made up the Shortage by setting a Good Example to all other Citizens Day by Day.

Mr. Roxworthy was so relieved over his successful negotiation of the Income-Tax Hurdle that he took his Daughter to see a Stereopticon Lecture on Egypt.

She timidly suggested going to a Play which had been fumigated for the Family Trade, but he explained to her that the Playhouse was an Evil Influence, even when it masqueraded as a Teacher of Correct Behavior.

The Lights and Music and False Excitement helped to distract attention from the Solemn Realities of Life and substitute Frivolities for humble Virtues.

Furthermore, while waiting his Turn at the Barber Shop, he had read some terrible Stories about Actresses in the Police Gazette.

Thursday called for some lively Stepping.

The Directors of an Interurban Electric were to meet in the Afternoon and place a Contract for much new Equipment.



"How dare you?" he demanded, putting on the Tremolo.
"How dare you offer me Rum?"



He knew, away down in his Gizzard, that the Declaration he attested before the Notary did not include all of the scattered Receipts during a busy year

A majority of the Directors were Papier Mâché and subject to the Domination of the more forceful Characters of the Roxworthy Type.

Before casting his Vote, Mr. Roxworthy wanted to know all of the Facts in the Case, so he happened into the Office of the President of the Concern that was angling for the Contract.

He asked many pertinent Questions.

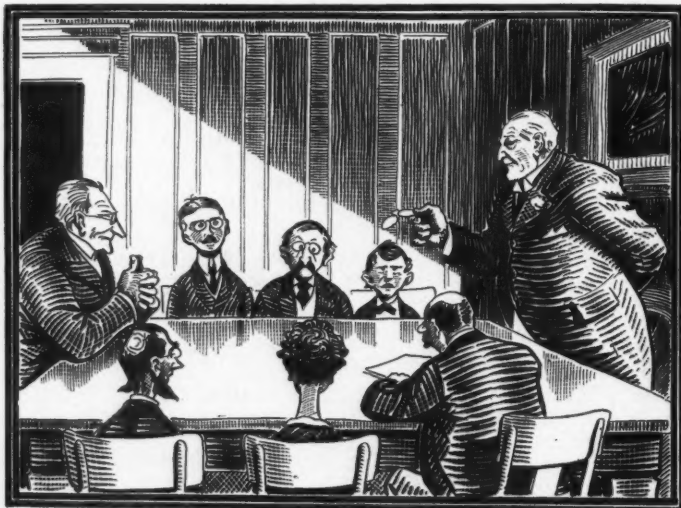
He (Roxworthy) was friendly enough, but they had a few Stubborn Ones on the Board who would be mighty hard to handle.

Mr. Roxworthy said he would feel a good deal freer to put up a Battle if he knew that the Company receiving the Contract was under conservative Management.

Here was an Opening too wide to be missed. The President of the Company tumbled.

"Suppose," said he, "that we drop a few Shares of Stock into your Pocket when you are not looking and then put you on the Board? You would have supervisory Power and could protect your other Company."

Oh, the Look that Mr. Roxworthy shot at the One who spoke the Above!



A majority of the Directors were Papier Mâché and subject to the Domination of the more forceful Characters of the Roxworthy Type



Mr. Roxworthy, speaking for his incorruptible Associates, said they were willing to dig, in order to protect Property Interests

"How dare you?" he demanded. "Evidently you are not acquainted with my reputation for Probity. Possibly you have not kept tab on my Affiliations. Do you realize that you are offering me a Bribe? If I am to acquire any Stock in your Corporation so as to protect my Associates in the Interurban, it will be by Purchase. Everything Regular and Aboveboard—that's my Motto."

He took quite a hunk of Stock at Par. The Market Price was 280, but it was agreed by all Present that Mr. Roxworthy was entitled to come in on the same Terms as the original Incorporators.

After the Contract was let, the 280 Stock was 300, which shows that Values are enhanced by Legitimate Methods rather than by Manipulation.

Friday was devoted to what you might call Inside Stuff.

It happens that in almost any State indicated on the Map, Corporate Interests are constantly harassed and menaced by Legislators who are trying to pay off Mortgages on their Homes.

Oppressive and confiscatory Bills are introduced by hungry Highbinders.

These are the customary Preludes to a Shake-Down.

The organized Interests which find themselves threatened are supposed to charge up a Jack-Pot to Operating Expenses and then select a Trusty to go and feed the Animals.

With much reluctance, Mr. Roxworthy had made a Date with a slippery Go-Between for Friday Afternoon.

Although Mr. Roxworthy had always kept his Skirts clean and would have refused to dicker with Corrupt Influences, he naturally had his doubts when the Hired Man brought in an Expense Account of \$8000 for Cigarettes.

If there was any Crooked Work going on, Mr. Roxworthy preferred not to suspect, so he wore Blinders.

The useful Bird who could handle the Boys had been summoned by Mr. Roxworthy because there was pending a Measure which would put an awful Crimp in certain Public Utilities.

The Fixer had a couple of Shortcomings, but Mr. Roxworthy was inclined (Concluded on page 92)



The proof is in the eating—

And in the health-giving effects which follow.

The minute you taste Campbell's Vegetable Soup with its wholesome inviting flavor and satisfying quality you know that it *must* be made of choice materials; that it *must* be prepared and blended with exceptional care and skill.

Especially if you are one of the dainty, "extra-particular" housewives who insist upon the unquestioned quality of every food which graces the home table, then you are the very one to appreciate

Campbell's Vegetable Soup

You can understand the "reasons why" that are back of its surprising excellence.

We make the full-bodied invigorating stock from selected beef. We use premium-grade white potatoes, Jersey-grown sweet potatoes, sweet yellow Canadian rutabagas and tender Chantenay carrots—diced. Also sliced Dutch cabbage, small peas, baby lima beans, vine-ripened tomatoes, juicy green okra, the best of celery and parsley and Country Gentleman corn. Plenty of choice pearl barley, head rice and alphabet macaroni are added and a delicate blending of leek, onion and sweet red peppers.

Here is a perfectly balanced food—pure, strengthening, delightfully appetizing. *It could not be otherwise.*

Make it a point to order this satisfying Campbell "kind" from your grocer by the dozen or the case, so that you will never be without it. You will find this the practical way.

Asparagus
Beef
Bouillon
Celery
Chicken
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)
Clam Bouillon

Clam Chowder
Consomme
Julienne
Mock Turtle
Mulligatawny
Mutton
Ox Tail

Pea
Pepper Pot
Printanier
Tomato
Tomato-Okra
Vegetable
Vermicelli-Tomato



Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

New Fables in Slang

(Concluded from page 90)



She has
"just everything"
except a CONKLIN

What are you going to give that girl this Christmas? She probably has or will get two or three of the things you've been thinking of. Surprise and delight her with a CONKLIN—something she can use all the time, at her desk, while traveling—everywhere.

There are beautiful styles in ladies' sizes to fit her hand. There are Conklin points exactly to suit her writing, be it ever so dainty. Her Conklin will never drop ink on her dress. It won't sputter, spot or catch in the paper. And it will last for years.

Stationers, druggists, jewelers and department stores sell Conklins, \$2.50, \$3.00, \$4.00, \$5.00 up—in artistic gift boxes.

THE CONKLIN PEN
MFG. CO., Toledo, O., U.S.A.

Conklin's
Self-Filling
Fountain Pen
Non-Leakable



to drape them with the mantle of Charity, because anyone who protects an Investor against Legislative Oppression cannot be wholly Bad.

It appeared that the Menagerie was in a restless Mood, with much Howling and showing of Fangs.

According to the Middleman, it would require quite a bale of Mazuma to finance the Campaign of Education and counteract the misleading Propaganda.

Mr. Roxworthy, speaking for his incorruptible Associates, said they were willing to Dig, in order to protect Property Interests against vicious Socialistic Tendencies, but they would suggest that no Improper use be made of the Currency after it had been tied into Bundles.

The Gum-Shoe Specialist scouted the Suggestion. He said that practically all of the Funds would be paid as Fees to Country Lawyers for drafting Substitute Measures in which Objectionable Features would be eliminated.

He confided the Information that a Party Leader with a heavy Drag happened to be in Town, and he suggested that Mr. Roxworthy could make a ten-strike with the Tall-Grass Statesman by showing him a Swell Time.

"He votes Dry on Roll-Call, but is a Bust-Over when he sees the Electric Signs," said Wise Ike. "Take him to a Cabaray where the Cuties hop on one Foot, fill him up with Bubbles, and tell him he's a Hellion, and you'll have your Ticket on him for Life."

"I am sorry that you have misjudged me," said Mr. Roxworthy coldly. "I have heard tell of these gilded Dumps where the perfumed Sirens pivot on the Toe and otherwise Cavort, but I look the other way when I pass one. In all the Years since I began to hide a Surplus, I never once got tangled in the Ribbons of a Jezebel. If all Men were like me, the Head Waiters and Almost-Castles would be in the Poorhouse."

"I get you," was the reply. "The rough Party is off."

"Not necessarily," said Mr. Roxworthy, brightening up. "I know a Fellow Director of marvelous Capacity and extreme Moral Turpitude. He has no Scruples. It is a Pride and Boast with him that he meets all Comers and never yet lost his Napkin. I will call him up and O.K. the Outlay, and he will take whatever Steps are necessary to win our Law-Making Friend over to the Side of Justice and Fair Play."

Having thus maintained his miraculous Average of batting 1000 in the Purity League, Mr. Roxworthy went home to his

The next *New Fable in Slang*, that of *The Bewildered Maverick and the Conflicting Testimony* will appear in *February Cosmopolitan*.

Chipped Beef and Tea, with his Conscience clear and a Heart like that of a Little Child.

It just seemed on Saturday that everyone was trying to annoy the Kind Gentleman.

In one of the Plants he helped to operate, the murmurs of Discontent had crescendoed to a Mob Scene.

The Employees wanted in on the Velvet.

Mr. Roxworthy found at his office a glowering bunch of Unionites with a square-jawed Walking Delegate at their head.

Oh, how Mr. Roxworthy disliked Walking Delegates! He preferred gentle Characters that would take the Halter.

The men left an ugly Ultimatum, and then a Delegation of Social Workers came in to plead for the Women and Children employed at the Works, claiming that they were underpaid and not properly safeguarded as to Moral Welfare and Physical Comfort.

It was the Old Story—a lot of Outsiders trying to filch the Profits of Honest Enterprise.

Mr. Roxworthy sent for the Superintendent and asked how about it.

"Well, the Men are strongly organized," was the Reply. "If they walk out, it's 'Good-Night, Myrtle,' for us. Give the Men their Raise. We can afford to do it under the new Boost in Prices, provided we don't have to increase the Pay-Roll in the cheaper Departments. The Women and Kids have no Organization and can be handled."

Some quick work with the Pencil convinced the Captain of Industry that he could compromise and still pull down a lovely Return.

His Better Nature asserted itself and he gave his faithful Men Employees a nice Raise and wondered if it would get into the Papers.

It is Saturday Evening.

Sitting before the Grate, with an Apple at his Elbow, and reviewing a week of Combat with the Philistines and those who live in Outer Darkness, who could blame Mr. Roxworthy if he seemed to feel a Halo resting light as a Nimbus upon his leathery Brow?

Or who will deny the Statement, made to the Bible Class on the subsequent Morning, that those who obey the Precepts seem to find a Special Guidance to the delectable Pastures, where Milk is ever on Tap and Honey may be had by those who know how to get it?

Moral: Restrictive Regulations are made to jack up the Wicked and not to inconvenience the Righteous.

The Other Lobster

(Concluded from page 65)

and throw her late husband's silly, self-centered will out of court."

"Oh, Mr. Alsop," cried Dolly Jordan, her lovely face flooding with color, "are you just supposing?"

"Not a bit of it, my dear. I am staking

my personal reputation. And now is there anything else I can do for you?"

Windham's face had broken into a mischievous smile.

"Why," he said, "you might go and play a round of golf."



How Culinary Experts Create a Soup

It Takes Three Years — Sometimes

THIS is how a Van Camp Soup is perfected by our scientific cooks. By experts who are college-trained in chemistry, in dietetics and hygiene. By men who study every detail, who analyze materials, and who often test a thousand blends to get an ideal flavor. Nearly every Van Camp Soup began with a famous French recipe. They were first made in our kitchens by a noted chef from the Hotel Ritz in Paris.

Each was considered at that time the finest possible soup of its kind. Some of them were famous among connoisseurs.

Then, one by one, these soups were taken hold of by our scientific cooks. Every ingredient was studied, and a standard was fixed for the best.

They made countless experiments. Hundreds of blends were compared. It has taken as high as three years

to arrive at what they called perfect flavor. For each important material they fixed the time of cooking and the degree of heat.

Some of these soups, as now perfected, require as high as 20 ingredients, and as much as 23 hours to make.

The formula for a single soup covers many pages. It specifies grade on every material. On some it fixes the analysis. It minutely directs every step of the process, so a Van Camp never varies.

The result of these methods is soups vastly better than ever were made in the old ways. The difference will surprise you. Yet they cost no extra price.

Suggest some soup that you like best and get that kind in Van Camp's. Learn for your own sake what these methods have done. We promise you a new delight which all your folks will welcome.

VAN CAMP'S

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A Dangerous Lecture to a Young Woman

(Concluded from page 67)

lying dormant within you. You cannot be quite sure of anything. This is not a perfect world.

"But, as regards the second part of your question, you can be reasonably sure after a certain number of years—I will not suggest how many—that energy is not lying dormant within you, awaiting the match. It is impossible for anybody indefinitely to continue to wander in a world full of lighted matches without one day encountering the particular match that will set fire to his fuel. And beware of that match, for sometimes the result of the contact is an explosion which shatters everything in the vicinity. If you have dormant energy, one day it will wake up and worry you, and you will know it is there.

"As regards the first part of your question, the usual index of the amount of energy possessed by an individual is the intensity of the desires of that individual. It is desire that uses energy. Strong desires generally betoken much energy, and they are definite desires. Without desires, energy is rendered futile. Nobody will consume energy in action unless he desires to perform the action, either for itself or as a means to a desired end.

"But now you complain that I am once more avoiding your case. You assert that you have desires without the corresponding energy or corresponding will to put them into execution. I doubt it. I do not admit it. You must not confuse vague, general aspirations with desire. A real desire is definite, concrete. If you have a real desire, you know what you want. You cannot merely want—you are bound to want something.

"Further, to want something only at intervals, when the mind is otherwise unoccupied, is no proof of a real desire; it amounts to nothing more than a sweet, sad diversion, a spiritual pastime, a simple and pleasant way of making yourself believe that you are a serious person. The desire which indicates great energy is always there, worrying. It is an obsession; it is a nuisance; it is a whip and a scorpion; it has no mercy.

"And individuals having immense energy have commonly been actuated by a single paramount desire, which monopolizes and canalizes all their force. The pity is that these individuals have become the special symbols of success. When they have achieved their single paramount desire, they are said to have 'got on,' to have succeeded. And everyone points an admiring finger at them and cries, 'This is success in life!' And the majority of books about success in life deal with this particular brand of success, and assume that it is the only brand of success worth a bilberry, and exhort all people to imitate the notorious exemplars of the art of 'getting on' and in that narrow sense. Which is absurd.

"And now, perhaps, we both feel that I am at last approaching your case.

"But I do not wish to be personal. Let us take the case of Mr. Flack, who died last week, unknown. His discerning friends said of him: 'He had a wonderful financial gift. If he'd concentrated on it,

he might have rivaled Harriman. But he wouldn't concentrate either on that or on anything else. He was interested in too many different subjects—books, pictures, music, travel, physical science, love, economics—in fact, everything interested him, and he was always interested in something. He was too all-round. He frittered his energy away and wasted enormous quantities of time. And so he never succeeded.'

"Such was the verdict of some of Flack's admirers. But it occurs to me that Flack may have succeeded after all. Certainly he did not succeed in being a financial magnate. But he succeeded in being interested in a large number of things, and therefore in having a wide mind. He succeeded in being always interested. And he succeeded in not being lopsided, which men of one supreme desire as a rule are. (Men who are successful in the narrow sense generally pay a fearful price for their success.) His friends regret that he wasted his time, but really, if he accomplished all that he admittedly did accomplish, he couldn't have wasted a very great deal of time.

"Quite possibly the late Mr. Flack used to wake up in the night and curse himself because he could not concentrate, and because he could not stick to one thing, and because he wasted his time, and because, with all his gifts, he did not materially progress, and because he made no impression on the great public. Quite possibly, in moments of gloom, he had regrets about the dissipation of his energy. But he could not honestly have regarded himself as a failure.

"I should like to know why it is necessarily more righteous to confine one's energy to a single direction than to let it spread out in various directions. It is not more righteous. If a man has one imperious desire, his righteousness is to satisfy it fully. But if a man has many mild, equal desires, his righteousness is to satisfy all of them as reasonably well as circumstances permit. And I see no reason why one should be deemed more successful than the other.

"Yes, young woman; I know what your excellent modesty is going to say. It is going to say that the late Mr. Flack did show energy, though he 'frittered it away,' and that you do not show energy. Now, I do not want to defend you against yourself (for possibly you enjoy denouncing yourself and proving that you are worthless). Nevertheless, I would point out that energy is often used in ways quite unsuspected. Energy is a very various thing. Some people use energy in arranging time-tables and sticking to them, and in clenching their teeth and making terrific resolves and executing them, and in never wasting a moment, and in climbing—climbing. And this is all very laudable. But energy can be used in other ways—in contemplation, in self-understanding, in understanding other people, in pleasing other people, in appreciating the world, in lessening the friction of life.

"I have personally come across persons—especially women—who were idle, who

were mentally inefficient, who made no material contribution to the enterprise of remaining alive, but whose mere manner of existence was such that I would say to them in my heart, 'It is enough for me that you exist.'

"We have all of us come across such persons. And the world would be a markedly inferior sort of place if they did not exist exactly as they are.

"You, dear young woman, may or may not be one of these. I cannot decide. But anyhow, if you are not one of the hard-striving, resolute, persevering, teeth-clenching, totally efficient, one-idea'd, ambitious species, you need not despair.

"Imagine what the world would be like if we were all ruthlessly set on 'succeeding!' It would be like a scene of carnage. And it is conceivable that you are, in fact, much more efficient than you think and that you are wasting much less time than you think, and that you are employing much more energy than you think. You complained that you lacked resolution, which means that you lacked one steady desire. But perhaps your steady desire and resolution are so instinctive, so profoundly a part of you, that they function without being noticed. And if you do indeed lack one steady desire and the energy firmly to resolve—well, you just do. And you will have to be content with your lot. Why envy others? An overmastering desire and its accompanying energy are not necessarily to be envied.

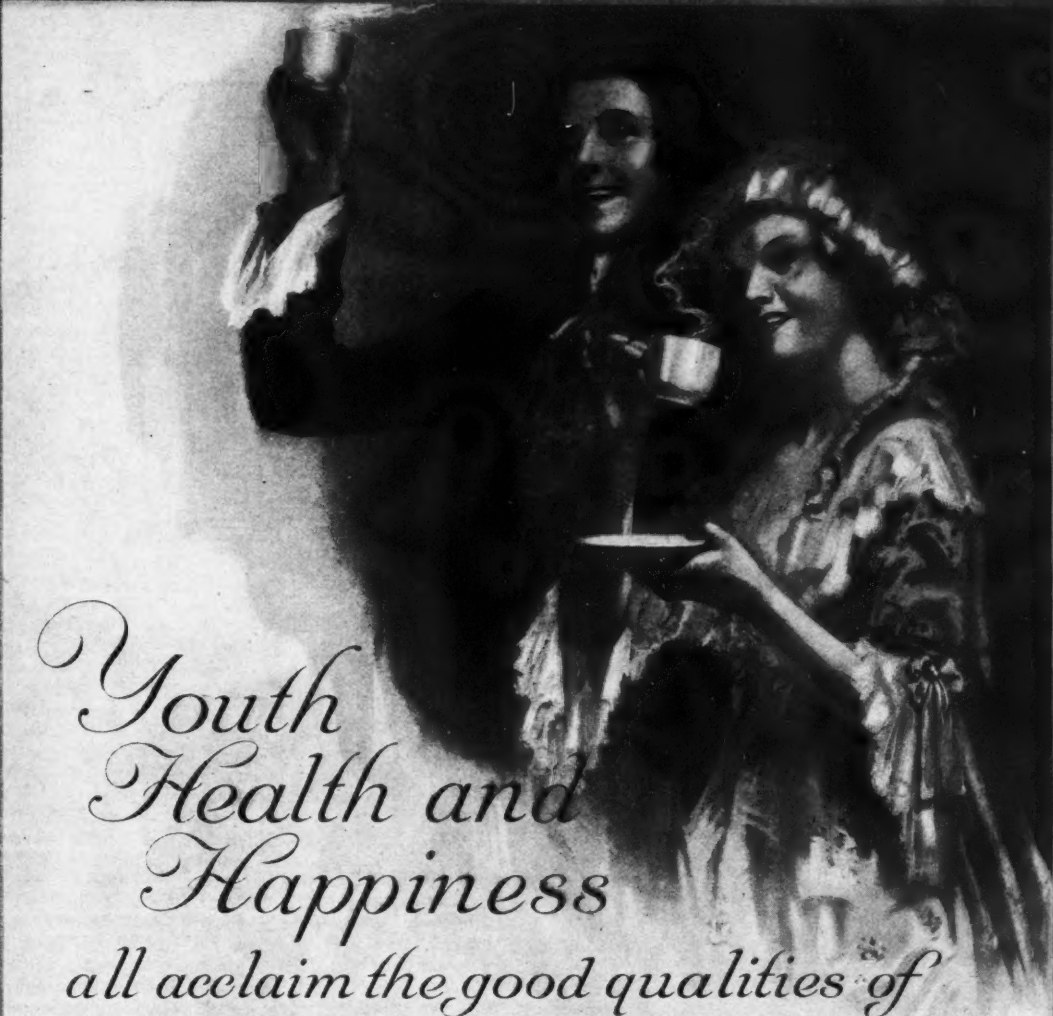
"A dangerous doctrine, you say. You say that I am leaving the door open to sloth and slackness and other evils. You say that I am finding an excuse for every unserious person under the sun. Perhaps so; but what I have said is true, and I will not be afraid of the truth because it happens to be dangerous. Moreover, every person ought to know in his heart whether or not he is conducting his existence satisfactorily. But he must interrogate his conscience fairly. It is not fair, either to one's conscience or to oneself, to listen to it always, for example, in the desolating dark hour before the dawn, and never to listen to it, for example, after one has had a good meal or a good slice of any sort of honest pleasure.

"And, lastly, I have mentioned envy. We are apt to mistake mere envy of the successful for an individual desire to succeed. Yet an envious realization of all the advantages (and none of the disadvantages) of success is scarcely the same thing as a genuine instinct for 'getting on'—is it?"

III

THIS long speech which I made to the young, dissatisfied creature might have been extremely effective if I could have made it to her face. I ought, however, to mention that I did not make it to her face. I have been reporting a harangue which I delivered in the sleepless middle of the night to her imagined image. It is easier to be effective in reply when the argumentative opponent is not present.

The next **Arnold Bennett** article, *The Diary Habit*, will appear in *February Cosmopolitan*.



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Virgin Soil

(Continued from page 71)

"Dawn?"

"It's a new fad," explained Berkley. "That brown spot is supposed to be the soul of the sun still hiding behind the night, and those twists of colors are supposed to be the emotions for the new day—love and hate and all that rot."

Mr. Wallingford looked at Blackie's rainbow spasm long and earnestly; then his broad chest began to heave and his wide shoulders to shake.

"Immense! Why, say, Mr. Berkley, the longer you look at this thing, knowing that its name is 'Dawn,' the funnier it becomes."

Lester Berkley turned in astonishment to his prospective customer. The round red face of J. Rufus was fairly radiating jovial joy, and the huge fellow was quaking like a bowl of jelly. Mr. Berkley gazed long and earnestly at Daw's "Dawn"; then he, too, began to smile.

"It is funny," he admitted.

"Funny as a man breaking his leg on the ice," laughed Wallingford, wiping the tears from his eyes. The interpretation was shaking so much in his hand that it was making him dizzy to look at it, and he set it down. "Just the thing, Berkley! Have you eleven more of this sort of thing?"

"Not here. Wait a minute!" He hurried out to the secretary's desk. "Get that fool on the wire—"

"Oh, Daw!"

"Have him bring over all he has of his freak pictures. Right away!"

He was showing Wallingford the plant where the quarter of a million books were to be printed, when the secretary came running after them.

"He won't come!" she breathlessly reported to the left ear of Berkley.

"Won't come?" snapped the monarch.

"Won't come?" snapped Wallingford.

"No, sir." The girl's eyelids began to turn pink. "He says if you want to see him, you can come over. He's working on Daw's 'Death,' and he won't leave."

IV

BLACK curtains excluded every ray of daylight from Eventualistic Daw's improvised studio, and, when his visitors were admitted, the artist, in a blue smock and a straw hat, was sitting cross-legged on a table amid a ring of lighted candles, hard at work.

"Welcome, gentlemen!" He rose to his lean, lank length and tipped his hat three times and sat down again. "You have come to see Daw's 'Death'? Oh, the wonderful thrill of death! It swirls zigzag through the cosmogony of the varinted soul-ether, and turns gay life into blackness, does it not? And the color of death is blue. Behold!" Across a black field shot zigzagged, curling blue arms, like the arms of an octopus, and gripped in the tip of each tentacle was an irregular "blob" of color, the seven colors of the spectrum.

"Gaze, gentlemen!" invited the eventualist. "And the longer you gaze, the more will your soul-color become attuned to this. Do you not feel the dull-blue shadow of death creeping chill upon your spectra? Ah!" This last was a sudden shriek which

startled not only Lester but J. Rufus. They looked at each other quickly.

"Immense!" said J. Rufus to the virgin soil. "We'll have Daw's 'Dawn' and Daw's 'Death' and, in fact, Daw's dozen."

"Have you more of these, Mr. Daw?"

"More!" The artist was shocked.

"Do you suppose I keep these creations? No. They come to me out of the Whence, and on the billows of the Here I float them into the Whither."

Both crude visitors frowned; then Mr. Berkley became himself.

"Do you suppose you could talk a little business, Mr. Daw. Can you provide twelve of these in two weeks?"

"Yes. You must go at once, gentlemen."

Artist Daw jumped down from his table, rolled up the sleeves of his smock, and opened the door. "Come back two weeks from to-day. My next creation shall be 'Love,' pale-pink 'Love.' Good-by." And forcing them into the hall, he slammed the door and locked it.

They stood on the mat in silence for a moment; then they grinned.

"He's a plumb nut!" chuckled J. Rufus.

"Those fellows are all half 'crazy,'" agreed the business man. "Are you sure his things are what you want, Mr. Wallingford?"

"Oh, absolutely!" The customer was quite positive. "So much so that I want to put in our contract that I get Daw's designs."

Though the screwing-tight instinct gripped Mr. Berkley with a mighty grip, he controlled his voice.

"We might as well go right back to the office and close up," he suggested, with decent indifference; but, as they passed through the outer office of the Berkley establishment, the neat little secretary's dimples flashed with circles of pink, for she knew that the house had another notable job.

The buzzer had scarcely started to ring when she was in the office with her note-book, and the gentlemen had scarcely started to discuss the incidental details of type and margins and tint of text when she was back with three commap-perfect copies of the contract; and she was scarcely back in her own room when Lester Berkley, having read the document with that lightning-like caution which was a part of his life, had signed his copy, and was pushing it over to his customer.

"Seems to cover everything," he insinuated.

"Perfectly satisfactory," assented J. Rufus, pleasure beaming from his huge, round pink face, and he slowly and methodically took out his fountain pen, removed the cap, and put the cap on the other end. Underneath his desk, Mr. Berkley's thumbs and forefingers carefully pinched the creases in his trousers down to the knees and back again. The deed was about to be done. Mr. Wallingford's pen was poised over the paper. In another instant the signature would be appended which would give a fine margin of profit to the Lester Berkley Company, and fill its shops with the exhilarant bustle of big work; and it would be a classy job on which to put an imprint! The Lester Berkley Printing and Lithographing Com-

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pany truly stood head and shoulders above all its competitors—

But what was the matter? Mr. Wallingford's huge round face was losing a portion of its overpink, and the radiant content was giving way to knotted-browed concern. He was laying down his pen!

"Look here, Berkley: Didn't you say that if you didn't have those designs in two weeks you couldn't make delivery in sixty days?"

A hesitant silence.

"Well, yes."

"And if I don't get delivery in sixty days, my deal's off and I'm out a lot of money. How do I know Daw will complete those designs in two weeks?"

"Oh, I'll see that he does them," urged Berkley, trying to be easy about it, and giving the contract a suggestive little push of a quarter of an inch in Wallingford's direction.

"All right—that's your lookout," returned Mr. J. Rufus. "You may trust this nut if you want to, but I won't. You'll have to protect me with a forfeiture clause. Fifty thousand dollars reimburses me if those designs are not delivered to you by Mr. Daw within two weeks from this date."

Mr. Berkley's countenance underwent a complete change of tint. He had built up this business by never taking a bet.

"Oh, you can't expect me to do that, Wallingford," he argued. "That's a responsibility—"

"No forfeit, no contract," Mr. Wallingford was very firm about it. He put the cap on his fountain pen and replaced it in his pocket; and one of the blue tentacles of blue Death gripped Mr. Berkley's heart.

"No," was his sorrowful decision. "I couldn't lay myself open to a solar-plexus blow like that. Why, see what could be done to me! You'll understand, of course that I mean no personal application, but two strangers could come along and frame a deal exactly like this and fail to deliver the goods within the specified time, and I'd be fifty thousand out."

Mr. Wallingford expanded his chest with outraged dignity, but though he stiffened his neck, he was a gentleman about it.

"Quite true. And so far from taking offense, Mr. Berkley, I must compliment you on your perspicacity. I doubt if you have ever been stung in your life."

"Not for a nickel!" corroborated the virgin soil, smiling complacently and bringing up his chest. "However, Wallingford, we should be able to find some way around this."

"That's up to you." J. Rufus was buttoning his frock coat. "As for myself, I'm pat, Berkley."

Into the midst of the gray gloom which ensued there came the sleepy fat page-boy with a note. Mr. Daw wanted his "Dawn" so that he could have the entire Daw's dozen together until completion, and thereby insure a thoroughly undiscordant symphony of pigmentary emotion. As Berkley gazed at that maroon-clad page, all aglitter with brass buttons, the vivid remembrance of that suitcase full of money was unavoidable.

"Suppose you see me at three o'clock, Wallingford," And the monarch called for his hat.

He found Mr. Daw already spotting a pale-pink picture with rapidly rotating

disks of red, and the inspired artist was feverishly impatient of interruption, particularly when he found that the interruption was caused by business.

"Business—bah!" he growled, throwing his sailor-hat in the corner and going after it. "Bah! Business is livid green!"

"But it is quite necessary, if you want to give your art to the world," cleverly insisted Mr. Berkley. "Now, you are rich, Mr. Daw. You work not for money but for the love of your art."

"But art must be paid," argued the artist instantly. "Now, 'Dawn' was a light emotion, twenty-seven dollars and thirty-four cents. But 'Death' is terrible! Nine hundred and ninety-nine dollars, even. 'Love,' on the other hand—"

"Never mind that," broke in Berkley. "What I'm getting at is this: Mr. Daw, you're erratic, as all artists are. If you don't finish those designs—"

"Symbolisms—"

"Symbolisms," corrected the business man hastily. "If you don't have those twelve symbolisms finished in two weeks, I'll lose fifty thousand dollars. So, if you take the job, you'll have to put up a fifty-thousand-dollar forfeit, cash, in my bank."

"Come on," said Mr. Daw; "we're wasting precious snow-white time!"

IV

On the day before Eventualistic Daw's two weeks had expired, J. Rufus walked blithely into the office of Lester Berkley.

"Well," said he, "how many of the dazed Daw's masterpieces are ready for inspection?"

"All of them," responded Berkley, with huge content.

"What do they look like?"

"Haven't seen them," smiled Berkley, sending for his hat. "He wouldn't be interrupted, wouldn't answer the 'phone, a letter or telegram, and wouldn't receive a caller. But he's reported the completion of a fresh one every morning, and here's his bill." Thereupon, with a grin, he handed Wallingford a neatly tabulated paper, headed:

DAW'S SYMBOLISMS: LIST AND PRICE-LIST	
Dawn	\$27.34
Death	999.00
Love75
Thirst	1001.00
Summer	110.50
Childhood	33.00
Delight on Seeing a Woodpecker	
Peck	66.66
Drowning	777.00
The Measles	888.00
False Friends (Instead of charging for this, I pay you)	9.00
The Tender Taste of a Tulip	44.00
Alone	1.00
	<hr/>
	\$3948.25

Wallingford read that list with blinking eyes and a reddening face; then, in spite of himself, he burst into a chuckle.

"Is that fellow a nut or what?"

"He's a plain nut. Let's go over and view Daw's emotions."

Both gentlemen were filled with curiosity as they went up to the suite of Eventualistic Daw. Outside his door they paused for a moment, and listened to the most lugubriously wailing sounds they had ever heard. The sounds ceased when they knocked, and Mr. Daw came to the door, with comfortable slippers on his feet, a striped lounging-robe on his lank frame, and a saxophone in his hand. The bright sunlight streamed in at all the windows; lace curtains fluttered in the breeze; ferns and palms and a canary-bird occupied the bay; everything was spick-and-span clean, and there was no sign of painting or drawing anywhere.

"All done, eh?"

greeted Mr. Berkley, shaking hands with the artist and looking about the room with approval.

"Done to the very last splism, gentlemen." Mr. Daw's manner was very cheerful and pleasant. "Won't you be seated?"

Have a cigar or a cigarette? Gentlemen, listen!" He placed his saxophone to his lips, blew a long-drawn-out C, then a trill on E and F, then the long-drawn-out C again, and the trill, and the C, over and over until both his auditors had enough—and more. "How do you like it?" he asked.

Mr. Wallingford looked at Mr. Berkley. "Oh, immense!" he said.

"Very delightful!" said Mr. Berkley, looking at Mr. Wallingford.

"That's 'Love,'" explained Blackie triumphantly. "Now, 'Thirst' goes like this," and he blew the shrillest, highest note on his saxophone over and over, with quavers. "The idea is as thus," he went on, crossing one lean leg over the other and holding his saxophone in his arms: "The soul-tremor of thirst is one of such rapid vibration that it can only be expressed in a wail. It knows no variation, only intensity, so thirst can have no tune, no melody, no harmony—merely one note. Now, 'The Measles' renders itself spottily. One would think that here was an emotion which would translate itself into paint rather than to sound-color, but if you will listen, gentlemen, recalling, at the same time, when you had measles right during vacation—"

"Wait a minute." Wallingford's face was stern, and as he turned slowly to Mr. Berkley, he found the same deadening suspicion settling on that gentleman's stern countenance. "Where are the pictures of those emotions?"

"Here!" The artist patted his saxophone and laughed with pride. "It just struck me as a great idea to do those emotions in sound-pictures, which are less crude than paint. Tone-colors are so much more transparent and pure than water-colors. Now, 'The Measles' are, or is, in rich orange. Listen, gentlemen!"

"Say!" Berkley was on his feet, and his forceful forefinger was wagging. "Where are those paintings?"

"Symbolisms," corrected Mr. Daw.

"Paintings or tinted drawings of your conceptions of emotions," insisted Berkley crisply. "I put those words in, if you'll



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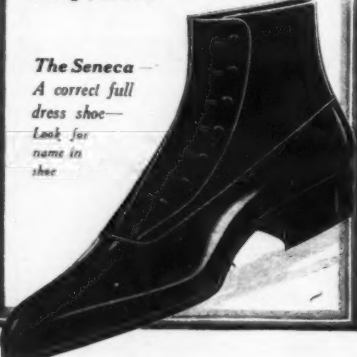
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remember, right after your vague term 'symbolisms.'"

"I was afraid of it!" roared Wallingford.

"Now, Mr. Daw"—and Lester Berkley was bone-hard—"you have until twelve o'clock to-morrow noon to hand me those twelve paintings under contract or forfeit your fifty thousand dollars!"

"What!" The change in Eventualistic Daw was instantaneous and startling. He jumped to his feet; he tore at his hair; he pranced up and down the room, and stuck on his lips the shreds of cotton he had prepared for the purpose. "I won't do it!" he cried. "I won't make the paintings! Art is art, and I won't give up my money! I've done the twelve emotions in tone-colors: 'Dawn!' 'Death!' 'Love!' 'Thirst!' All the rest of them! I won't paint! 'Summer!' 'Childhood!' 'Measles!' 'Drowning!' Art is art, and time is trash! 'Dust thou art, to dust returnest!' Listen; listen to 'The Measles!'"

"Daw!" A stern voice from the doorway. A stocky young man with a bristling pompadour and thick spectacles stood there, traveling bag in hand.

At the sound of that voice, Mr. Daw, without turning to look, gave a loud shriek and dived under the bed, from beneath which his lean legs protruded, kicking violently.

"Come out of there, Blackie, old pal," coaxed the newcomer, paying no attention to the astounded Wallingford and Berkley. He stooped down by the bed. "You might just as well mind your Polly, you know."

Eventualistic pointedly did not hear. Instead, he set up a jerky whistling which sounded like the probable symbolism of the measles.

"All right, then!" And, seizing Blackie's ankles, the stocky young man pulled that whistling gentleman from under the bed, whereupon the insane artist brushed off his knees, and turning to the newcomer in all the cheerful pleasure imaginable, held out his hand with:

"Why, hello, Paul! When did you arrive? And how did you find out where I was? And how is Mrs. Pollet and little Paul. Well, I trust. Did you bring my candy?"

"Certainly, Blackie." Paul Pollet produced a small paper parcel, from which he extracted a taffy-on-a-stick. "Here it is, old pal. Now, sit down and be a good little boy."

"Mm," said the good little boy, as he laid the taffy flat on his red tongue.

"Dippy!" exclaimed Mr. Wallingford.

"Crazy!" exclaimed Mr. Berkley.

"'Insane' is the legal word," corrected Paul Pollet. "I beg your pardon, gentlemen. I am his keeper. I hope he hasn't been annoying you."

"Well, you could call it that," retorted J. Rufus Wallingford, with infinite sarcasm.

"That is, if you think it a strong-enough word for balling up a big business deal," added the irate Berkley.

"Business deal?" Paul Pollet turned on him like a flash. "I'd like to know about that."

"I want you to!" And J. Rufus was savage. "I'm in this myself. Your Daw contracted with this gentleman to perform a certain obligation, and placed a fifty-thousand-dollar deposit in the Merchants

and Mechanics Bank, to insure performance. He hasn't performed; that's all!"

"So he forfeits," added Mr. Berkley, his jaws compressing.

"Oh, no, he don't," denied Mr. Pollet scornfully. "No court would recognize a contract made with an insane man; and Daw's insane in any court. Look at this!" He flourished a paper at the business man. Mr. Berkley only needed one swift reading of the proper court-document which declared Horace H. Daw insane and committed him to the care of Paul Pollet. But Lester Berkley was a resourceful man.

"You're responsible for his acts," he asserted, with calm confidence.

"Not if I can prove that you knew or believed Daw to be mentally unbalanced at the time you made the contract. I'd just like to get you in court, sir!" And Paul Pollet's shoulders squared with fighting indignation. "I dare you to tell me the details of your transactions with him!"

Mr. Wallingford and Mr. Berkley looked at each other a moment; then the broad shoulders of J. Rufus began to heave, and his eyes half closed and his round pink face turned pinker; but Lester Berkley began to achieve a pallor as he saw himself in court, the center of ridicule, testifying to Daw's "Dawn" and Daw's "Death," "The Measles," "Delight on Hearing a Woodpecker Peck," "Drowning," "Alone," and "Thirst." Fine for Lester Berkley to be publicly charged with trying to swindle a crazy man!

"You may take your choice, Mr. Berkley," observed Blackie's keeper, smiling a most aggravating smile. And well he might, for he and Blackie had actually gone before a friendly judge and had actually caused Blackie to be *non compos mentis* in the eyes of the law, and it was self-evident that Blackie had successfully played the part. "You may either, Mr. Berkley, destroy your contract with Mr. Daw and release his fifty-thousand dollars or fight the injunction and suit for recovery I'm going to put in the Merchants and Mechanics Bank."

"Oh, the deuce!" snapped Berkley, his brow black. "Get Daw's contract and bring it over to my office."

As they went over to the Lester Berkley Printing and Lithographing Company, Mr. Wallingford nudged the elbow of Mr. Berkley and brought him out of his profoundly somber meditation. Berkley turned with a jerk, and Mr. Wallingford said softly,

"I've been considering our contract, Berkley."

"Yes." This with a startled wince.

"You know, we're neither one insane."

"Not legally!" snapped Berkley.

Long and long the monarch sat that night in the office of the Lester Berkley Printing and Lithographing Company; long and long he considered somberly, with his fingers in his hair. Something was gone from this beautiful place; something was gone from his perfect life; something was gone from his complacent future, and it was something even more precious than the fifty thousand dollars he was minus since the departure of Messrs. Wallingford, Daw, and Pollet on the Manhattan Limited. He was no longer virgin soil. He had been stung at last!

The next Wallingford story will appear in *February Cosmopolitan*.

Myself and Others

(Continued from page 87)

appeared about this time and, launched by me, were soon worn by everyone.

All this extra dressing made the straw-strewn four-wheeler an impossible conveyance, so a chestnut horse and brougham were bought and lodged in the mews at the back of our doll-house. Then some one presented me with a beautiful thoroughbred hack, and he, too, became a member of the family, both of these eagerly desired luxuries adding a drop more to our pigmy ocean of debt. Mr. Langtry had maintained a strict reticence regarding money matters ever since our marriage, so that I knew little about his income except that what remained of it was mainly derived from inherited Irish land. Still, I gathered from ominous signs that the tenants thereon paid less rent and demanded more outlay every year. Indeed, the tales of woe wafted from Ireland to the absent landlord were so staggering that they made me wonder how these unhappy tenants existed at all. Roofs fell in; pigs died; farms were inundated, and cottages became uninhabitable with such stubborn persistency that, at last, my husband buckled on his armor and went to the Green Isle to investigate the causes in person. But money seeming scarcer than ever after that rash expedition, I suspected the good-natured, happy-go-lucky Irishman of refilling the pigsties and rebuilding the entire village of Parkgate.

Looking back on this period, I find a difficulty in placing the exact moment when I felt a changed attitude toward the undreamed-of social maelstrom into which I had been swept. Most of the people with whom I associated were either persons of importance in the land, with duties and responsibilities toward their country, or they were artists working hard to become rich and great, while I was absolutely idle, my only purpose in life being to look nice and make myself agreeable. Nevertheless, very likely I should have continued to flutter flimsily along, spending money, but that, by now, our waning income had almost touched vanishing-point, and, although I do not wish to lay stress on the fact, Mr. Langtry likewise enjoyed the pastime of quiet squandering, so that, as time went on, we began to find ourselves unpleasantly dunned by long-suffering tradesmen. All this made me generally unhappy, for when one lives beyond one's means, with money troubles as constant companions, there can be no compensation for the intolerable worry and anxiety. My anomalous position once realized, I began to lose interest in my daily round of amusement till it became unendurable.

Finally, one night, at a ball given by the Duchess of Westminster at Grosvenor House, I remember feeling that I must forthwith cut adrift from this life, which we could no longer afford to enjoy and, prostrating myself in admiration before the wonderful portrait of Sarah Siddons, I recalled the fact that the artist had signed his name on the hem of her garment and had declared himself satisfied to go down to posterity that way. Then, from the Siddons portrait, I passed on to other great works of art and became filled with the desire to become a "worker" too. Impulsive as I was in those days, I did not

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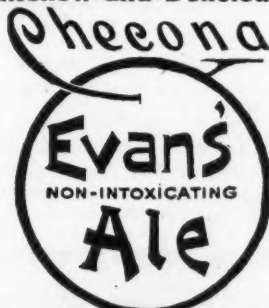
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57

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wait for my carriage, but, pushing my way through the throng of footmen clustering round the hall door, I walked, in spite of my white-satin slippers, through the wet and muddy streets to my house—happily not far distant—eagerly considering how to remodel my life. But it is not an easy matter to change suddenly from the butterfly to the busy bee. Besides, I had no confidence in my ability to earn money in any profession or even trade, so I was forced to face the fact that my chances of success were remote. Some of my pleasantest hours were still those spent riding in the Row, and among the acquaintances I met taking their daily constitutional was Edmund Yates, a novelist of repute, whose best known work is, I think, a romance called "Black Sheep." He was the editor of the *London World*, one of the earliest British society publications. He had undergone varied experiences, the displeasure of the Garrick Club, which he incurred in consequence of an acrid article on Thackeray, being one of them, and legal chastisement for taking the liberty of libeling a peer of the realm was another. Perhaps these sufferings explained his bitter attitude toward the world and its inhabitants; at all events, he never missed a chance of rapping hard what he termed contemptuously the "Do-Nothing Brigade." Yates was, however, always amiable to me, and did his best to incite me to start a career of work, particularly recommending the stage while exhorting me to take heed of my future in a way that made me reflect. But never having had even amateur experience of acting and, moreover, being strongly averse to the idea of exhibiting myself on the boards, it took a good deal of persuasion on his part to induce me to hint to Henry Irving that I thought of it as a dim possibility. Irving, with his wonderful Old-World courtesy, at once offered me the leading part in a drama called "The Lyons Mail," which he was about to produce at the Lyceum, enlarging upon the splendid entrance the heroine makes in a stage-coach! For the moment, this rather appealed to the picturesque side of my nature, but I was really not in earnest and let the matter drop.

Meantime, our financial position grew worse and worse. Creditors became stony-hearted and deaf to our entreaties. At last, the crisis came. Bailiffs invaded the little Norfolk Street house, and Mr. Langtry frequently found it convenient to go fishing, leaving me to deal with the unwelcome intruders as best I could.

The same faithful maid, an Italian named Dominique, had been with me all through my astonishing London experiences. This devoted woman took the matter of the bailiffs' visit much more keenly to heart than I did, and during this harassing time she never missed an opportunity of cramming my trinkets and other treasured trifles into the pockets of anyone who came to visit me. In this way, many of my distinguished friends departed from the beleaguered house with their pockets full, all unconscious that they were evading the law.

In this extremity, everyone tried to advise me. I was recommended to embark in all sorts of vocations, professions, and trades. Frank Miles, great on gardening as usual, enthusiastically besought me to undertake a market-garden of hardy

flowers, which was then an undeveloped industry, but Oscar Wilde, who remained steadfastly of the opinion that the stage was the natural solution of my future, threw cold water on the scheme, which, he pointed out tragically to the well-meaning Frank, would compel "the Lily to tramp the fields in muddy boots." This prosaic presentment of the poetic side of flower-growing, added to uncertainty as to the commercial result, caused me to abandon this rural project.

"Jimmy" Whistler also had a career to suggest. He believed it was not too late for me to become an artist, pretending that he had discovered much latent talent in the caricatures that I had made of him and others while he was painting my portrait. Other friends urged me to try millinery and dressmaking as a means of livelihood, but these occupations appealed to me least of all. Some one even mentioned a cottage in the country!

At this juncture, it was certainly a case of "save me from my friends," so it is not surprising that I gave up the unequal contest and fled to my relations in Jersey, leaving the sheriff's dismal emblem, the "carpet flag," hanging from the drawing-room window. Mr. Langtry, I may remark, still found distraction in fishing.

This cowardly desertion by both of us of our new and clinging friends, the bailiffs, hastened the dismantlement of the poor little red-faced house. The "effects" were sold by auction on the premises. The mock oak and even the gilded fans found ready purchasers, for souvenir-hunters were there in great numbers. Everything sold well for the benefit of our tiresome creditors.

And here I may relate a story which in my own mind accounts for some of our misfortunes. Whistler had recently painted the famous "Peacock Room" and thus created a rage for that bird's feathers, and I had in my house a gorgeous stuffed peacock, with outspread tail, mounted as a screen. It was procured for me by the Earl of Warwick, then Lord Brooke, from among the many that thrive and screech at Warwick Castle, and he seems to have been the only person connected with that fatal bird who did not suffer thereby. Perhaps having been reared together saved him!

I had vaguely heard that peacocks were unlucky, but not until too late did I attribute all my troubles to this one, and when the house was sold up, I was, at all events, thankful to think that I should see the evil thing no more. But it was not to be. One of my best friends, hearing of the sale, with great goodness of heart did what she could to rescue my "special pets," and I quote from her letter the outcome of her sympathy:

I only heard by the merest chance that Norfolk Street was being "sold up." Why didn't you tell me? I was lunching at House and the Duchess and I drove there at once. Unfortunately, the black bear had already been snapped up, but we managed to get the peacock, which I will keep carefully for you till you return [and she did!]. Everything went for immense prices—your little tea-table with your initials on, etc., so I hope your horrid creditors are satisfied.

Therefore, when I returned to London and took some modest rooms, they were

again perforce decorated by the vindictive bird, which immediately recommenced dealing me heavy blows. One calamity after another occurred, the most dreadful being the tragic death of my brother Maurice, who had attained a high civil position in India. An enthusiastic sportsman, he had accidentally shot a sacred peacock on one of his forays, after which unfortunate occurrence, all luck seemed to desert him. Some months later, it appears that he was begged by the natives of a certain village in his neighborhood to rid them of a man-eating tiger, and he pluckily started to hunt it on foot, accompanied by a solitary native servant. He shot at and wounded the beast, but on looking round for his second rifle with which to finish its life, he found that his *shikari* (bearer) had bolted and left him in the lurch. His only chance to escape, therefore, and to get out of the infuriated brute's reach was to make for a tree, which he climbed. It was a forlorn hope for, alas, the tiger clawed one of his legs, blood-poisoning set in, and he succumbed.

This was an awful grief to me, as we had continued to be a most devoted family, and when I recovered a little from the shock of his death and connected the stuffed peacock in my room with the peacock that had figured in my brother's life, I felt that I could not keep it another minute. But what to do with it was a problem.

Then a brilliant idea struck me. A silly quarrel between myself and Oscar Wilde on some trivial matter, which I have long since forgotten, was fresh in my mind, and I bethought me that a good way to avenge myself would be to make him a generous (?) present of the implacable peacock. So I had the bird of ill omen placed on a four-wheeler, drove with it to Tite Street, Chelsea, and dumped it down in Oscar's sitting-room in the house he then shared with Frank Miles, the painter.

But that was merely the beginning of a fresh series of disasters, for Miles, thinking it impossible that I could intend to bestow such a valuable gift on Oscar after my recent tiff, and believing it must therefore be meant to embellish his studio, took possession of it, and then he, too, became a man of sorrow. His father died soon afterward, and though Frank was about to marry a charming girl, the engagement was interrupted by an illness from which he never recovered.

I should have felt some responsibility for these further tragedies had I not explained to Frank Miles the direful propensities of the bird.

I have not many superstitions, but I certainly hold one about peacocks and peacock feathers. Years afterward, in New York, I was sent for to the bedside of an apparently dying friend, Harry Oelrichs, and finding a hideous brass-and-feather travesty of a peacock in the room, I begged the invalid's brother to have it removed, which he did, and, though probably only a coincidence, it is certain that at once the sick man began to mend.

It may be that we create for ourselves evil influences by imagining them to be such, so let that account for the change of fortune that presented itself very soon after the unlucky bird had passed out of my possession.

The next instalment of *Myself and Others* will appear in *February Cosmopolitan*.



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On the Trail of the Cowardly Cougar

(Continued from page 33)

of the hunter to follow wherever the chase leads, and inasmuch as a cold trail may meander for many miles, in and out, up and down, even from one plateau to another and back again, it may be seen that the sport is not a languid one or one well suited to weak-lunged sofa-weevils.

This section of Arizona in the early spring has its climatic shortcomings, but they are more than offset by the ever-growing wonder one feels at the stupendous gorge. It is impossible to become accustomed to it, for it is never twice the same. To ride its edge behind a pack of dogs combined the sensations of hunting and of aviation.

Ambrose had determined to give us a good time if it killed us, and, appreciating the worth of his intentions, we lacked courage to tell him that any animal which was forced to endure the sort of life he was leading us deserved to be let alone. Therefore, we followed him day after day.

But it seemed that the lions had broken camp and had deserted Powell's Plateau, a phenomenon which neither Ambrose nor Uncle Jim could explain, so after we had covered it thoroughly we folded our tents like the Arabs and stole noisily across to the main table-land. Anyone who has ever herded a pack-train of wild horses will know why we did not steal silently.

Here again we resumed our daily grind of pleasure until our saddle-galls, brush-cuts, stone-bruises, and miscellaneous injuries clothed us like a garment. Such portions of us as were without pain caused us serious apprehension.

Then, one morning, we became separated from Ambrose and the dogs. It was a warm, sunshiny morning. After we had whispered his name several times and after he had failed to answer, we decided we were lost. We were intensely cheered by this discovery, and we fell out of our saddles, stretched out on the pine-needles, and proceeded to catch up on a lot of sleep which was coming to us. We slept for a long time, but, at last, we were awakened by distant shouting, which we recognized as issuing from Ambrose. Reluctantly we mounted and rode in the direction of his voice. Ambrose spied us at a distance and was seized with convulsions. He waved his arms; he leaped and he bounded; he gave utterance to hoarse sounds of pain and of fury.

"Where have you boys been?" he demanded huskily. "I been hunting you for an hour and yelling my head off."

"We were looking for you. We thought you were lost," some one told him.

"Well, tumble out and unchap yourselves. Here's where we go over." For the first time we became aware of a faint baying far below us. "I jumped him on the edge, and the dogs took him right down," Ambrose explained. "They've had him bayed for an hour or two." While he was talking, he had whipped the pack-ropes from the camera-horse. We divested ourselves of coats, chaps, and all unnecessary clothing. "They can't hold him all day; he'll get cramps and have to jump sometime," Ambrose grumbled. "Next time we go out, I'm going to lead you boys on a hackamore."

In view of the character of the descent ahead of us, we divided our load. Ambrose flung the chains and leather collar destined for our quarry into his ruck-sack; Fred took his lariats and some extra film-cans, while Miller and Vaughan bore the camera and its heavy tripod. I, as gunman, carried my rifle and a small still camera. Thus we went over.

The cañon fell away at our feet, clear down to the red sandstone; then in dizzy leaps and bounds it caromed off to the level of the river a mile below. A horizontal mile isn't much in the way of distance, but a vertical mile is altogether different. To quote from any real-estate folder, "it must be seen to be appreciated."

Down we went through the brush, like trapeze performers; then, with a lariat, we lowered ourselves and our paraphernalia over the first ledge. We dislodged a great deal of good building-material as we hopped, skipped, and jumped down a bare slide; we started avalanches of paving blocks, crushed stone and rubble, the larger pieces of which described beautiful parabolas and took out small trees in their courses. Occasionally they struck other large stones and exploded in clouds of dust. One could not but wonder how far he would ricochet if he lost his footing, and what kind of a sound he would make when he exploded. We slid through slanting juniper thickets to an accompaniment of rending garments; we coasted across patches of thorn-brush with all the sensations of men tobogganing over barbed wire. And, as we went, the music of the hounds increased until the cliffs reverberated with it. We crept round the Roman nose of a steep bluff, filtered down through an abatis of gnarled cedars, and—*Eureka!*—there was our lion.

She was a majestic creature, a big female; she was poised gracefully about twenty feet from the ground, and beneath her the dogs were boiling. She favored us with a grave and dignified stare, then resumed her observation of the pack below. The mountainside was pitched at the angle of a church roof; nevertheless, it was exceedingly brushy, and so there was little opportunity for photography. I took several stills of her while we were waiting for Miller and Vaughan to appear with the moving-picture camera, but limbs obscured the view and the result was nothing to be proud of.

"She won't stand much longer," Ambrose warned us. "Scatter out below, and be careful she don't jump on you."

I, for one, was perfectly willing to exercise extreme care in this respect, and I ventured the suggestion that Ambrose direct his warning to her, not to us.

When Miller arrived he was pretty badly battered and scratched, but the camera hadn't a mark on it. He set it up and took a few feet.

"It's too thick to rope her from the ground," Fred declared.

"Let me shoot her," I urged, but my suggestion was scorned. Both Fred and Ambrose assured me that this was a lion-busting, not a lion-shooting exhibition.

"She's all rested up. I dunno's she'll stand for us to climb the tree," Ambrose

opined. "But we can try. Well, who wants to go first?"

Honesty compels me to state that Ambrose's invitation presented no attractions for me. I dare say I could bring myself to rope a lion, a very young and playful lion with short claws and milk-teeth, although I would much prefer to shake the tree and let it fall out, but this animal had fangs and tusks and wisdom-teeth. Moreover, it had done nothing to me to warrant roping. Then, too, I reasoned, lions were scarce, and there was no certainty that there would be enough to go around if I selfishly monopolized this one. Gently but firmly I declined the proffered honor. When the boys became insistent, I reminded them that I had come along to protect them, to set them an example of calm, inflexible courage. This I intended to do if I had to stay where I was until my legs petrified or until the lioness died of old age on that limb.

Doubtless my attitude in the matter shamed Fred, for he volunteered.

"Wait a minute!" Miller broke in, with more animation than he had yet shown. "I want to get a close-up of this. *This is going to be good!*" He brought his outfit nearer the tree, spraddled out the legs of his tripod, then stood on his head while he focused with minutest care. "I don't want to miss a thing," he explained. "Not a single thing except—the noise of the fight. I want to get the blood and—everything."

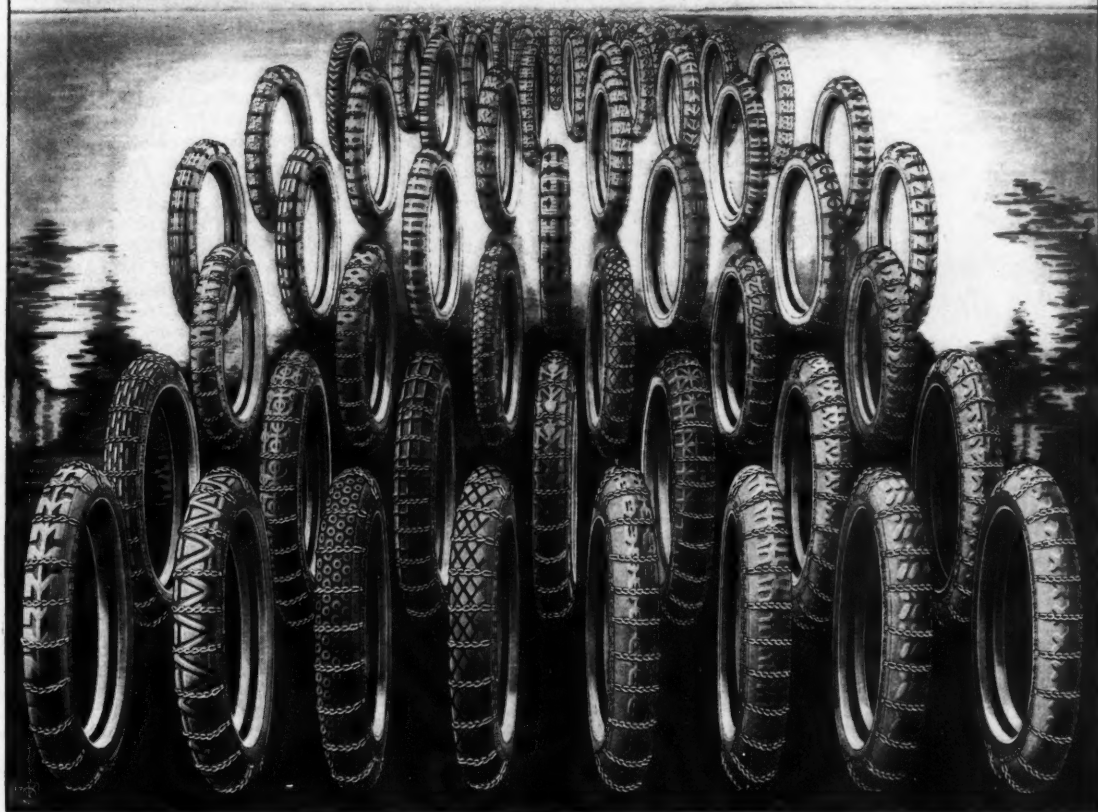
"Better hurry; she's getting restless," Ambrose urged. "I guess her foot's asleep."

It was some distance to the lower branches of the cedar; therefore he gave Fred a hand up. Meanwhile, I reassured both of them with quotations from "Buffalo" Jones's lecture, also by the statement that no matter what happened, I would be somewhere in the vicinity.

Our program did not work out according to calculations. Not at all. Fred got into the lower branches of the tree, but instead of retreating, as lions are supposed to do, instead of recoiling in terror before the well-known power of the human eye, this one opened her mouth as if to get her throat sprayed and came down to show it to Fred. She came with a rush, too.

"Look out!" Ambrose yelled, whereupon Fred peeled the lower part of that cedar as bare as a telegraph-pole. For a few feet he and the lioness were neighbors; they came down together, face to face, cheek by grawl, as it were, leaving a trail of charred wood and smoke above them. Then, as the increasing force of gravitation made itself felt, Fred gained on her. Finding that she could not outrun a falling body, the cougar scrambled out a projecting bough and launched herself into space. Either I looked soft and springy to her or my hair resembled a bunch of thick grass in which she thought she could find concealment—anyhow, she selected me as a leaping-pad. Fortunately she miscalculated, and fell perhaps forty feet below the tree but much nearer me. She was off like a flash, with canine pandemonium at her heels. As she passed Vaughan, he roped at her and made a perfect catch—of a juniper bush back of him.

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"Come on, boys; we got to step on her tail!" Ambrose yelled. And away we dashed.

I came to rest upon the rim of a moderately high precipice in time to find that some of the dogs had missed the trail. The lioness had gone over at a favorable spot, but the younger members of the pack had raced along the ledge for some distance before discovering their mistake. Old Pot-hound, however, had not been so easily fooled; he had kept his nose to the ground and had taken nothing for granted. He, too, had gone over, and was now giving tongue below us and back to our right. With frantic wails, the young hounds answered him and leaped blindly. They struck the slope below and in a clatter of gravel fled out of sight.

There was no time to waste. Again we repeated our first mad descent until we fetched up at the white limestone, which dropped sheer for perhaps three hundred feet. Along the top of this we crashed for half a mile until we came up with our prey. There were no trees here; she had come to bay on a huge white boulder. She was lashing her sides and snarling soundlessly, and she presented a magnificent sight outlined against the void beyond. By leaping high, the dogs could reach her feet, and she was stepping about gingerly to avoid their attacks. Somewhere in the brush above, Miller and Vaughan were coming with the camera and tripod.

"Lemme shoot her!" I gasped once more, but Ambrose sternly declined to entertain such a thing.

"When the boys get set up," he wheezed, "we'll snatch her off that rock in jig-time. It'll make some picture."

I obediently uncocked my rifle and cocked my still camera, but just as I raised it, she once again took to flight.

I favored Ambrose with a loud horse-laugh, and patted my Winchester.

"This is the thing," I declared, "to hunt lions with. Now we've lost her."

So it seemed, for the chase led back along the top of the limestone, then descended a break in the cliff. At no time could we see either the lioness or the dogs, but the strain of our hound-orchestra kept us apprised of her general whereabouts. Far below us lay the wide shelf formed by the "Tonto red." It was heavily overgrown and comparatively level—that is, it did not slant at an angle of more than forty-five degrees. Here the quarry bayed for a third time, and when we heard the new note in that chorus of canine frenzy, Ambrose gaily cried:

"Going down! All aboard!"

But this was a different proposition to the other two descents. No one but lion-hunters tackle the white limestone, and when our camera-man craned his neck over the edge of the abyss, he behaved exactly like that horse at the crossing of the Colorado. He laid back his ears and balked. It seemed an impossible task to take a camera in and out of such a place, so we sent him and Vaughan back up the long climb to the plateau, while Ambrose, Fred, and I nerved ourselves to go down and administer the *coup de grace*—an undertaking which called for prayer and meditation.

The conclusion of
On the Trail of the Cowardly Cougar
 will appear in *February Cosmopolitan*.

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In February Cosmopolitan

Indian Summer of a Forsyte

A story with a most unusual theme

By John Galsworthy

Nightshade

(Continued from page 27)

now—to-night."

"Now's no time, Hanna. Come to bed."

"Things can't go on like this, John."

He lay back slowly.

"Maybe you're right, Hanna. I been layin' up here and thinkin' the same myself. What's to be done?"

"I've got to the end of my rope."

"With so much that God has given us, Hanna, health and prosperity, it's a sin before him that unhappiness should take root in this home."

"If you're smart, you won't try to feed me up on gospel to-night!"

"I'm willin' to meet you, Hanna, on any proposition you say. How'd it be to move down to Schaefer's boardin'-house for the winter where it'll be a little recreation for you evenings, or say we take a trip down to Cincinnati for a week; I—"

"Oh, no," she said, looking away from him, and her throat throbbing; "oh, no, you don't! Them things might have meant something to me once, but you've come too late with 'em. For eight years I been eatin' out my heart with 'em. Now you couldn't pay me to live at Schaefer's. I had to beg too long for it. Cincinnati! Why its New Year's eve is about as lively as a real town's Monday morning. Oh, no; you don't! Oh, no!"

"Come on to bed, Hanna. You'll catch cold. You're breath's freezin'."

"I'm goin'—away, for good—that's where—I'm goin'!"

Her words threatened to come out on a sob, but she stayed it, the back of her hand to her mouth.

Her gaze was riveted and would not move from a little curtain above the washstand, a guard against splashing crudely embroidered in a little hand-in-hand boy and girl.

"You—you're sayin' a good many hasty things to-night, Hanna."

"May-be."

He plucked at a gray-wool knot in the coverlet.

"Mighty hasty things."

She turned then, plunging her hands into the great suds of feather bed, the whole thrust of her body toward him.

"Hasty! Is eight years hasty? Is eight years of buried-alive hasty? I'm goin', John Burkhardt; this time I'm goin' sure—sure as my name is Hanna Long."

"Goin' where, Hanna?"

"Goin' where each day ain't like a clod of mud on my coffin. Goin' where there's a chance for a woman like me to get a look-in on life before she's as skinny a hex at twenty-seven as old lady Scog—as—like this town's full of. I'm goin' to make my own livin' in my own way, and I'd like to see anybody try to stop me."

"I ain't tryin', Hanna."

She drew back in a flash of something like surprise.

"You're willin', then?"

"No, Hanna; not willin'."

"You can't keep me from it. Incompatibility is grounds!"

The fires of her rebellion, doused for the moment, broke out again, flaming in her cheeks.

He raised himself to his elbow, regarding her there in her flush, the white line of her throat whiter because of it.

She was strangely, not inconsiderably taller.

"Why, Hanna, what you been doin' to yourself?"

Her hand flew to a new and elaborately piled coiffure, a half-fringe of curling-iron, little fluffed-out tendrils escaping down her neck.

"In—incompatibility is grounds."

"It's mighty becomin', Hanna. Mighty becomin'."

"It's grounds all right!"

"Grounds?" Grounds for what, Hanna?"

She looked away, her throat distending as she swallowed.

"Divorce."

There was a pause then, so long that she had a sense of falling through its space.

"Look at me, Hanna!"

She swung her gaze reluctantly to his. He was sitting erect now, a kind of pallor setting in behind the black beard.

"Leggo!" she said, unloosing his tightening hand from her wrists. "Leggo; you hurt!"

"I—take it when a woman uses that word in her own home, she means it."

"This one does."

"You're a deacon's wife. Things—like this are—pretty serious with people in our walk of life. We—ain't learned in our communities yet not to take the marriage-law as of God's own makin'. I'm a respected citizen here."

"So was Ed Bevins. It never hurt his hide."

"But it left her with a black name in the town."

"Who cares? She don't."

"It's no good to oppose a woman, Hanna, when she's made up her mind, but I'm willin' to meet you half-way on this thing. Suppose we try it again. I got some plans for perkin' things up a bit between us. Say we join the Buckeye Bowling Club, and—"

"No! No! No! That gang of church-pillars! I can't stand it, I tell you; you mustn't try to keep me! You mustn't! I'm a rat in a trap here. Gimme a few dollars. Hundred and fifty is all I ask. Not even alimony. Lemme apply. Gimme grounds. It's done every day. Lemme go. What's done can't be undone. I'm not blamin' you. You're what you are and I'm what I am. I'm not blamin' anybody. You're what you are, and God Almighty can't change you. Lemme go, John; for God's sake, lemme go!"

"Yes," he said finally, not taking his eyes from her and the chin hardening so that it shot out and up. "Yes, Hanna; you're right. You got to go."

The skeleton of the elevated-railway structure straddling almost its entire length, Sixth Avenue, sullen as a clayey stream, flows in gloom and crash. Here, in this underworld created by man's superstructure, Mrs. Einstein, Slightly Used Gowns, nudges Mike's Eating-Place from the left, and on the right Stover's Vaudeville Agency for Lilliputians divides office-space and rent with the Vibro Health-Belt Company. It is a kind of murky drain, which, flowing between, catches the refuse from Fifth Avenue and the leavings from



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Broadway. To Sixth Avenue drift men who, for the first time in a misspending life, are feeling the prick of a fraying collar. Even Fifth Avenue is constantly feeding it. A couturier's model gone hippy; a specialty shop gone bankrupt; a cashier's books gone over. Its shops are second-hand, and not a few of its denizens are down on police records as sleight of hand. At night, women too weary to be furtive, turn in at its family entrances. It is the cauldron of the city's eye of newt, toe of frog, wool of bat, and tongue of dog. It is the home of the most daring all-night eating-places, the smallest store, the largest store, the greatest revolving stage, the dreariest night court, and the drabest night birds in the world.

War has laid its talons and scratched slightly beneath the surface of Sixth Avenue. Hufnagel's Delicatessen, the briny hoar of twenty years upon it, went suddenly into decline and the hands of a receiver. Recruiting stations have flung out imperious banners. Keeley's Chop-House—Open All Night—reluctantly swings its too hospitable doors to the one o'clock-closing mandate.

To the New Yorker whose nights must be filled with music, preferably jazz, to pass Keeley's and find it dark is much as if Bacchus, emulating the newest historical rogue, had donned cassock and hood. Even that half of the evening east of the cork-popping land of the midnight son has waned at Keeley's. No longer a roadhouse on the incandescent road to dawn, there is something handgrip about its very waiters, moving through the easy maze of half-filled tables; an orchestra, sheepish of its accomplishment, can lift even a muted melody above the light babel of light diners. There is a cabaret, too, bravely bidding for the something that is gone.

At twelve o'clock, five of near-Broadway's best breed, in woolly anklets and wristlets and a great shaking of curls, execute the poodle-prance to half the encores of other days. May Deland, whose ripple of hip and droop of eyelid are too subtle for censorship, walks through her hula-hula dance, much of her abandon abandoned. A pair of apaches whirl for one hundred and twenty consecutive seconds to a great bang of cymbals and seventy-five dollars a week. At shortly before one, Miss Hanna de Long, who renders ballads at one-hour intervals, rose from her table and companion in the obscure rear of the room, to finish the evening and her cycle with "Darling, Keep the Grate-Fire Burning," sung in a contralto calculated to file into no matter what din of midnight dining.

In something pink, silk, and conservatively V, she was a careful management's last bland ingredient to an evening that might leave too Cayenne a sting to the tongue.

At still something before one, she had finished and, without encore, returned to her table.

"Gawd," she said, and leaned her head on her hand, "I better get me a job holler-in' down a well!"

Her companion drained his stemless glass with a sharp jerking-back of the head. His was the short, stocky kind of assurance which seemed to say, "Greater securities hath no man than mine which are gilded." Obviously, Mr. Lew Kaminer clipped his coupons.

"Not so bad," he said. "The song ain't dead; the crowd is."

"Say, they can't hurt my feelin's. I been a chaser-act ever since I hit the town."

"Well, if I can sit and listen to a song in long skirts twelve runnin' weeks, three or four nights every one of 'em, take it from me there's a whistle in it somewhere."

"Just the same," she said, pushing away her glass, "my future in this business is behind me."

He regarded her, slumped slightly in his chair, celluloid toothpick dangling. There was something square about his face, abetted by a parted-in-the-middle toupee of great craftsmanship, which revealed itself only in the jointure over the ears of its slightly lighter hair with the brown of his own. There was a monogram of silk on his shirt-sleeve, of gold on his bill-folder, and of diamonds on the black band across the slight rotundity of his waistcoat.

"Never you mind; I'm for you, girl," he said.

There was an undeniable taking-off of years in Miss de Long. Even the very texture of her seemed younger and the skin massaged to a new creaminess. The high coiffure blonder; the eyes quicker to dart.

"Lay off, candy-kid," she said; "you're going to sugar."

"Have another fizz," he said, clicking his fingers for a waiter.

"Anything to please the bold, bad man," she said.

"You're a great 'un," he said. "Fellow never knows how to take you from one minute to the next."

"You mean a girl never knows how to take you?"

"Say," he said, "anytime anybody puts anything over on you!"

"And you?"

"There you are!" he cried, eying her fizz. "Drink it down; it's good for what ails you."

"Gawd," she said, "I wish I knew what it was ailin' me!"

"Drink 'er down!"

"You think because you had me goin' on these things last night that to-night little sister ain't goin' to watch her step. Well, watch her watch her step." Nevertheless, she drank rather thirstily half the contents of the glass. "I knew what I was doin' every minute of the time last night all-righty. I was just showin' us a good time."

"Sure!"

"It's all right for us girls to take what we want, but the management don't want nothing rough around—not in war-time."

"Right idea!"

"There's nothing rough about me, Lew. None of you fellows can't say that about me. I believe in a girl havin' a good time, but I believe in her always keepin' her self-respect. I always say it never hurt no girl to keep her self-respect."

"Right!"

"When a girl friend of mine loses that, I'm done with her. That don't get a girl nowhere. That's why I keep to myself as much as I can and don't mix in with the girls on the bill with me, if—"

"What's become of the big blond looker used to run around with you when you was over at the Bijou?"

"Me and Kit ain't friends no more."

"She was some looker."

"The minute I find out a girl ain't what a self-respectin' girl ought to be, then that lets me out. There's nothin' would keep me friends with her. If ever I was surprised in a human, Lew, it was in Kitty Scogin. She got me my first job here in New York. I give her credit for it, but she done it because she didn't have the right kind of a pull with Billy Howe. She done a lot of favors for me in her way, but the minute I find out a girl ain't self-respectin', I'm done with that girl every time."

"That baby had some pair of shoulders!"

"I ain't the girl to run a friend down, anyway when she comes from my home town, but I could tell tales—Gawd, I could tell tales!" There was new loquacity and a flush to Miss de Long. She sipped again, this time almost to the depth of the glass. "The way to find out about a person, Lew, is to room with 'em in the same boardin'-house. Beware of the baby stare is all I can tell you. Beware of that."

"That's what you got," he said, leaning across to top her hand with his; "two big baby stares."

"Well, Lew Kaminer," she said, "you'd kid your own shadow. Callin' me a baby-stare. Of all things! Lew Kaminer!" She looked away to smile.

"Drink it all down, baby-stare," he said, lifting the glass to her lips. They were well concealed and back away from the thinning patter of the crowd, so that, as he neared her, he let his face almost graze, indeed touch, hers.

She made a great pretense of choking. "O-oh, burns!"

"Drink it down—like a major."

She bubbled into the glass, her eyes laughing at him above its rim.

"All gone!"

He clicked again with his fingers.

"Once more, Charlie!" he said, shoving their pair of glasses to the table-edge.

"You ain't the only money-wad around the place!" she cried, flopping down on the table-cloth a bulky wad tied in one corner of her handkerchief.

"Well, whatta you know about that? Pay-day?"

"Yeh—while it lasts—I hear there ain't goin' to be no more cabarets or Camembert cheese till after the war."

"What you going to do with it—buy us a round of fizz?"

She bit open the knot, a folded bill dropping to the table, uncurling.

"Lord," she said, contemplating and flipping it with her finger-tip, "where I come from, that twenty-dollar bill every week would keep me like a queen. Here it ain't even chicken-feed."

"You know where there's more chicken-feed waitin' when you get hard up, sister. You're slower to gobble than most. You know what I told you last night, kiddo—you need lessons."

"What makes me sore, Lew, is there ain't an act on this bill shows under seventy-five. It goes to show the higher skirts the bigger the salary in this business."

"You ought a be singin' in grand opera."

"Yeh—sure! The diamond horse-shoe is waitin' for the chance to land me one swift kick. It only took me twelve weeks and one meal a day to land this after Kitty seen to it that they let me out over at the Bijou. Say, I know where I get off in this town, Lew. If there's one thing I know,

it's where I get off. I ain't a squab with a pair of high-priced ankles. I'm down on the agencies' books as a chaser-act, and I'm down with myself for that. If there's one thing I ain't got left, it's illusions. Get me—illusions!"

She hitched sideways in her chair, dipped her forefinger into her fresh glass, snapped it at him so that he blinked under the tiny spray.

"That for you!" she said, giggling. She was now repeatedly catching herself up from a too constant impulse to repeat that giggle.

"You little devil!" he said, reaching back for his handkerchief.

She dipped again, this time deeper, and aimed straighter.

"Quit!" he said, catching her wrist and bending over it. "Quit it, or I'll bite!"

"Ow! Ouch!"

Her mouth still resolute not to loosen, she jerked back from him. There was only the high flush which she could not control, and the gaze, heavy lidded, was not so sure as it might have been. She was quietly, rather pleasantly dizzy.

"I wish," she said; "I—wi-ish—"

"What do you wi-ish?"

"Oh, I—I dunno what I wish!"

"If you ain't a card!"

He had lighted a cigar, and, leaning toward her, blew out a fragrant puff to her.

"M-m-m," she said; "it's a Cleopatra."

"Nop."

"A El Dorado."

"Guess again."

"A what, then?"

"It's a Habana Queen. Habana because it reminds me of Hanna."

"Aw—you!"

At this crowning puerility, Mr. Kaminer paused suddenly as if he had detected in his laughter a bray.

"Is Habana in the war, Lew?"

"Darned if I know exactly."

"Ain't this war just terrible, Lew?"

"Don't let it worry you, girl. If it puts you out of business, remember it's boosted my stocks fifty per cent. You know what I told you about chicken-feed."

She buried her nose in her handkerchief, turning her head. Her eyes had begun to crinkle.

"It—it's just awful! All them sweet boys!"

"Now, cryin' ain't going to help. You ain't got no one marchin' off."

"That's just it. I ain't got no one. Everything is something awful, ain't it?" Her sympathies and her risibilities would bubble to the surface to confuse her. "Awful!"

He scraped one forefinger against the other.

"Cry-baby! Cry-baby, stick your little finger in your little eye!"

She regarded him wryly, her eyes crinkled now quite to slits.

"You can laugh!"

"Look at the cry-baby!"

"I get so darn blue."

"Now—now—"

"Honest to Gawd, Lew, I get so darn blue I could die."

"You're a nice girl, and I'd like to see anybody try to get fresh with you."

"Do you honest, Lew—like me?"

"There's something about you, girl, gets me every time. Cat-eyes! Kitty-eyes!"

"Sometimes I get so blue—get to thinkin'

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of home and the way it all happened. You know the way a person will. Home and the—divorce and the way it all happened with—him—and how I come here and—where it's got me, and—and I just say to myself, 'What's the use?' You know, Lew, the way a person will. Back there, anyways, I had a home. There's something in just havin' a home, lemme tell you. Bein' a somebody in your own home."

"You're a somebody any place they put you."

"You never seen the like the way it all happened, Lew. So quick. The day I took the train was like I was walkin' for good out of a dream. Not so much as a post-card from there since—"

"Uh—uh—now—cry—baby!"

"I—ain't exactly sorry, Lew, only God knows more'n once in those twelve weeks out of work I was for goin' back and patchin' it up with him. I ain't exactly sorry, Lew, but—but there's only one thing on God's earth that keeps me from being sorry."

"What?"

"You."

He flicked his cigar, hitching his arm up along the chair back, laughed, reddened slightly.

"That's the way to talk! These last two nights you been lightin' up with a man so he can get within ten feet of you. Now you're shoutin'!"

She drained her glass, blew her nose, and wiped her eyes.

She was sitting loosely forward now, her hand out on his.

"You're the only thing on God's earth that's kept me from—sneakin' back there—honest, Lew. I'd have gone back long ago and eat dirt to make it up with him—if not for you. I—ain't built like Kitty Scogin and those girls. I got to be self-respectin' with the fellows or nothing. They think more of you in the end—that's my theory."

"Sure!"

"A girl's fly or—she just naturally ain't that way. That's where all my misunderstanding began with Kitty—when she wanted me to move over in them rooms on Forty-ninth Street with her—a girl's that way or she just ain't that way!"

"Sure!"

"Lew—will you—are you—you ain't kiddin' me all these weeks? Taxi-cabbin' me all night in the park and—drinkin' around this way all the time together. You ain't been kiddin' me, Lew?"

He shot up his cigar to an oblique.

"Now you're shoutin'!" he repeated. "It took three months to get you down off your high horse, but now we're talkin' the same language."

"Lew!"

"It ain't every girl I take up with; just let that sink in. I like 'em frisky, but I like 'em cautious. That's where you made a hit with me. Little of both. Them that nibble too easy ain't worth the catch."

She reached out the other hand covering his with her both.

"You're—talkin' weddin'-bells, Lew?"

He regarded her, the ash of his cigar falling and scattering down his waistcoat.

"What bells?"

"Weddin', Lew." Her voice was as thin as a reed.

"O Lord," he said, pushing back slightly

from the table, "have another fizz, girl, and by that time we'll be ready for a trip in my underground balloon. Waiter!"

She drew down his arm, quickly restraining it. She was not so sure now of controlling the muscles of her mouth.

"Lew!"

"Now—now—"

"Please, Lew! It's what's kept me alive. Thinkin' you meant that. Please, Lew! You ain't goin' to turn out like all the rest in this town? You—the first fellow I ever went as far as—last night with. I'll stand by you, Lew, through thick and thin. You stand by me. You make it right with me, Lew, and—"

He cast a quick glance about, grasped at the sides of the table, and leaned toward her, *sotto*.

"For God's sake, hush! Are you crazy!"

"No," she said, letting the tears roll down over the too frank gyrations of her face; "no, I ain't crazy. I only want you to do the right thing by me, Lew. I'm—blue. I'm crazy afraid of the bigness of this town. There ain't a week I don't expect my notice here. It's got me. If you been stringin' me along like the rest of 'em, and I can't see nothing ahead of me but the struggle for a new job—and the tryin' to buck up against what a decent girl has got to—"

"Why, you're crazy with the heat, girl! I thought you and me was talking the same language. I want to do the right thing by you. Sure I do! Anything in reason is yours for the askin'. That's what I been comin' to."

"Then, Lew, I want you to do by me like you'd want your sister done by."

"I tell you you're crazy. You been hitting up too many fizzes lately."

"I—"

"You ain't fool enough to think I'm what you'd call a free man? I don't bring my family matters down here to air 'em over with you girls. You're darn lucky that I like you well enough to—well, that I like you as much as I do. Come now; tell you what I'm goin' to do for you: You name your idea of what you want in the way of—"

"O God, why don't I die? I ain't fit for nothing else!"

He cast a glance round their deserted edge of the room. A waiter, painstakingly oblivious, stood two tables back.

"Wouldn't I be better off out of it? Why don't I die?"

He was trembling down with a suppression of rage and concern for the rising gale in her voice.

"You can't make a scene in public with me and get away with it. If that's your game, it won't land you anywhere. Stop it! Stop it now and talk sense or I'll get up. By God, if you get noisy, I'll get up and leave you here with the whole place givin' you the laugh. You can't throw a scare in me."

But Miss de Long's voice and tears had burst the dam of control. There was an outburst that rose and broke on a wave of hysteria.

"Lemme die—that's all I ask! What's there in it for me? What has there ever been? Don't do it, Lew! Don't—don't—"

It was then Mr. Kaminer pushed back his chair, flopped down his napkin, and rose, breathing heavily enough, but his face set in an exaggerated kind of quietude as he

moved through the maze of tables, exchanged a check for his hat, and walked out.

For a stunned five minutes, her tears, as it were, seared, she sat after him.

The waiter had withdrawn to the extreme left of the deserted edge of the room, talking behind his hand to two colleagues in servility, their faces listening and breaking into smiles.

Finally, Miss de Long rose, moving through the zigzag paths of empty tables toward a deserted dressing-room. In there, she slid into black-velvet slippers and a dark-blue walking-skirt, pulled on over the pink silk, tucking it up round the waist so that it did not sag from beneath the hem; squirmed into a black-velvet jacket with a false dickey made to emulate a blouse-front, and a blue-velvet hat hung with a curtainlike purple face-veil.

As she went out the side, Keeley's was closing its front doors.

Outside, not even to be gainsaid by Sixth Avenue, the night was like a moist flower held to the face. A spring shower, hardly fallen, was already drying on the sidewalks, and from the patch of Bryant Park across the maze of car-tracks there stole the immemorial scent of rain-water and black earth, a just-set-out crescent of hyacinths, giving off their light steam of fragrance. How insidious is an old scent! It can creep into the heart like an ache. Who has not loved beside thyme or at the sweetness of dusk. Dear silenced laughs can come back on a whiff from a florist's shop. Oh, there is a nostalgia lurks in old scents!

Even to Hanna de Long hurrying eastward on Forty-second Street, huggingly against the shadow of darkened shop-windows, there was a new sting of tears at the smell of earth, daring, in the lull of a city night, to steal out.

There are always these dark figures that scuttle thus through the first hours of the morning.

Whither?

Twice remarks were flung after her from passing figures in slouch hats. Furtive remarks through closed lips.

At five minutes past one she was at the ticket-office grating of a train-terminal that was more ornate than a rajah's dream of new splendors in the way of palace walls.

"Adalia—please—huh? Ohio—next train."

"Seven-seven. Track nine. Round-trip?"

"N-no."

"Eighteen-fifty."

She again bit open the corner knot of her handkerchief.

When Hanna de Long, freshly train-washed of train dust, walked down Third Street away from the station, old man Rentzenauer, for forty-odd springs coaxing over the same garden, was spraying a hose over a side yard of petunias, shirt-sleeved, his waistcoat hanging open, and in the purpling light his old head merging back against a story-and-a-half house the color of gray weather and half a century of service.

At sight of him who had shambled so taken for granted through all of her girlhood, such a trembling seized hold of

Hanna de Long that she turned off down Amboy Street, making another wide detour to avoid a group on the Koerner porch, finally approaching Second Street from the somewhat straggly end of it farthest from the station.

She was trembling so that occasionally she stopped against a vertigo that went with it, wiped up under the curtain of purple veil at the beads of perspiration which would spring out along her upper lip. She was quite washed of rouge, except just a swift finger-stroke of it over the cheekbones.

She had taken out the dickey, too, and for some reason filled in there with a flounce of pink net, ripped off from the little ruffles that had flowed out from her sleeves. She was without baggage.

At Ludlow Street she could suddenly see the house, the trees meeting before it in a lace of green, the two iron jardinières empty. They had been painted and were drying now of a clay-brown coat.

When she finally went up the brick walk, she thought once that she could not reach the bell with the strength left to pull it. She did though, pressing with her two hands to her left side as she waited. The house was in the process of painting, too, still wet under a first wash of gray. The pergola, also.

The door swung back, and then a figure emerging full from a background of familiarly dim hallway and curve of banister. She was stout enough to be panting slightly, and above the pink-and-white-checked apron her face was ruddy, forty, and ever so inclined to smile.

"Yes?"

"Is—is——"

Out from the hallway shot a cocker spaniel, loose-eared, yapping.

"Queenie, Queenie—come back—she won't bite—Queenie—bad girl—come back from that nasturtium-bed—bad girl—all washed and combed so pretty for a romp with her farrer when him come home so tired. Queenie!"

She caught her by a rear leg as she leaped back, wild to rollick, tucking her under one arm, administering three diminutive punishments on the shaggy ears.

"Bad! Bad!"

"Is Mr.—Burkhardt—home?"

"Aw, now he ain't! I sent him down by Gredel's nurseries on his way home to-night for some tulip-bulbs for my iron jardinières. He ought to be back any minute if he ain't stopped to brag with old man Gredel that our arbutus beats his." Then, smiling and rubbing with the back of her free hand at a flour-streak across her cheek: "If—if it's the lady from the orphan asylum come to see about the—the little kid we want—is there anything I can do for you? I'm his wife? Won't you come in?"

"Oh, no," said Miss de Long, now already down two of the steps; "I—I—oh, no, no—thank you—oh, no—no—thank you!"

She walked swiftly, the purple veil blown back and her face seeming to look out of it whitely, so whitely that she became terrible.

Night was at hand, and Adalia was drawing down its front shades.

The next *Fannie Hurst* story will appear in *March Cosmopolitan*.

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Virtuous Wives

(Continued from page 59)

this way: Kitty shall sit in the middle. You don't mind, do you, Gladys?"

"Mind? I should say not! What do you suppose I care about old Joe Barrisdale!" said Mrs. Challoner sharply. This sally raised a laugh, not at all to the enjoyment of the captain. "Kitty, stop being a fool and get in this minute! Joe Barrisdale, what are you sitting there for? Jump out and bring her back!"

Mrs. Lightbody, being properly coaxed, cajoled, and threatened, consented to return, and having returned, presently began to nod, to the delight of Mrs. Challoner and the captain, who made pantomimic love before her closed eyes. On the pike, just beyond Garden City, they found the runabout waiting.

"Here, Gladys," said Irma, calmly bundling out; "you take my place. Monte's sleepy and perfectly unbearable. We've been quarreling all the way."

Amy glanced at Monte Bracken, who was handing her into the car. If they had been quarreling, his face did not show it.

"Well, it's good-by," he said, taking off his hat and offering his hand.

"You're really sailing Saturday—lucky man!" said Kitty drowsily.

"Really off."

He shook hands with Amy, without either indifference or interest, and returned to the runabout. For a while, the two machines ran on together. Then, at a fork in the road, the runabout shot away and passed from sight.

"So much for that," said Amy to herself, "and perhaps just as well."

At six, just as the sun bobbed up over the horizon, they ran up to the house. A window-shade went up, and the bushy little head of Mr. Dellabarre appeared.

"There's Rudy!" said Irma, waving gaily. Her glance met his and turned away. How long had he been up, and what was in his mind?

They went stamping and laughing into the dining-room and sent out a foraging party for breakfast.

"What let's do?" said Laracy. "Time for a bunny-hug before the coffee."

"Come on!" said Amy, springing up.

"Mercy sakes!" said Kitty Lightbody, heavy-eyed.

She rose with a sigh and held out her hand to the captain, who was yawning surreptitiously, but when, breakfast over, her young rival declared it was no use thinking of sleep, she threw up her hands in despair and retreated to her bedroom.

"Good-night, children—not too much noise! I have my complexion to think of," said Mrs. Dellabarre, with a laugh, and, after a sleepy struggle, Barrisdale shook his head and likewise surrendered, while Youth triumphant, in the beaming figure of Jap Laracy, was asking:

"What now? Amy's game! Bridge, a spin in the machine, or a dash on the ponies?"

XIII

WHEN flushed with a gallop in the glow of the morning, the four came riotously back. Andrew, who had been traveling half the night to reach her, was waiting upstairs. Amy threw herself in his arms.

"Oh, Andrew, such a good time! Wait until you hear!"

She told him all breathlessly, that is, almost all. She made no reference to the one disagreeable memory of the night—Barrisdale's heavy overtures. At the end, his face was radiant.

"Beat them to a finish, Yum Yum! Go it, and mind you sweep the decks every time!"

"Andrew, what a darling you are!"

"And now for business. I've agreed to take up Gunther's proposition."

He began a long, detailed exposition of the possibilities of the new venture. From his face, she could see the gravity of the step to him. So she tried hard to comprehend the details he minutely explained to her. But she was too mentally excited and too physically tired. She understood nothing at all, only that, some day soon, they would have lots of money if certain things worked out. When he had finished, she embraced him rapturously.

"Isn't it wonderful!" she cried, still perplexed. "But, Andrew, you mustn't work too hard—promise."

"I promise," he said grimly.

She went into her bath, quite satisfied by this assurance.

Three weeks later, in the vast span of the Grand Central Station, quite a party gathered to see Andrew Forrester off to Mexico. It was still ten minutes before the train's departure. Mrs. Lightbody and Mrs. Dellabarre, with Dawson, Laracy, and young Pardee, hung back discreetly, while Amy, tiny and fragile against the broad shoulders of her husband, walked with him down the platform.

"I can't bear to let you go alone," she said, clinging to his arm. "I don't think it's right, Andrew—I don't."

There was a break in her voice, and her eyes grew misty.

"Why, little girl, it's only a jump there and back this time! Only a week or two," he said, patting her arm. He looked at her, detecting the gathering tears. "Here, here; it's not so bad as all that."

"Oh, but it's the first time!" she said incoherently, swaying against his shoulder.

"Andrew, Andrew, we oughtn't to be separated. My duty's with you."

"Well, perhaps next time."

She looked up into his face, fear and helplessness in her eyes.

"What is it, little girl?"

"Then you think I ought to have gone with you? Tell me the truth."

"Of course I don't," he said stoutly.

"I will—I'll jump on the car now—just as I am," she said, under the hypnotic terror of all this flurry of coming and going, this sense of looming, unexplored horizons of life ahead—and behind.

He drew his arm tighter about her and bent suddenly, careless who saw them, to seek her lips.

"Of course it's only a couple of weeks, isn't it?" she said heavily, at the end of the long embrace that shut out the shrieking confusion about them.

"Perhaps not that," he said, lying to comfort her, for her grief affected him, too. "I say—do you think you'd better not wait, Amy dear? It's sort of bad luck, seeing the train off."

"No, no; I can't leave—not now—please don't ask that of me!"

"All right, then. Better now?" He drew her back to the group of friends who pressed up for the last farewells. "Good-by, everyone—mighty good of you to see me off! I say, cheer up my little girl, will you? Don't let her get too lonely." He caught up Amy, lifting her almost off her feet, laughing. "Back in a fortnight, perhaps—"

And the train was already in motion as he caught the step.

She stood with her handkerchief feebly in the air as the train wound out in snaky flight, dwindled, and was gone.

"Partings are awful. I can't bear them," she said, gulping down a sob.

"I know. I feel the same way every summer. It's quite natural, dear," said Mrs. Dellabarre, who had waited by her. She had never had such an emotion when leaving Rudolph, and yet she was rather affected by her friend's distress. She linked her arm under Amy's, murmuring sympathetically, "What a child it is!"

In order that Mrs. Forrester should not languish in teary solitude, they danced in the newest dance-hall, dined, and arrived for the second act of a musical comedy. At two o'clock, Amy declared that if she went home she wouldn't sleep a wink, so they decided to make a night of it. Tody Dawson was devotion itself, so kind and so solicitous that Amy, in her gratitude gave him a compensating smile—he really was the dearest boy!

In a week, her days were crowded with engagements, her nights brilliant with sensations that were still young to her. To be out, to be seen, to be envied, sought after, adopted, and raised to the giddy pinnacle of a new favorite seemed to her the height of a woman's destiny. In a month, she belonged to society—to men in the aggregate, to the mass and the public eye, avid of the latest novelty.

"Andrew will be so proud of me," she thought loyally, in her moments of triumph, as though, in serving his vanity, she were performing her whole duty of a wife.

PART II

I

EIGHTEEN months later, on a brilliant morning in April, when in the sky the gray winter fled before the triumphant rush of spring, Mr. Tody Dawson, after a late night, awoke to the consciousness that a disagreeable morning was ahead. A college degree from one of our modern gymnasiums had brought him the classic privilege of a university club, where the necessary luxuries of life are obtainable to the impecunious crowd. Pigeonholed in a compartment twelve by ten on the eleventh shelf of this human filing-machine, he enjoyed not only the services of a valet, a squash-court, a restaurant, a library, and the fattening opportunities of the card-rooms but, by resorting to the free-lunch counter on the rare occasions when he failed to be fed socially, he was able to support a racing car and frequent the most exclusive tailors and

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haberdashers. Ordinarily of smiling humor and serene self-complacency, he rose this morning angry at the complex scheme of things in general and at Mr. Tody Dawson in particular.

"What got into me, anyway?" he said. "Good Lord, I should have known better! It was that tricky music, or perhaps the punch. I don't know which. Well, I'm in for it—that's sure."

He was in this state of irritation and misery when Jap Laracy burst in, fresh as a schoolgirl, a flower in his buttonhole, ready for breakfast and the day. At Dawson's disheveled appearance, he emitted a whistle of surprise.

"Hello, there! A little *Katzenjammer*?" he said, amused, as a best friend has the right to be at the evidence of the morning's headache. "It's a lovely day."

"Is it?" said Dawson, with a groan.

"How late did you stay in that pirate's game?"

"Too late."

"Cleaned out?"

"How do I know?" said Dawson, sitting down and taking his head in his hands.

Laracy, overjoyed at this answer, immediately searched among the furniture until, having retrieved the scattered elements of last night's clothes, he could assemble the contents of the pockets.

"Here, I say—three cheers! You're stuffed with bills, my boy! Lucky at cards, unlucky at love!"

"Oh, shut up, Jap!" said Dawson glumly. "Can't you see I'm feeling rotten?" He hesitated. "Make my excuses at the office. I can't get down this morning."

"Something wrong, old boy?" said Laracy, his round, untragic face assuming a look of sympathy which made it more comical than ever.

"I've made a mess of things, and I've got to straighten them out."

"Amy?" asked Laracy.

"I can't tell you," said Dawson, who suddenly concentrated all his anger on a cuff-button which refused to be subdued.

Laracy installed himself on the back of an armchair, drawing up his legs, and looked solemn.

"Tody Dawson, for the two hundred and twenty-twoth time—cut it out! There's nothing in it, my boy. Are you going to fool away all your chances? Don't you know the game you're playing?"

"Oh, it's all right for you to talk, you unsentimental jellyfish!" said Dawson, shaking off a collar which refused to button.

"Quite right—and watch where I land," said Laracy, not in the least offended. "My dear fellow, make love to them if you wish—bless their hearts, they're so grateful—but don't go and fool yourself. Good Lord, hasn't Irma trained you better? Don't you know the bunch you're playing with? So you think you're madly, hopelessly in love with Amy Forrester, do you—you great big calf?"

"O Lord, I don't know!" said Dawson, adjusting a pink tie with nicety. "Don't ask me."

"Go down Fifth Avenue, stop at any hair-dressing parlor, and make love to the first wax beauty in the window," said Laracy crushingly. "You'll be better off. Buck up, Tody! Life's a long way to travel, and there's a lot of bills to pay."

For a moment he was silent, impressed with this momentous truth; then he added solicitously: "Don't make a colossal ass of yourself! Why, boy, you've a chance right under your nose—a dozen fellows fighting for her! A dear little thing, that's ready to fall into your arms," he continued vehemently, evidently referring to some eligible young lady captivated by Dawson's accomplishments, for he added: "Make hay—make hay while the sun shines. This dancing craze isn't immortal, you know."

"I say, you're consoling!"

"I'm giving you straight talk," said Laracy obstinately. "Well? No confidence this morning?"

"Can't tell you anything—now," said Dawson, looking out of the window.

"At your service," said Laracy, who saluted and departed.

At noon, Dawson, who had tried fifty ways to cheat the clock, descended to the street and bolted into a taxi-cab.

"Beg pardon, Mr. Dawson, any number?" asked the "buttons."

He flung out hastily an address in Sixty-fifth Street just east of Fifth Avenue, glanced at his watch uneasily, and began to rehearse the explanation he had constructed. Arrived at the double front Renaissance house which Andrew Forrester had sublet for the season, he passed through the iron grille and greeted Gregory with an appearance of nonchalance.

"Morning, Gregory! Let Mrs. Forrester know I am here, will you?" Then, with the knowledge of an habitu  , he ran lightly up the winding marble stairs and into the great salon.

"The old boy must be making piles down in Mexico," he thought, blowing on his knuckles. "Awkward situation! Might be better to blame it on the punch!"

Finally, he determined to guide his apologies by the attitude he should encounter. Instead of Gregory, Morley,

trim and stately in black and white, brought him in his answer.

"Mrs. Forrester's very sorry, Mr. Dawson, but she asks to be excused this morning, sir."

"What?" he said, his expression turning blank. Morley repeated the message.

"She won't see me," thought Dawson, so utterly upset that he forgot the presence of the maid, who watched him with a sympathetic smile. "She refuses to see me," he repeated, and he thought of all the good times, the dinners, the impromptu dances, the invitations to theater and opera which had been his in these pleasant, luxurious pastures.

"You might write a word, sir, if it's very important," said Morley softly.

"What? Oh, yes."

He passed hurriedly into the library, found an envelop, and wrote in a bold hand, "Mrs. Forrester." He studied it, finding it absurd to have written anything at all, thought a moment, took out a card, and scribbled a few words on it, sealed the envelop, making sure that the gum had dried sufficiently before entrusting it to Morley.

"Wonder what she thinks of all this?" he thought all at once, and he hastily said aloud: "It's about the Versailles f  te, Morley. We've got to decide the costumes right off."

"Yes, indeed, sir," said Morley blandly. "If you'll wait, I'll bring you Mrs. Forrester's answer."

"You're kind, very kind, Morley," he said nervously. "Thank you." He went to the piano and began to thunder out the latest maxixe.

"No; that doesn't sound right!" he said, stopping short. He considered gravely, and then allowed his fingers to wander languidly through a sentimental ballad of the Parisian caf  s, which struck him as better suited to his state of dejection and repentance.

The next instalment of *Virtuous Wives* will appear in *February Cosmopolitan*.

Penrod Jashber

(Continued from page 19)

it." And she began to sing an improvisation in a sweet, taunting voice:

"Penrod knows they'll ketch him yet.
Penrod's 'fraid what he will get."

Thus mocked, he was sufficiently stung to abandon George B. Jashber for the moment and turn upon her in the true likeness of Penrod Schofield aggrieved.

"You stop that, Marjorie!"

Marjorie felt encouraged to proceed with her successful treatment, seeing that it had dispersed his rather lofty preoccupation; so she chanted again:

"Penrod knows they'll ketch him yet,
So he's 'fraid what he will get.
Oh, Penrod Schofield!"

"You better stop that, Marjorie?"

She leaned across the fence, laughing, and pointed at him with a clean little forefinger.

"Why had I? Who'll make me, Mister Penrod Schofield? I'll sing it all I want to! I'm goin' to sing it all day! I'm goin' to

sing it all night! I'm goin' to sing it from now till the Fourth o' July! Listen!

"Penrod knows they'll get him yet,
So he's 'fraid what——"

"All right!" said Penrod, and, turning a pathetic back upon her, started to walk away. But Marjorie checked her mockeries at that and called to him.

"Wait, Penrod! Please wait a minute!"

"Well, you goin' to quit?" he demanded, halting tentatively.

"Well, I have quit," she said reasonably.

"Penrod, what is the matter of you?"

And as she leaned once more across the fence, her head close to his, he cast one quick, severe glance to the south down the street, and a second to the north up the street. Then, frowning, he said,

"Will you cross your heart never to tell anybody long as you live?"

Marjorie was suddenly impressed; her lovely eyes widened.

"Yes, I will!" she whispered, crossed herself, and stood waiting, breathless.

"Well—look here!"

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Penrod flicked back the left lapel of his jacket, and Marjorie caught a glitter from near his armpit. He allowed time for no more than this glitter to reach her eye, but instantly flicked his jacket back into position, buttoned it, turned, and immediately walked away. He walked rapidly and paid no attention to several appeals from Marjorie, who had but the vaguest idea of what she had seen and no conception whatever of its significance. A moment later, he had passed round the corner, never looking back and leaving her completely mystified.

She was not the only person whom his behavior amazed. Miss Spence, the teacher of his "room" at school, was pretty well hardened to Penrod, but his present developments gave her quite a turn. She would have been unobservant indeed had she seen nothing new in his eye; constantly she caught that eye bent upon her or upon one and another of his fellow pupils in the long, enigmatic looks full of undecipherable calculations. She noticed, too, that, whenever he left the schoolroom, he first became obviously furtive, heaved his shoulders as if about to do something desperate, and then departed with an odd intensity. He entered the room with the same intensity, and she got the impression, whenever he came in, that he previously heaved his shoulders in the cloak-room. There was nothing technically contrary to her rules of discipline in these symptoms of his, and she found herself at a loss. He made her uncomfortable, but she did not know what to do about it, or even in just what terms she could speak to him about it.

Toward the closing days of the school-term (vacation now being at hand), Miss Spence found something to worry over which apparently had little connection with that part of her life concerned in her profession of teacher. She finally found her trouble serious enough to be mentioned, and one evening she spoke of it to a fellow boarder, a teacher in the same school.

"I'm sure I haven't imagined it, Miss Carter," she said, shaking her head; "I'm not that sort of a person. I didn't decide that there could be no other explanation until it had happened several times, but every evening I went out last week I had that curious and uncomfortable sensation of being followed."

"How awful!" said Miss Carter.

"At first I didn't see anything or even hear anything," Miss Spence went on. "It was on my way to the eight-o'clock lecture, Monday evening of last week, and all at once I just got that feeling of some one following me. 'I'm being followed,' I said to myself—just like that. Then I decided it must be nonsense, and laughed at myself and went on. Well, you know I went to those lectures every night except Saturday of last week, and Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday the same thing happened—and twice I distinctly heard steps behind me, and once I turned quickly and saw somebody jump behind a tree."

"What did you do?"

"I turned right round and walked back—and there was nobody there. He'd got away somehow."

"What did he look like?" Miss Carter asked eagerly.

"It was too dark to see much; I couldn't

tell. Well, I went on to the lecture, and pretty soon I was sure he was behind me again, following me all the way."

"And when you came home from the lecture, did—"

"No," said Miss Spence; "that's the odd part of it. I never got the feeling at all, or heard or saw anything on the way home from the lecture any of those nights, though, of course, coming home it was later, and you'd think if he was a criminal of any kind, then's when he would be around."

"But do you know of any enemy that would want to follow you?"

"I can't think of any enemy exactly."

"And what would they want to follow you for to a lecture?" Miss Carter cried. "It's the strangest thing I ever heard of!"

"I've thought back over all my family history and everything I've ever done," said Miss Spence, "and I can think of only one person who could have any possible object in doing such a thing."

"Who is that?"

"It's a cousin of mine; his name is William Bote. He drank so much that nobody would speak to him, and finally he got to be sort of a tramp and disappeared. Well, my aunt Milly lives in this town, and she has a little property, and she is William's aunt, too. He might have heard somewhere that she's talked about leaving it to me, and he might have come here to try to do something about it; maybe—"

Miss Carter was an intuitive woman, instant in her decisions.

"That's it!" she exclaimed. "If you can't think of anybody else it *could* be, why, of course it's this William What's-his-name—"

"William Bote."

"I'm sure it's this William Bote," Miss Carter declared. "A woman outside of an experience like this has more perspective than the woman who is actually having the experience; and I felt all the time you were talking that it was this Bote." She glanced at the clock. "It's a quarter to eight, and you say this was about the time he followed you all last week. Do you suppose he's somewhere out there now?"

"He might be," said Miss Spence nervously.

"Let's find out," Miss Carter suggested.

"What!"

"Come on! Put on your hat, and go out alone. I'll wait two minutes and come after you, and if he's following you, he'll be in between us. How large is he?"

"William? Oh, he was a little thin man, and very shaky."

"I'll grab him," said Miss Carter impulsively. "I'm not afraid. Let's hurry. Walk straight down the street and go slowly, and we'll show this William Bote that the age of terrorizing women has passed."

The two determined teachers proceeded at once to set the trap for Mr. Bote. Miss Spence left the house at a leisurely gait, and exactly two minutes later her friend set forth somewhat more rapidly. Before the latter had gone half of a block, she drew a sudden breath, partly nervous, partly triumphant, for in the near distance she perceived and identified Miss Spence, who was passing beneath a street-lamp, while between Miss Spence and herself a figure indistinctly yet undeniably flitted

from one to another of the shade-trees that lined the sidewalk. There was no question about it: Miss Spence *was* being followed!

Instantly Miss Carter determined upon her action.

"Miss Spence! Cornelia Spence!" she shouted loudly. "We've got him!"

And she rushed forward while Miss Spence ran back at full speed, and the mysterious stranger, thus waylaid and cut off between them, might have found himself a sudden prisoner if the mouth of an alley had not been opposite the tree where he lurked and only about ten feet away. Both ladies screamed loudly as they saw a shadow streaking into this refuge, but both resolutely followed it at top speed and went shouting down the alley.

"Look!" cried Miss Carter. "I think he's climbing the fence!" And then, at a clatter of shoes scampering over wood: "He's got on top of this wood-shed! I know he's up there!"

"He is!" Miss Spence rejoined. "I heard him! I can hear him now!"

The wood-shed was a humble part of a property well known to both of them as the home of Samuel Williams, who was a pupil of Miss Carter's, and the two indomitable teachers, halting beside the shed, hammered upon its resonant outer wall—Miss Spence with an umbrella, which she had carried in lieu of weapons, and Miss Carter with a piece of brick she had discovered underfoot. Both also freely used their strong young voices.

"William!" Miss Spence shouted into the upper darkness. "William, you better come down from up there! You know we've got you!"

And Miss Carter went so far as to hurl her brickbat upon the roof of the shed.

"You William Bote," she cried fiercely; "we know you're up there! You might as well come down! We're going to have you arrested!"

Then both of them shrieked, for a flash-light first silhouetted the sky-line of the wood-shed with light, and, rising, as its holder mounted the adjacent fence, illuminated the ominous roof, but disclosed only a vacant expanse of shingles.

"There's no one up there now," said a voice. Then an alley gate opened, and Mr. Williams and Mrs. Williams and Sam and two suddenly vociferous colored women appeared. Several people from neighboring houses, some pedestrians from the street, a small touring car, and a patrolman likewise appeared, and shouts indicated that more were coming.

Penrod decided that he had made a mistake. As he crawled through an aperture in the farther line of Mr. Williams' fence and made his way toward home as rapidly as possible, but painfully withal (on account of a gratuitous nail on the roof of Mr. Williams' wood-shed), sounds of agitation and excitement came increasingly to his ears, indicating the beginnings of a neighborhood perturbation he had little anticipated; and in spite of an almost unbearable anxiety to know who William Bote was, he felt that he would not do well to linger.

It became plain to him that he would have to give up shadowing Miss Spence. She was too excitable to serve as a Harold Ramorez; he would have to find some one else.

The next instalment of *Penrod Jashber* will appear in *February Cosmopolitan*.

Camilla

(Continued from page 41)

husband, and with—well, if you aren't good at arithmetic you won't know how many chins. Liberal allowance, anyway, and no allowance at all of neck." A feature which struck more forcibly the American eye was the lady's hair. Straight and thin and gray, it was parted in the middle and slicked down each side with a rigor that obliterated all suggestion of separate strands, and lent to the scant locks the look of a fabric pasted over the top of the skull, and permitted to swell into a modest round pincushion low on the place which in another person would have been the neck—in Mrs. Fairbairn's case merely the top vertebra of a spinal column strangely abbreviated.

When Mrs. Trenholme had, in her turn, been presented to the Fairbairns, she was conscious that the other member of the party—the lady whom Alice had so quickly appropriated—was coming forward with outstretched hands. Camilla stared.

"Why, Miss Mary!" she brought out, and then, "I m—mean—" she stammered.

"It does sound nice to be Miss Mary-ed again," said the lady, with charming self-possession. "Thank you for that."

"So you know one another!"

"Yes, indeed!" said the stranger pleasantly.

"Yes, indeed!" Camilla's low echo preserved the note of pleasure, but sent it out charged with a suppressed excitement.

Alice made haste to pick up the ball of conversation which had fallen with such a thud.

"I saw in the *Times* that Sir Henry and Lady Macrae were back from—which of those little comic-opera kingdoms is it?" Alice asked, and without waiting for an answer: "Somewhere in the Balkans, isn't it? I never can keep those quarrelsome little countries apart. Come now—can you? And how do you like being British minister to semibarbarians? Rather fun, I should think, especially for an American."

"An American!" Mrs. Fairbairn repeated. She always forgot, she said, that Lady Macrae wasn't an Englishwoman. "We adopted her so long ago."

"Oh, come," the old major remonstrated, as he led the way to the house; "not so long ago, but so completely."

"Yes; fairly long ago. Why, I've got two great boys at Eton!" Lady Macrae turned to tell Camilla.

"You must have borrowed them!" said the major, with a barking laugh. "Like those women who sell matches—to touch the popular heart. Though why you should imagine you needed any adventurous aids"—and so on, with a labored gallantry that lasted them to the door.

The object of these manifestations accepted them with the good-humored negligence of one well inured to this form of hospitality. As you looked at Lady Macrae a second time, you were surprised to discover how little claim she had to special good looks. An excellent example she was of the success with which your skilful and ambitious person may make an effect of beauty without a single good feature. Yet that was hardly fair. She had a remarkably graceful figure and a good voice, as well as some quality less easily verifiable which made men of the Major Fairbairn

type feel disposed to talk to her in terms of compliment. Before the party reached the drawing-room, Alice had discovered that the lady was only pretending to listen to her host. Her attention was riveted on her compatriot. Alice, too, kept an eye on Camilla, wondering what on earth there was in this encounter to lend the calm face that look of suppressed excitement.

"Shall you be staying long? Couldn't we meet?" she heard Camilla saying aside.

Lady Macrae explained she had only come away for two days to see her husband's mother and to bring the Fairbairns news of their small grandson, recently arrived at the legation. The Fairbairns' younger daughter, it appeared, was married to one of the secretaries "out there." Lady Macrae's husband was expecting her back in London to-morrow.

"What a pity!" said Alice. "You might have come over to us. And you and Camilla could have discussed international marriage."

"Is that a subject of interest here?" Lady Macrae asked, as the party gathered about the tea-table.

"Oh, hadn't you heard—" Alice began, and broke off, not because of the general buzz and movement of settling into places. She had received the distinct impression that Camilla didn't wish the ground of interest in that particular phase of international relations to be explained just yet to her old acquaintance. She had turned with a most un-Camilla-like air of forced vivacity to ask Lady Macrae some rather pointless question about the Balkans. Hardly waiting for the answer to that, she inquired how long "Miss Mary" expected to be in London. In the mean while, Mrs. Fairbairn dispensed tea.

"And how well did you know Camilla?" Alice demanded. "I'm bound to tell you she's never talked about you."

"There may be more than one reason for that," was the cheerful retort. "Let me hope the main one is that I was more nearly a contemporary of Mrs. Trenholme's older sisters."

"Oh, you knew her people!" The tone argued surprise at discovering Camilla's "people" actually existed. Alice further elicited the fact that Mary Macrae's father had a winter place in the South, not very far from the scene of Camilla's childhood.

"But I haven't been back for ages. It's melancholy, the way I've lost sight of everybody—living in the wilds as I do," Lady Macrae said tactfully. "In all this time just one little glimpse of your sister Julia as I was hurrying through Paris two or three years ago. And Lucy, with that big family of hers, is she—"

"Yes; still on the California ranch."

Lady Macrae turned and took in the listening tea-table.

"Those sisters of Mrs. Trenholme's," she said, smiling, "were what we still call 'belles' in the South. Very 'stylish and dashing'—wasn't that what we used to say?"

Camilla smiled, too.

"Well, it's true they put me completely in the shade."

Miss Phoebe had come in several moments before the young couple. The little pause, the slight awkwardness that fol-

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lowed their self-conscious entrance, was covered by Lady Macrae's anecdote about Camilla's sisters.

"Julia and Lucy used to try to bring you out, to cure you of your shyness."

Camilla shook her head.

"Their way of doing it was to drive me further into my shell." Her lowered voice under the revival of talk at Diana's side of the tea-table, her attempted withdrawal of "Miss Mary" from the general conversation sharpened Alice St. Amant's ears.

"Yes; your sisters seemed to me very great people in those days. They were great people. And couldn't they use their tongues!"

Camilla nodded.

"So well, I nearly lost the use of mine. If I made a mistake, they pounced. I was always making mistakes. Do you remember how they'd say, 'Isn't that just like Camilla?'"

There was a sound of a motor-car rushing up to the house.

"My party come back for me, I should think. And indeed it's time!" Lady Macrae looked at her watch and rose in the midst of a general protest.

"My brother'll bring 'em in here for tea." Major Fairbairn assured her that had been the understanding. Alice, meanwhile, teacup in hand, had gone round to the other side of Lady Macrae. Camilla knew she was telling about the engagement. As Lady Macrae turned a smiling face toward Camilla, the door opened and in came Sir John Fairbairn with two Americans. One, a mere thread of a man with a drooping, inky mustache and eye-glasses; the other, a young Hercules, the sort of man who on first sight makes you blink at the spectacle of so much physical force vested in one human body. In a small room, he would have been overpowering.

"Roman Gladiator!" Alice whispered.

Lady Macrae had instantly directed her attention to her "party."

"Well?" she said, with animation. "And have you seen the famous stables?" She executed a little movement with the apparent motive of impressing "my party" that the moment of their return was what she had been living for. Then she redressed the balance by looking round on the others and saying wistfully, "What a pity it's so late and we've such a long drive back!"

But tea! They must have tea, the Fairbairns insisted, and Alec brought more chairs. However, the two very American Americans felt either too pressed for time or too little interested in tea to take the places made for them. They stood with cups in their hands, talking to the major about the mighty fine brood-mares and the polo-ponies they'd been seeing over at Sir John's place.

Lady Macrae stood drawing on her long gloves.

"It's been delightful meeting you again," she said, smiling at Camilla. "And so you're going into a family English of the English!"

"Shall I do, I wonder?" Camilla asked. "They will expect a great deal."

"Oh, you'll do," the older woman smiled. "You are the kind. I?" She caught the silent counter-assertion. "Yes; I'm the kind, too. All this"—she glanced round—"comes to us like second nature. When people like you and me come to England, we come home. Not that I'm saying our

lots will be alike. In some ways," she said, with her wise air, "yours will be the more exacting."

Camilla was sure that couldn't be so. "And a blessing, too. You are so much more fit for—"

"Oh, John will go far. I don't deny our job is the more showy. But the Macraes—mushrooms beside the oaks of Nancarrow."

"They've a pretty good opinion of themselves," Camilla said, in a flash of revolt. More than any sign that had yet escaped her, it betrayed the degree to which she was stirred and lifted out of her usual equability. A kind of compunction for her speech seized her under the steady scrutiny of the other woman. The thing she meant, Camilla protested, was "miles away from swagger and boasting."

"But *exactly!* They're far too proud to boast. They'd rather do the other thing. They—"

"Miss Mary," Camilla broke in, "what I—"

But "Miss Mary" was laughing gently at "these dear English," and then hurried on, as though with a fixed design to fill up the interval till she could decently detach her companions from their teacups.

"These dear English," according to Sir John Macrae's wife, "go in for an ironic self-depreciation not a bit understood for what it is by other nations." As Camilla opened her lips, "Don't you notice that, Jerningham?"

The question turned the elder of the two Americans toward the niche.

Yes; "Miss Mary" had grown very foreign, Camilla said to herself. For while the lady explained the point under discussion, she seemed no more to think of introducing this attenuated Jerningham of hers to Mrs. Trenholme than she had of introducing the Roman gladiator. Jerningham, who had been much, it seemed, in England, agreed as to the root of your Englishman's self-depreciation. Pride—the queer English kind that made them run themselves down in their own papers. "Why, I saw an article the other day in the leading Liberal organ. And what do you think the article was called? 'Why We Are Hated Abroad.' Now, just imagine an American journalist treating such a theme seriously. Imagine anybody having the courage to admit that we ain't admired and beloved wherever we go. But the English! Why, they take a positive pleasure in admitting the facts—if they are the facts. Anyhow, inquiring dispassionately—" He caught some word about shire-horses that whirled him round again as suddenly as he had been deflected.

Jerningham was lost to Lady Macrae. She glanced at the clock.

"What I wanted—" began Camilla.

"Oh, yes; the Nancarrows. I should say that the English, as a race, have a great feeling for personal dignity—a natural turn for it. Why"—again she forestalled something Camilla was about to say—"you see it even in their servants. And as to your Nancarrows—" She made a little gesture. Few of the reigning families of Europe were as old. There had been Nancarrows at Nancarrow before there were Kings of England. "You know, of course, that your Michael Nancarrow's father—the man who did such splendid things in India—refused a peerage?"

"Did he?" said Camilla stolidly.

"More than once, I've heard. How like them not to have told you!"

"I didn't get you away from the rest to talk about—people over here," Camilla brought out at last.

Lady Macrae made a decisive movement in the direction of her hostess. Camilla laid a hand on her arm.

"You know," she persisted, "you know what, all this time, I've been wanting to ask you."

"Don't! At least," the other woman added gently, "I wouldn't if I were you. What does all that matter to you now?"

As Camilla lifted her appealing eyes, Alice St. Amant stood there. They must be going, too, she said.

During the cordial and somewhat protracted farewells between Alice and Lady Macrae, Camilla simply waited, still with that appealing look fixed on the face of her fellow countrywoman, till, all in a second, the center of Camilla's interest was quite plainly elsewhere. The Roman gladiator had turned to Jerningham.

"I've been wishing the whole afternoon that Leroy had been with us. Haven't you?"

"Why, of course," said Jerningham. "Friend of ours," he explained to Major Fairbairn. "Going to ship some of his own horses across. Means to keep a racing stud over here. That's why we were so glad to hear the views of an authority like Sir John."

"We'll have quite a lot to tell Leroy," said the gladiator.

"Why not bring your friend over to me when he comes?"

The intensity of Camilla's listening! With little cries of horror at the lateness of the hour, Lady Macrae swept her party out of the house.

On the way home,

"Did Mary Macrae know your husband?"

Camilla nodded.

"She's his cousin."

XI

ALICE

ALL that long drive home, Camilla sat in excited silence, her dark eyes shining, no word out of her.

The dressing-gong sounded as they drove up to the door. Michael and Mrs. Nancarrow, on their way up-stairs, turned back to hear about the visit.

"All right," Alice said brusquely. And then, with no word about Diana or Fairbairns: "Lady Macrae there. Where's my—" Standing with all her wraps on, she had been hungrily scanning the hall table. "Where's my—" She faced about. "Hasn't a telegram come for me?" she demanded of the footman.

"No, m'lady."

"Very well then," she said angrily, and slipped out of the heavy coat as out of a yoke. "Where's the new time-table?" She went up-stairs with it in her hand.

Michael and his mother exchanged glances. Mrs. Nancarrow followed Alice to her room.

At dinner that night, though Nelly observed that the cough was worse, Alice showed herself sufficiently in spirits to give a humorous, and distinctly ill-humorous, account of their visit.

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see that Camilla was not amused by Alice's travesty of the Roman gladiator and his friend. Early in the evening, Michael suggested carrying Camilla off to the smoking-room. No; she was so tired. She would ask them to let her go to bed.

He came out to light her candle.

"What is it, dearest?" he said softly. "You're not feeling ill?"

"No; oh, no! A tiring sort of visit." She admitted that, but she was impatient for her candle. The hand she held out for it, he bent to kiss. She withdrew skilfully, so that he wasn't sure she had seen his intention. While he hesitated, Camilla had seized the candle and was half-way to the stair with, "Good-night!" over her shoulder. Oh, plainly she had been wounded!

"You mustn't mind Alice's nonsense," he said. "I ran across that Lady Macrae once. I thought her an awfully nice woman," he added.

"I wish your mother knew her," was Camilla's answer from the first step. "She'd see the difference between Mary Camperdown Macrae and that Mrs——"

"Do you imagine she doesn't?"

"You feel sure she does?"

"Absolutely. My mother looks at Mrs. Jardine as she'd look at a Columbine in a Christmas pantomime. Tawdry, pretty—and endurable only because so very unreal."

"That's not why she endures Mrs. Jardine. She endures her for Alice's sake."

"Well——" He wouldn't deny there was that aspect. "My mother has endured a good deal for Alice's sake. Alice hasn't been the easiest of problems." It was the nearest he'd ever come to discussing Alice. And he sheered off instantly. "Get a good sleep—something very important to talk to you about to-morrow."

She paused and threw a perturbed glance at him over the banister.

"Darling!" was all he said, but the face she looked down on wore such a radiance of love and faith that all unaccountably the tears sprang to Camilla's eyes.

"Good-night, Michael dear," she whispered, and went on up the stair.

Camilla was not of those who lie awake. Such anxieties, sorrows as she hitherto had had, she wore herself out with in the day. At night, she slept.

That sleep came to her so soon and so profound had been the very first of Leroy's grievances against her. When she showed astonishment at some opinion or plan of his, "Well, I *would* have told you, only you're always asleep." The saying came back to her that night after the Fairbairn visit. She found that she, too, could lie awake.

She was up before her maid came in the next morning, but seldom in her life had she taken so long to dress.

The struggle of the night had changed its face by day. What was that "something" Michael was going to talk to her about? "Very important," he had said. A great dread of it, whatever it might be, possessed her—a dread that weighted her hands and made her feet leaden. Her maid reminded her how long ago the breakfast-gong had sounded, and for her pains was told she wasn't wanted. Camilla sat at the dressing-table, looking more at the clock's face than at her own, wondering, one moment, how was she to go down and confront the day; wondering, at the next,

how was it that she dared delay so long. After all, she tried to excuse herself—these people, with their punctiliousness about not keeping dinner waiting, didn't seem to care what became of the breakfast.

At last, a footman's voice outside, asking the maid if Mrs. Trenholme would like a tray up-stairs.

But her tactics had succeeded. Only Mrs. Nancarrow left at the table, putting in the time by writing out various orders for cooks, chauffeurs, and what not. Michael, she reported, had been disturbed that he'd forgotten to tell Camilla about his being one of the judges for the prize-giving at a cattle show that morning.

"There's a note on your plate."

The note said that he would do his judging double-quick, and the devil would be in it if he wasn't back before luncheon. For the rest, the sort of note whose high temperature burns the pocket. But not just yet must she brace herself. Fate had given her the morning.

"Alice——" she began her inquiry.

Mrs. Nancarrow observed that she had not consulted her daughter, but just sent her breakfast up-stairs. And this was the nearest approach made to expression of the anxiety that plainly possessed Alice's mother—unless the fact of her going off alone, just before luncheon, to meet Michael, and motoring up with him from the gates, could be construed in the same sense.

They were all, Alice among the rest, waiting in the hall, when the two came in.

Michael kept Camilla there till the others had gone in, talking tender nonsense and holding her fast by one wrist. Why wasn't she attending? Was *she* worried about Alice, too? Well, his mother had telephoned to Carlisle for the doctor. He would be due at about half-past two. The doctor wasn't on any account to see Alice till he had seen Mrs. Nancarrow. "Looks as if there's a conspiracy against you and me, doesn't it?" He gave a little more than half-rueful laugh. "If it isn't one thing, it's another."

"Well—now it's luncheon," said Camilla.

She dawdled over the meal, waiting for the straws of conversation to show where, for her, the wind would blow keenest that afternoon. Vain hope, she was afraid. Afraid! Afraid of what? To put into words what she was afraid of was what she was afraid of most of all.

Michael, with his eye on the clock, accused her of "only playing with that fruit." Why shouldn't Alice and he take Camilla down to the Bray Brook, in view of the fact that she'd been frowning in-doors all morning? Alice backed up the proposal.

"You think it's far? It isn't a quarter of an hour——"

On the way, they met Hatch.

"Looking for you, sir!" He touched his cap and explained how Michael's favorite hunter had put her foot in a rabbit-hole, and—well, looks like it's a bad business, and would Mr. Michael come?

Mr. Michael looked at Camilla.

"Alice might take me to see the alder cutting," she suggested.

A strange walk. Both women fighting against a fierce inner preoccupation. They had talked to each other and to Michael

until he left them. Now that he was gone, neither seemed to feel the need to speak. On they walked, through the park and down a silvery, sunless glade, with no sound but the brush of footsteps and Alice's calling to the dogs. A perilous silence for Camilla—a silence through which the voices of yesterday shrilled loud. All these days, all these weeks, she had held memory at bay. An achievement, some would say, possible only to the unimaginative. Yet, in reality, possible only to the supersensitive, those of a susceptibility so delicately responsive that an eternal vigilance keeps guard against invasion.

Now and then, in these past weeks, in spite of this disciplined purpose, some shred of memory was unraveled. Quick and sure the instinct to tuck it out of sight, out of mind. No one better than Camilla knew that one little pull and out would come yards on yards, the whole garment of decency, her *cache-misère* threatening to fall apart and leave her in shivering nakedness. In face of such a danger, flight—and the safety that was Michael.

"It's a very English afternoon," she said, at last, as they stood on the edge of the damp thicket.

"I've seen sunsets here as fine as in the Alps," said Alice, and then, at her moodiness, "There'll be no sunset to-day." She sighed. "I used to think I'd never miss the sunset so long as I could go and look at the osier beds. Come; it isn't far."

As Camilla looked at her watch, she heard the doctor's motor in the lower avenue. So did Alice.

"Some pestilential visitor! They think they'll catch us, coming at this outrageous time." They could see the osier beds, she said, from the other side of the copse, and she drew Camilla along over dank, peaty soil.

"Now, aren't you glad I made you come?" she triumphed, as her companion made a little semiarticulate indrawing of breath at sight of the level and uniform fire that lit up the grayness yonder. A fire that burned clear yellow near the ground, and mounted through shades of orange shoulder-high into slender shoots of brightest vermillion.

"It's like one of our prairie-fires," said Camilla, "that flame burning low along the earth. Are you *sure* it's only—Osier is just wicker, isn't it?"

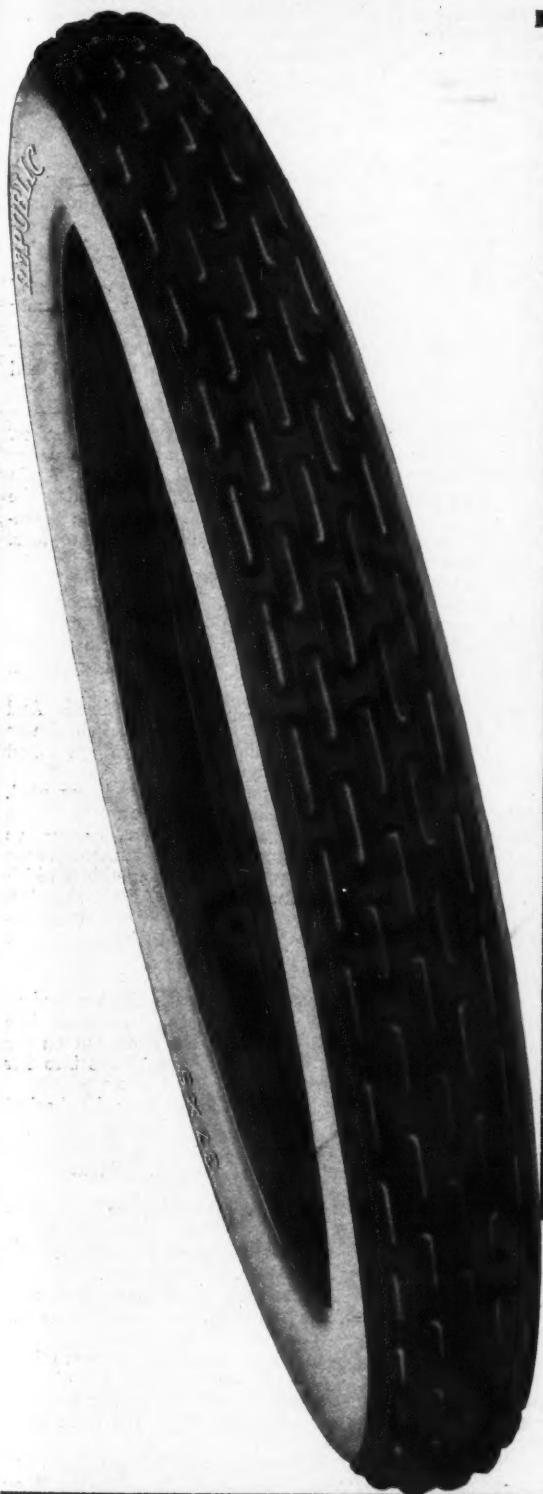
Alice nodded.

"And would you think to see the cane of commerce—the *mannequins d'osier*, for instance, would you ever think the pale things went so gorgeous once? All the sunset *pickled out of them!*" she added, as she turned fiercely away. "Like us, when we've cried the color out of our faces."

The only thing that was said on the way back, was Alice's sudden: "What shall we do this afternoon. We must *do* something." And Camilla's, "Yes; let us do something."

Alice was astonished but not the least put out to find who the "pestilential visitor" was. She told him that she'd called him a pestilential visitor. She flirted with him. Camilla turned away from the scene at the door when he took his leave.

Wormwood to Mrs. Nancarrow to see her daughter in this vein. The old woman's manner growing more distant, not to say icy, as Alice grew more provocative and the underbred little man more excited.



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"My daughter or I will let you know if any further advice seems necessary. Good-by."

Camilla was not enlightened by Alice's renewed interrogation of the hall table for the telegram that didn't come.

"The Sunday trains seem as impossible as ever," she complained, pulling the timetable out of her pocket and throwing it down. She looked at her watch. "There's this new Saturday-evening train—"

"The doctor says—" began her mother. "A fig for the doctor!" Her cough seized her. "Sensible little man about one thing, though—doesn't want to keep me indoors."

"It's going to rain," said Mrs. Nancarrow.

Alice's face, darker than the weather.

Camilla marveled that she had ever thought Mrs. Nancarrow an impatient person. The old woman stood consulting the barometer (Michael had said she never consulted "anybody else"). Quietly she proposed a compromise.

Would Alice take the motor (and promise to have it shut when the rain came on) and show Camilla the Howburgh Priory? They could leave cards.

"No," Alice interrupted; her mother really must excuse her. She was going up to pack. But she'd like the motor, please, at seven o'clock.

"I am sorry; the motor won't be available at that hour."

"Very well. Then I'll walk to the station. And if it rains, everybody's happiness will be complete."

Her haste up-stairs was impeded by a violent paroxysm of coughing. She clutched the banisters, the other hand at her chest, the shoulders raised, the whole slight frame racked, piteous. Mrs. Nancarrow turned away her eyes.

In the midst of the paroxysm, Michael came in from the stables, muddy and smelling strong of liniments.

"Not a fracture. Only a bad sprain, I think. I won't be long changing."

As he ran up-stairs past Alice, Camilla shot out a look that plainly enough said, "You care more for that brute than you do for your sister." She went to her and put an arm round the thin shoulders.

"You mustn't mind. I get like this sometimes," Alice said wearily, as they went up together.

"It worries your mother dreadfully."

"Well, it's no good"—Alice leaned against the banisters—"not a bit of good your looking at me like that—as if it was my fault. You never saw me mewed up with one of my bronchial attacks and no letters—not a sign from Lionel for nearly a week—*c'est plus fort que moi*." She went on again, frowning and flushed.

At the mention of the name, Camilla had looked anxiously up the stair and down into the hall. No one in sight except Mrs. Nancarrow going heavy-footed toward the drawing-room. Camilla overtook the ascending figure.

"Can't you," she whispered, "can't you think about the children?"

"You know quite well the children don't need me. They've always cared more for their father." Alice went on faster, as if escaping some claim disallowed but irksome.

"But, Alice, you—you love your chil-

dren." Camilla had caught her up on the second landing.

"Of course!" said the other shortly. "But if I don't see Lionel for long stretches— Oh, I telegraphed him yesterday!" She said it vindictively.

"Long stretches!" Why, you saw him before you came up here!"

"Nearly three weeks!" Alice stood an instant staring over the carved railing into the hall, as though looking back at purgatory. "Three mortal weeks! After all, Lionel's only flesh and blood. Three weeks is too long—when Helen Croft is in town!" She went into her own room and firmly shut the door.

Camilla stood for some moments, never moving from the spot where Alice had left her.

Michael—he would be expecting—

If she didn't go, he'd be coming for her. She started violently as she heard her name. She looked up. No sign. Again "Camilla!" in the deep voice which she recognized, with a grateful sense of reprieve, was old, and ran down to Mrs. Nancarrow.

"The Daimler has been ordered," said the lady quietly, "on the chance." It would be at the door in a quarter of an hour. Perhaps if Camilla were to say that she wanted to go and see the priory-house, maybe, Alice might—

"I'd love to!" Camilla exclaimed. And then, with an anxious air, Michael was waiting, she said. And so perhaps it had better be Nelly—

Nelly, Mrs. Nancarrow interrupted, was the best creature in the world. "But she—well, frankly, she bores Alice—I've noticed that you—" Mrs. Nancarrow broke off, but only to add something which pleased Camilla. "In Alice's state"—which she didn't particularize—Mrs. Nancarrow didn't know what they would have done but for Camilla.

With some trepidation she knocked at the door, with visions of Alice, flung face downward, sobbing her heart out on the bed or feverishly tossing things into her dressing-bag.

"Come in." Alice, a yellow-backed novel in her hand, smoking up the chimney! At sight of Camilla's face, she burst into laughter. "What's the matter?"

"Do come," said the visitor, with unrelaxed solemnity. "Do come to Howburgh and show me something I shall like."

Alice rocked with merriment.

"Am I as plain as all that? You, anyway, are adorable, you kind creature!" She stroked the smooth cheek.

"Well," said Camilla, trying to hold steadfast to her purpose, by dint of thinking not of Alice at all but of Alice's mother. "Perhaps I need a little being kind to."

Alice was sober in an instant.

"You," she said significantly, "you want to get out of the house, too?" Camilla nodded and looked away. "All right—I'll have to change. Ten minutes?"

"Ten minutes."

She could go to him now. Camilla put on her hat, tied a motor-veil securely over face and head, and went up to Michael's sitting-room.

The next instalment of *Camilla* will appear in *February Cosmopolitan*.

The Door of Dread

(Continued from page 83)

Dillard get out of his sight, especially when it came to talking with Laurel's brother. Rogers, however, did not notice it, but Kennedy did, and seized the opportunity. "I want to look over those explosions," he said.

Dillard glanced about inquiringly, but no one demurred. Accompanied by Archer and Rogers, Kennedy, Dillard, and myself went along the line of ships toward the far end where lay Number One and Number Two, as each was designated merely by a numeral. They had been wrecked before either of them had even touched the water.

As we climbed over the wreckage, I glanced about and saw that, over the stockade, Lynar's garage was fairly close. It would not have been impossible that attack might have come from that direction. Meanwhile, Kennedy was examining the wrecks carefully.

"Quite evidently they have been the object of some organized attempt," he remarked, as he completed his examination. "This was no accident, no coincidence."

My mind still on Lynar and his invention, I wondered whether there was, in fact, a mighty terror that lurked in the very air overhead, from which nothing could guard the rest of the big brood of ships.

"I'm going to catch that dynamiter if I have to stand over the ships myself all night," asserted Dillard vehemently, as we were taking leave of Archer and Rogers at the gate. Alone with us again, Dillard excused himself, for his trip into the city and time with us had allowed many pressing matters to accumulate.

"There seems to be nothing else for us to do but to take up our residence in this little community and study the case," decided Craig.

The rest of the afternoon, accordingly, was consumed in finding a place in which we could operate most easily, and we finally decided on a little boarding-house across the street from Lynar's garage. There we established ourselves and, as it was nearing dinner-time, Kennedy suggested that we eat at a rather famous road-house not far up the same street.

The food was good, and our case was a difficult one to take hold of, and thus it happened that our discussion of it prolonged itself much past the dinner-hour and until twilight. We were sitting in a corner of the wide, screened porch, when the humming of an engine, cut-out open, made us turn toward the road. A girl driving a car flashed past.

"Laurel Rogers!" Kennedy exclaimed.

What she could have been in such a hurry about, neither of us had any idea. We paid our check and hurried out, back in the direction of the town, toward which she was going.

It was still early in the evening as we came to our boarding-house.

"Look!" indicated Kennedy, pointing across at the garage.

There was no light over there. The front door of the garage was closed. We walked across to it. No one was there.

Just then, a boy happened along.

"Where is Mr. Lynar?" asked Craig.

"I don't know, sir," he replied. "I saw him go away, and I heard him tell

a woman in a car that he was going away on business."

"Who was she?"

"I don't know, sir—a pretty girl."

There was nothing more that he knew. But what we had learned was an astounding bit of news. Viva was gone. Now Nicholas Lynar had disappeared, too. Where had he gone? Had he fled? Was he in hiding? If so, why?

Full of the news, we hastened round to the hotel where Dillard put up. He was not there, and at once we recalled his plan to watch at the yards himself. Without a doubt, there was where he was.

As Kennedy stood at the hotel desk, considering, his eye fell on a small, dainty envelop that had been left in the letter-box for Dillard. Craig looked at it.

"Hm," he mused. "A disguised flourish on the superscription. Underneath, written and scored, the words: 'Very Important.'"

For a moment he paused, while the clerk pored over his ledger, and I knew Kennedy was trying to justify his impulse. Then, without further hesitation, he reached over, took the note, and tore open the envelop. His exclamation startled me, and I bent over and read,

Don't go to the yards to-night.

There was no signature. Craig studied the writing carefully.

"A woman's hand," he muttered.

Was it from Laurel Rogers? If so, what was it she knew? Had it something to do with the disappearance of Lynar? This must have taken place about the time the note was sent. I recalled her dash past the road-house.

At any rate, if there were anything in the warning, there was no time to lose. We hurried to the street. Not a car that we could call on was in sight. Kennedy strode, almost on a run, toward the yards. Was Dillard there? Without a doubt, he was doing just as he said.

Past the sentry we swung, giving the password Dillard had taught us. Through the gate we went and into the yard, where the grim, shadowy buildings blocked our search. Precious minutes were passing as we tried to locate the lieutenant. Anything might happen.

"Dillard!" shouted Kennedy. "Dillard!"

There was no answer. All was darkness.

In desperation, Kennedy drew his pistol and fired aimlessly in the air. Down the line of ships, a moment later, I could see an indistinct figure dart out from the shadows, coming toward us. What if it were not Dillard?

Even as the figure hurried along, there came a mighty, deep-throated rumble. It seemed as if one of the cargo-ships were taken up bodily and dropped back into its cradle, broken. The figure coming toward us was hurled violently to the ground. The air, for the moment, was full of flying debris. That we escaped being hit by it was little short of a miracle.

Then, as the crash of the explosion subsided, outside, all about, we could hear shouts of people, see guards running.

"Number Three!" exclaimed Kennedy, starting forward.



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On we stumbled until we came up to a huddled figure on the ground. It was Dillard, prostrate, badly scratched, but safe.

As he saw us, he seemed to realize in an instant just what had happened. Kennedy had saved his life. But, to Dillard, that was nothing compared to the chance that there might be some clue to the attack if we got there soon enough.

"Come on!" he cried, struggling to his feet. "I heard your shot—thought there was some attack in that direction. Let us see what we can find!"

Together we dashed forward. There lay the ship. The effect of the explosion was precisely similar to that of the others. In the very center of the hulk was a huge, craterlike hole. Her back-bone had been literally snapped. Had it been an aerial torpedo? Was there truth in the reports of Lynar's invention and its wonderful power of penetration and explosive force?

By this time, search-lights were playing on the wreck and in the air. Sweep as they might, those fingers of light could disclose nothing. There seemed to be not a thing that we could discover which we had not already observed on the other two wrecks.

Dillard was nearly crazy when we left him some hours later, for the affair was becoming more and more serious every moment.

"Lynar gone—another explosion," considered Kennedy, as we paced along toward our lodgings. "I feel that we ought to watch that garage. Fortunately, we've taken this place near it. We must do something to stop these explosions. They seem to come, as Dillard says, every other day. Therefore, we must do the trick to-morrow. Walter, I'm going back to the laboratory. You go to the house and watch until I return."

At our window I stood guard, but not a thing suspicious happened while Kennedy made the trip to the city and back again. It was very late when he returned, bearing a small package, and, as there was no use doing any more that night, we turned in.

Early, however, Kennedy was about and, with great precautions against being observed, went into the cellar of our boarding-house. There on the floor he set up a peculiar-looking instrument and for some hours he seemed to be listening.

The day itself proved to be quite uneventful, and I was persuaded that it was only at night that the attacker, whoever he might be, worked. As the day wore on, there was still no trace of Lynar.

Once we saw Dillard long enough to have him tell us that Laurel Rogers was making frequent inquiries whether there was any clue to Viva. I gathered that it was really her interest in Dillard himself that prompted the inquiries.

"I must see Laurel," concluded Kennedy, who was impatiently waiting for nightfall again.

Directed by Dillard, we found her in the home that she had rented for herself and her brother. As we entered, I saw that she was frightfully nervous.

"Have you found anything yet?" she asked anxiously.

"Only this," returned Kennedy, slowly unfolding the note he had purloined.

She affected not to recognize it, but Kennedy would not be so easily put off.

"Tell me," he demanded, facing her, "did you write that?"

For a moment, she flashed defiance at him.

"Were you the girl last seen with Nicholas Lynar?" I broke in impulsively.

"Yes," she said, in a quiet tone, meeting our eyes firmly; "I wrote it. As for Mr. Lynar—am I his guardian?"

"Why did you write it," persisted Craig.

"What did you know?"

"Nothing—I just suspected something!" she cried. "There—that is all I will say."

What was the struggle through which Laurel was going? Perhaps, either her brother or Archer had told her of Dillard's purpose to watch the yards himself the night before. But I was convinced now that she knew more, that she was shielding some one.

I could make nothing of the strange moods and actions of Laurel Rogers. About one thing, however, I was certain—her interest in Lieutenant Dillard. But was it genuine? I recalled Archer's jealousy.

It was useless to question Laurel any more. It would only antagonize her, and perhaps we might get what we wanted by some other means. There seemed to be nothing to do but to return to our point of observation and take up the search again, with the help of the strange instrument on which Kennedy evidently counted so much.

As night approached, I could see that Kennedy's attention was increasing rather than relaxing. Still, there was nothing new to report, even after Dillard joined us in our vigil as twilight deepened. The hours passed, now and then broken by a speculation from either Dillard or myself, though Kennedy ventured nothing except a hint that, if nothing developed that night, he would plan out an entire new campaign the next day.

We sat in the flickering light of an oil-lamp in the musty cellar, each engrossed in his own theory. An occasional restless intake of breath from Dillard spoke of his thoughts of Viva. Suddenly Kennedy leaned forward tensely, his face grave.

"Walter," he exclaimed in a moment, "listen in this thing!"

I took the two pieces from him and stuck them into my own ears as I had seen him do. There was certainly a queer noise, a sort of rumble, which came and went, as though some one, far off, were striking rhythmical blows.

I handed the ear-pieces to Dillard, looking at Craig inquiringly.

"It's a stethoscope of a new kind," he explained hastily. "They are used abroad now a great deal in the trenches to discover the operations of enemy sappers and miners."

"Then—these noises—are in the earth?"

"Exactly!" he replied excitedly. "I have been picking up automobiles and passing trolley-cars, but just now, when it is quieter, there comes this thing. I wanted to be sure that you could hear it as plainly as I did. Come—let us get into that garage across the street. We must trace the noises quickly."

As we hurried out and over the road, a gray car flashed out of the shadows some hundred or two feet below us, stopped, and Laurel Rogers jumped out. It was quite apparent that she had been watching our house.

"W—what's the matter?" she stammered breathlessly, as we approached the garage.

"Keep her back," whispered Kennedy

to me, not pausing to explain his reason. "If we do anything, it must be done quickly—and quietly."

On he pressed with Dillard. There was no question of waiting for a search-warrant. Together they broke through the door of the garage. Through the building Kennedy hurried, switching on the light, and into the little cellar that he had examined before. I followed, doing my best to keep Laurel in the background. She was pale and trembling, and seemed not to realize that at times she was leaning rather heavily on my arm for support.

At the foot of the steps, Kennedy paused and flashed his light. Not a cobweb had been disturbed, apparently. He looked about, puzzled.

"I can't be wrong," he muttered, still gazing around.

From his breast-pocket he drew forth again the little stethoscope. Carefully he applied it to the ground, listening intently. By the mere look on his face, I could see that he had heard the same thing that we had listened to across the street. He handed the thing to me. The noises I had already heard were now plainer than ever. What could it mean? Clearly there was nothing here. Suddenly Kennedy turned and mounted the steps. We followed. He did not pause in the garage, nor did he go toward the shop in the rear. Instead, he forced open a door that led into the other empty wing of the house, which we had investigated the first time we were there. Back and forth over the ruined walls, with their plaster and paper hanging from the lath, he played his search-light.

He paused. As he moved the light up and down, he disclosed a long, vertical gap in the woodwork. What was it?

Kennedy pressed hard on a warped panel. To our utter amazement, it yielded. It was a door!

He pushed it back. Nothing but blackness greeted us—blackness with a vile, heavy effluvia as of sewer-gas. What was it that lay beyond this door of dread? What did it portend for Viva?

Dillard muttered huskily and pressed forward, but Kennedy blocked the way, not moving an inch. If there was danger, he would not have been himself if he had refused to face it first.

About to enter, he had turned to me, and I caught the shadow of a signal to keep Laurel quiet.

Into the black hole Kennedy disappeared, Dillard hard after him. Before I knew it, Laurel Rogers had darted forward, and I had just time to seize her wrist before she reached the strange door. My pistol was already in my hand, in case Craig and Dillard needed it.

"Not a word!" I threatened.

"Yes—yes—I promise!" she cried. "Only let me go with you."

Together we followed them. At the foot of a flight of ladderlike stairs, we came upon Kennedy and Dillard flashing the electric bull's-eye about. We looked in amazement. Under the greater part of the house there was a false cellar. As we glanced about, we could see that it was nearly filled with dirt and rocks.

Not far from us came a faint cry—a moan, weird, ghostly.

Dillard groped toward it. There was a rough door on a sort of bin—padlocked

on the outside. He tore off the lock, staples and all.

"My God!" he cried, as we pressed forward.

Over his shoulder, as he bent down, I saw dimly on a pile of sacking a figure. It moved. Weak, pale, but alive—it was Viva Gordon!

Tenderly Dillard bent over her and lifted her in his arms.

"Tell me," he murmured; "how did you get here?"

"I came—to get my car—thought I saw some one enter the vacant part—next door," she muttered weakly, as she rested her head on his shoulder. "The explosion—the day before—I thought it might be a clue—He pulled me down here—oh, how I have waited and called for you—in this dungeon. He is—in there—now!"

I turned in the direction Viva pointed. Laurel broke forward and clasped the hand that pointed.

"Viva," she cried, "no—for God's sake, no—not here—now!"

Kennedy was already at the other end of the cellar. As I came up with him, he shoved the flash-light into my hands. A moment later, he wormed his way into a little opening in the very foundation of the house.

I peered after him. There was a passageway. How far out underground it extended, we could only guess. But, from my sense of direction, I calculated that it must extend toward the shipyard. It was a tunnel, perhaps with spurs that ran down under each ship as the main tunnel was extended.

In the dark dankness of the passageway with its low timbered roof, I could hear sounds, muffled, sinister. Some one was really in there. Through the opening, scarcely larger than enough to admit a man, I prepared to crawl after Kennedy.

At that moment, I heard some one descending the ladder steps from above. I did not look to see who it might be. Dillard must protect our rear. I was intent only on giving Kennedy any aid that he might need in his close quarters.

There was no cause to worry about Craig. Almost before I knew it, I realized that Kennedy was dragging some one bodily out of the black hole toward the light. I was rather in the way than a help.

I backed out, as I heard Kennedy pant, "Walter—a light!"

From the floor where I had dropped it, I seized the flash-light, and, as I did so, turning it through a half-arc toward the mouth of the cavern, its rays fell on the face of Nicholas Lynar, standing in surprise at the foot of the stairs.

"Where did you come from?" I demanded in surprise.

"My invention—accepted by the government—yesterday!" he cried excitedly. "I've just come from Washington. What's this?"

Kennedy was backing, still fighting furiously to hold some one in the mouth of the cavern. I flashed the bull's-eye now full on the face of a man whom he had pinioned to the floor.

Laurel Rogers broke forward with a scream and threw herself on the floor beside the prostrate figure of the brother she had been trying to shield, traitor to his country and its allies.

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The White Star

(Continued from page 48)

fiber of his being. He felt the lake as deeply as he felt the maples and oaks of Sunbury. Memories of its bars of crude, wonderful color at sunset and sunrise, of its soft mists, its yellow-and-black November storms, its reaches of glacierlike ice-hills in winter, of moonlit evenings with a girl on the beach when the romance of youth shimmered in boundless, beautiful mystery before half-closed eyes—these were an ever-present element in the undefined, moody ebb and flow of impulse, memory, hope, desire, and spasmodic self-restraint that Henry would have referred to, if at all, as his mind.

"It's late enough," said Corinne, with a little laugh.

Mildred turned away, placed a tiny foot on the bottom step, sighed, then murmured very low,

"Hardly worth while going in."

"Let's not," muttered Humphrey.

"Listen!" Thus Corinne. She was leaning against the railing with an extraordinarily graceful slouch. She had never looked so pretty, Henry thought. She made you think of health and of wild things. And she could even earn her living! There was an offer now to tour the country forty weeks with a lyceum concert company. She thought she wouldn't accept. Her idea was another year of study, then two or three years abroad and, possibly, a start in the provincial opera companies of Italy, Austria, or Germany. Yes; she had character of the sort that looks coolly ahead and makes deliberate plans. Despite her wide, easy-smiling mouth and her great, languorous black eyes and her lazy ways, even Henry could now see this strength in her face, in its solid, squared-up framework. More than any girl Henry had ever known, she could do what she chose. Men pursued her, of course. All the time. There were certain extremely persistent ones. And it came quietly through, bit by bit, that she knew them pretty well, knocked round the city with them as she liked. But now she had chosen herself. No doubt about it. To the point of confusion and recoil on his part. She said:

"Listen: Let's go down to the shore and watch for the sunrise. We wouldn't sleep a wink after—after this, anyway."

"Nobody'd ever know," breathed Mildred.

Humphrey took her arm. They moved slowly down the walk toward the street. Corinne, still leaning there, looked at Henry. He reached toward her, but she evaded him and waltzed slowly away over the grass, humming a few bars of the "Myosotis."

Henry's eyes followed her. He felt the throbbing again in his temples, and his cheeks burned. He compressed his lips. He moved after her. Caught up with her and slipped his arm through hers. He was in a state of all but ungovernable excitement, but the elation of two hours back had gone, flattened out utterly. He felt deeply uncomfortable. It was the sort of ugly moment in which he couldn't have faced himself in a looking-glass. For Henry had such moments, when, painfully bewildered by the forces that nature implants in the vigorously young, he loathed himself. Life opened, a black

precipice, before him, yet Life, in other guise, drove him on, as if intent on his destruction. He hung back, let Corinne glide on just ahead of him, still slowly revolving. He wanted to watch her—however great his discomfort of the spirit—to exult in her physical charm.

On the earlier occasion, when she had overtaxed his emotional capacity, he had got out of it by using the forces she stirred in him as a stimulant. He had been able to work them out through a writing job. But now he wasn't stimulated. Not, at least, in that way. His spirit seemed to be dead. Only his body was alive. All the excitement of the evening had played with cumulative force on his nerves. He had arrived at an emotional crisis, and was facing it sullenly but unresistingly.

The picture of Mildred and Humphrey lost in each other's gaze—in the window-seat at the rooms, on the horse-block—kept coming up in his mind. He could see them in the flesh, walking on ahead, arm in arm. He knew that love had come to them. He wondered, trembling with the excitement of the mere thought, how it would seem to live through that miracle. No such magic had fallen upon him. Not since the days of Ernestine Lambert. This matter of Corinne was quite different. He sighed. Then he hurried up to her, gripped her arm, walked close beside her.

At the beach, they paired off as a matter of course. Henry and Corinne sat in the shadow of a breakwater. Humphrey and Mildred walked on to another breakwater.

Corinne made herself comfortable, with her head resting on Henry's arm.

He was thinking: "This is the chance of a lifetime. Sort of thing you dream of without ever expecting it really. Ain't a fellow in town that wouldn't envy me." But gloom was settling over his spirit like a fog. It seemed to him that he ought to be whispering skilful little phrases close to her ear. He couldn't think of any.

He bent over her face, looked into it. "Thing to do," his thought ran on, "is just let go. She expects it of me. Better sing to her."

He began humming, "I arise from dreams of thee." She picked it up very softly, in a floating, velvety pianissimo.

His own voiced died out. He couldn't sing.

He felt almost despondent. What was the matter with him? Time passed. She lay there, all relaxed, in his arms. Now and then she hummed other songs.

"Sing with me," she murmured.

He shook his head.

"Sometimes I feel like singing, and sometimes I don't."

"Don't I make you feel like singing, Henry?"

"Oh, yes—sure!"

"You're a moody boy, Henry."

"Oh, yes; I'm moody. Sort of."

She closed her eyes. He watched the dim, vast lake for a while, then, finding her almost limp in his arms, bent again over her face. "I'm a fool," he thought. He could have sobbed again. He bit his lip. Then fell to kissing her. Let himself go. It was the first moment he had been able to. She didn't resist him. Her hand slipped over his shoulder; her arm tightened about his neck.

Abruptly he stopped, raised his head, a bitter question in his eyes.

A faint light was creeping over the bowl-like sky. And a fainter color was spreading upward from the eastern horizon.

The thousands of night stars had disappeared, leaving only one, the great star of the morning. It sent out little points of light, like the Star of the East in Sunday-school pictures. It seemed to stir with white incandescence.

Henry straightened up, gently placed Corinne against the breakwater, covered his face. She considered him from under lowered eyelids. Her face was expressionless. She didn't smile. And she wasn't singing now. She smoothed out her skirt rather deliberately and thoughtfully.

"Think of it!" Henry broke out with a shudder. "It's a dreadful thing that's happened!"

"It might be," said Corinne very quietly, "if Arthur didn't have the sense to take that train."

"And we're sitting here as if——"

"Listen: What on earth made you go back to the house?"

"I can't tell you. I had to."

"Hm. You certainly did it. You're not lacking courage, Henry."

He said nothing to this. He didn't feel brave.

"Mildred was foolish. She shouldn't have let herself get so stirred up. She ought to have gone back."

"How can you say that? Don't you see that she *couldn't*?"

"Yes; I saw that she couldn't. But it was a mistake."

Henry was up on his knees now, digging sand and throwing it.

"It was love," he said hotly, "real love."

"It's a wreck," said she.

"It can't be—if they love each other."

"This town won't care how much they love each other. And there are other things. Money."

"Bah! What's money?"

"It's a lot. You've got to have it."

"Haven't you any ideals, Corinne?"

She reflected. Then said,

"Of course." And added: "She had Arthur where she wanted him. Now she's lost her head and let him get away. Dished everything. No telling what he'll do when he finds out."

"He mustn't find out." Henry was not aware of any inconsistency within himself. He was thinking of protecting Humphrey and Mildred.

"He will, if she's going to lose her head like this. There are some things you have to stand in this world. One of the things Mildred had to stand was a husband."

"But how could she go back to him—to-night—feeling this way?"

"She should have."

"You're cynical."

"I'm practical. Do you want her to go through a divorce and then marry Humphrey? That'll take money. It's a luxury. For rich folks."

"Don't say such things, Corinne!"

"Why not? She's made the break with Arthur. Now the next thing's got to happen. What's it to be?"

Henry got to his feet. He gazed a long time at the morning star.

The university clock struck three. Henry shivered.

"Come," he said; "let's get back." It didn't occur to him to help her up.

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The four of them lingered a few moments at Mildred's door. Humphrey finally led Mildred in. For a last good-night, plainly.

Corinne smiled at Henry. It was an odd, slightly twisted smile.

"After all," she murmured, "there's no good in taking things too seriously." He threw out his hands. "You think I'm hard," she said, still with that smile.

"Don't! Please!"

"Well—good-night—or good-morning."

She gave him her hand. He took it. It gripped his firmly, lingeringly. He returned the pressure, colored, gripped her hand hotly, moved toward her, then sprang away and dropped her hand.

"I wish I had never seen you," he muttered.

"Why—Henry! Is that quite fair?"

"No. I don't mean it. I mean—I want to be decent, Corinne—"

"Then you mean—"

"Oh, no! Please! Nothing like that. But I was looking at that star—"

"I saw you looking at it. You were sort of fierce, Henry."

"I was thinking how white it was. And bright. And so far away. As if there wasn't any use trying to reach it. And then—oh, I don't know—Mr. Henderson made me blue, the way he looked to-night. And Humphrey and Mildred—the awful fix they're in. And you and me—making love this way. I can't tell you."

Corinne was sitting on the porch railing now.

"You're telling me plainly enough," she said wearily. Then, after a silence, she said this: "We haven't done anything that wasn't—you know—natural. Human."

"Do you ever hate yourself?"

She didn't answer this. Or look up.

"Did you ever feel that you might turn out just—oh, well, no good? Mr. Henderson made me think of that to-night."

"I'm afraid he isn't much good," said she.

"As if your life wasn't worth making anything out of. Your friends ashamed of you. And I haven't been bad. Not yet."

Her lips formed the words in the dark: "You're not bad." He stared at her, moved slowly toward her, came to her side. She didn't look up. He was breathing harder now. And was again experiencing a dryness of the throat. Then, without a word, he threw his arms about her.

Now she resisted him. For a long moment they struggled.

His spirit weakened. She pushed him away, slipped around behind the hammock, and replaced strands of hair and fingered a long tear in her blouse. This she finally repaired temporarily with a pin from her belt. This accomplished, she said rather sharply,

"Don't stand there looking like a whipped dog, Henry."

"I'll go," he said and turned.

"You're the strangest person I ever knew," she said. "Maybe you are a genius. Considering that Mildred completely lost her nerve, your handling of Arthur came pretty near being it. I wonder."

He stood on the top step for a time.

Humphrey and Mildred came out. She came straight to him, gave him both her hands.

"You're a wonderful boy!" she said, a breathless quality in her voice. "You've

settled everything for us. Humphrey, I want to kiss Henry. I'm going to!"

Humphrey's face wrinkled into a reflective, tender smile.

Henry received the kiss like an image. Then he and Humphrey went away together into the dawn.

"No good going to the rooms now," Humphrey remarked. "Let's walk the beach."

Henry nodded dismally.

The sky out over the lake was a luminous vault of deep rose shading off into the palest pink. The flat surface of the water, as far as they could see, was like burnished metal.

Henry flung out a trembling arm.

"Look!" he said huskily. "That star!" It was still incandescent, still radiating its little points of light. "Hump," he said, a choke in his voice, "I'm shaken. I'm beginning life again to-night—to-day."

"I'm shaken, too, Hen. The real thing has come. At last. It's got me. It'll be a fight, of course. But we're going through with it. I want you to come to know her better, Hen. She's wonderful! She's going to help with my work in the shop, help me do the real things, creative work, get away from grubbing jobs."

It was a moment of flashing insight for Henry. He couldn't reply, couldn't even look at his friend. His misgivings were profound. Yet the thing was done. Humphrey's life had taken irrevocably a new course. No good even wasting regrets on it. So he fell, in a tumbling rush of emotion, to talking about himself.

"I'm beginning again. I—I let go a little. Hump, I can't do it. It's too strong for me. I go to pieces. You don't know. I'm weak—soft inside. I've got to fight—all the time. Do the things I used to do—make myself work hard, hard! Keep accounts. Every penny. Leave girls alone. It means grubbing. I can't bear to think of it." He spread out his hands. "In some ways, it seems to help to let go. You know—stirs me. Brings the Power. Sorta thrills me. Makes me want to write, create things. But it's too much like burning the candle at both ends."

Humphrey got out his old cob pipe.

"That's probably just what it is," he remarked.

"Oh, Hump, what is it makes us feel this way? You know—girls, and all that." Humphrey lighted his pipe. "You don't know how it makes me feel to see you and Mildred. Just the way she looks. And you. Corinne and I don't look like that. We were flirting. I didn't mean it. She didn't, either. It's been beastly. But still it didn't seem beastly all the time."

"It wasn't," said Humphrey between puffs. "Don't be too hard on yourself. And you haven't hurt Corinne. She likes you. You've stirred her up. But, just the same, she's only flirting. She'd never give up her ambitions for you."

"There's something I want to feel. Something wonderful! I've been thinking of it, looking at that star. I want to love like—like that. Or nothing."

Humphrey leaned on the railing over the beach and smoked reflectively. The rose tints were deepening into scarlet and gold. The star was fading.

"Hen," said Humphrey, speaking out of a sober reverie, "I don't know that I've ever seen anybody reach a star. Our lives, apparently, are passed right here on this earth."

Henry stood motionless, gazing out into that world-wide burst of color. He couldn't answer this. But he felt himself in opposition to it. "I begin my life to-day," he thought.

But back of this determination, like a dark current that flowed silently but irresistibly out of the mists of time into the mists of other time, he dimly, painfully knew that life, the life of this earth, was carrying him on. And on. As if no resolution shattered very much. As if you couldn't help yourself, really.

He set his mouth. And thrust out his chin a little.

"Let's walk," he said.

They breakfasted at Stanley's little restaurant on Simpson Street.

Here there was a constant clattering of dishes and a smell of food. People drifted in and out—men who worked along Simpson Street, and a few family groups—said: "Good-morning. Looks like a warm day." Picked their teeth. Paid their checks to Mrs. Stanley at the front table or had their meal-tickets punched.

They walked slowly up the street as far as the Sunbury House, on the corner, and crossed over to the little office of the *Weekly Voice of Sunbury*, where they worked.

They went in through the railing that divided front and rear offices. Humphrey took off his coat and dropped into his swivel-chair before the roll-top desk. Henry took off his and dropped on the kitchen chair before the littered pine table. Jim Smith, the foreman, came in, his bare arms elaborately tattooed, chewing tobacco, and told "a new one," sitting on the corner of Henry's table. Henry sat there, pale of face, toying with a pencil and wincing.

After Jim had gone, Henry sat still, gazing at the pencil, wondering weakly if the rough stuff of life was too much for him.

He glanced over toward the desk. Humphrey, pipe in mouth, was already at work. Hump had the gift of instant concentration. Even this morning, after all that had happened, he was hard at it. Though he had something to work for.

A sob was near. Henry had to close his eyes for a moment. His sensitive lips quivered.

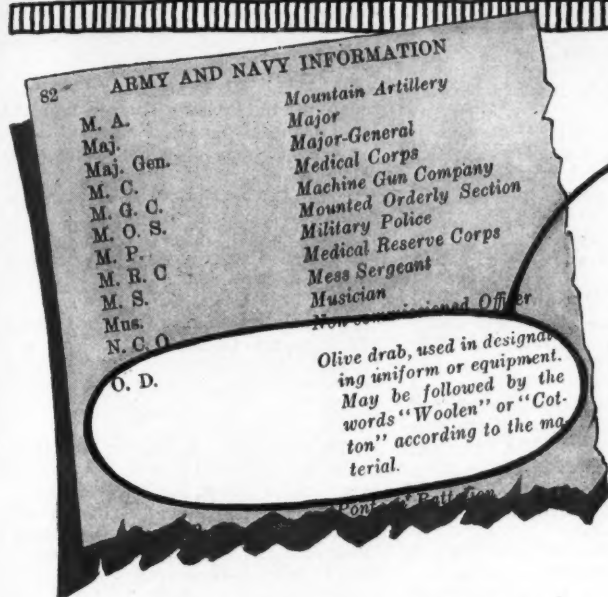
Humphrey would be seeing his Mildred again at the close of the day. Henry found himself entertaining the possibility of crawling shamefacedly round to Corinne.

Then he sat up stiffly. Felt in one pocket after another until he found a little red account-book. He hadn't made an entry for a week. Before Corinne came into his life, he hadn't missed an entry for nearly two years.

He sat staring at it, pencil in hand. His mouth set again. He wrote, "Bkfst. Stanley's—20c."

He slipped the book into its pocket, compressed his lips for an instant, then reached for a wad of copy-paper.

And gave a little sigh of relief. It was to be a long, perhaps an endless battle with self. But he had started.



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24

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The Restless Sex

(Continued from page 78)

earth, earthy, he had vaunted himself if his momentary exasperation—of humanity, a shamelessly human example.

With her own incredulous, uncontaminated eyes, she had seen him pocket Lady Button - eyes' telephone - number. Her shrinking ears had heard the mutilated record in his music-phone dying out in a tipsy two-step; her outraged gaze had beheld a perfectly strange young girl's gaily informal exit from his own bachelor apartment. Elimination was naturally the portion he had to expect. And he gloomily schooled himself to endure annihilation.

The hopeless part of it was that, unlike weaker men, he had no desire to drown sorrow in any irregular and unworthy fashion. So the boy, not knowing what to do, turned to his work with a renewed energy resembling desperation. It is the only hope for ultimate anesthesia.

Also, he took to prowling by night, being too unhappy to remain in his studio so near to Stephanie.

He prowled about Broadway and Long-acre Square with Badger Spink, whose restless cleverness and self-absorption ended by wearying him; he prowled with Clarence Verne one night, encountering that strange sphinx by accident and strolling with him at hazard through the purlieus of Chelsea. One of them was very sick for love, and the other very sick of it; and, besides, there roved with them a third and unseen companion through the crooked, lamplit streets, whose shrouded arms were linked in Verne's, who said at parting—and gazing absently at nothing while he spoke:

"The tragedy of civilization—of what the world calls civilization—that is the most terrible of all, Cleland. That is the real and only hell. Not the ruthless eruptions of barbarism, not the momentary resurgence of atavistic violence, of red-blooded rapine and lust—but the ordered, lawful, stealthy, subtle horrors of civilization; they slay men's souls."

"I don't get you, Verne."

"No, Cleland. But somebody else will—somebody else will get me—very soon now. Good-by."

A few days later, Cleland prowled with John Belter, intent upon supper somewhere in the outer marches of the town. For an episode had occurred that shook them both with the most sobering and distressing jar that youth experiences in fullest mental and physical vigor.

"I don't see how a man can kill himself," said Cleland. "I don't see why he can't go somewhere else and cure himself of his unhappiness. Travel, change, new faces—"

"Perhaps he wants to be rid of faces," muttered Belter.

"There are wonderful wildernesses."

"Perhaps he's too tired to admire 'em. Perhaps he's half dead for sleep."

"You talk as though you sympathized and understood, Jack."

"I do."

"You? The indefatigable optimist!"

"If I didn't play that rôle, I'd do what Clarence Verne did!"

"What!"

"Long ago," added Belter.

"For God's sake, why? I never dreamed—"

"You were away three years, having a good time abroad, weren't you? How should you know what happens to others?"

"Did something happen to you, Jack?"

"It did. If you wish to know exactly what, I'll tell you what happened to me was a woman. Now you know something that nobody else knows—except that demon and myself."

"But such things—"

"No; such things destroy—ultimately. I'll die of her, one day."

"Nonsense!"

But Belter, the jester, laughed a terrifying laugh and sauntered into the open door of the restaurant which they had walked a mile or two to find.

"It's a low pub," he remarked, "and suitable to my mind." They seated themselves at a cherry table.

There was a grill glowing beyond the bar. A waiter, chewing a toothpick, came up.

"Well, gents, what is it?" he asked hoarsely.

They gave their order. Then Belter, leaning forward and planting both elbows on the table, said, in a low voice:

"They call me a caricaturist, but, by God, Cleland, I'm a realist! I've learned more about women by caricaturing them than I ever read in their smooth countenances. They are caricatures in their secret souls—every one of them!"

Cleland disagreed with him gloomily, amazed at his bitterness.

"No," said Belter; "if you tell the mere truth about them, they're a nuisance. We don't understand 'em. Why? There's very little to understand, and that's all on the surface as plain as the nose on your face—too plain for us to notice. They haven't much mind; they have few traits, because they have precious little character. They are not like humans; they resemble Fabre's insects—strange, incomprehensible Martians, doing things not from intelligence, not from reason, impulse, desire, but merely from an inherited instinct that apes intelligence, that parodies passion."

"What have they done to you, Jack?"

"Nothing in years, because I won't let 'em. But the spectacle of the world suddenly crawling with women, all swarming restlessly over the face of the globe, not knowing why or whither—it appalls me, Jim! And we men continue flinging at them everything we can think of to stop them, quiet them, and keep them still—personal liberty, franchise, political opportunity, professional and industrial chances—and still they twist and wriggle and squirm and swarm over everything restlessly, slowly becoming denatured, unsexed, more sterile, more selfish, insolent, intolerable every day. They are the universal nuisance of the age—"

"For heaven's sake!"

"There's the unvarnished truth about woman," insisted Belter. "She's got the provocative *câlinerie* of a cat, the casual *insouciance* of a sparrow, the nesting- and hatching-instinct of the hen, the mindless jealousy of a Pekinese."

"The creative mind that marries one of 'em is doomed either to sterility or to anguish. Their jealousy and malice stultify

and slay the male brain. There is no arguing with them, because they have no real mind to appeal to, no logic, no reason—"

Cleland began to laugh. His mirth, unrestrained, did not disturb Belter, who continued to eat his club-sandwich and wash it down with huge drafts of Pilsner.

"Do you think I'd marry one of 'em?" he demanded scornfully. "Do you know what really happened to Clarence Verne?"

"No."

"Well, he married a dainty little thing and expected to continue earning two thousand dollars for every magazine-cover he designed. And do you know what happened?"

"No, I don't."

"I'll tell you. The dainty little thing turned jealous, hired a shyster, who hired detectives to follow Verne about and report to her what he did inside and outside his studio. She doped his food when she thought he had a rendezvous; she had his letters stolen. In his own world, any woman he found agreeable was cut out by his wife; if, in the jolly and unconventional fellowship of bohemia, he ever stopped on the street to chat with a pretty girl or took one, harmlessly, to lunch or supper, her detectives reported it to her and she raised Cain."

"It killed spontaneity, any gaiety of heart, any incentive in Verne. It embittered him, aged him, strangled him. Look at his work to-day! Nothing remains except the mechanical technique. Look at the man! Dead in his bathroom. Don't talk to me about women!"

"Why didn't he divorce her if he knew of all this she was doing?"

"He had a little girl to think of. After all, Verne had lived his life. Better snuff it out that way and leave the child in decent ignorance of family dissension. And that was the matter with Clarence Verne, Cleland. And I tell you that, into the heart of every man who has been fool enough to marry, some canker is eating its way. There is not one woman in a million with mind enough and humanity enough to keep her husband's love. And still, all over the world the asses are solemnly asking each other, 'Is marriage a failure?' Bah! The world makes me very sick!"

They went to Verne's funeral the next day. The widow was very pretty in her deep mourning. Her little girl was with her.

But the affair was not even a nine day's gossip in the artists' world. Verne had stalked wistfully among them for a few years, but had never been of them since his marriage.

As for Cleland, he had never known Verne well, and the damnation of his taking off affected him only superficially. Besides, busy men have little time to bother about death; and Cleland was now extremely busy with his novel, which began to take definite shape and proportion under unremitting labor.

He now saw Stephanie much as usual; and the girl did not seem seriously changed toward him in behavior. Her spirits appeared to be high always. She was cordial to him—just as full of gay malice and light banter as ever, full of undisguised interest in the progress of his work, and delighted

with his promise to let her read the manuscript when it was typed.

So all seemed to go serenely between them; he resolutely told himself that he had given her up; she did not appear to be aware of anything altered or subdued in his cordiality toward her.

Yet, once or twice, when a gay company filled her studio, amid the chatter and music and movement of dancers, he became aware of her level gray eyes gravely intent on him—but always the gravity he surprised in them turned to a quick, frank smile when his gaze encountered hers.

As for Helen, he always got on delightfully with that charming and capable girl. There was something very engaging about her—she was so wholesome, so energetic, so busy, so agreeable to look at.

He had acquired a habit of dropping in on his way out to lunch to watch her working on the sketches and studies for "Aspiration"; but one day she forgot to warn him, and he blundered into the courtyard where, on a white circus-horse, a lovely, slender, but rather startling figure hid its face in its hands and desperately attempted to make a garment of its loosened hair, while an elderly female holding the horse's head cried, "Shoo!" and Helen hustled him out, a little perturbed and intensely amused.

"I ought to have told you," she said. "I wouldn't mind, but even professional models object to anybody except, occasionally, another artist."

"I'm sorry," he said. "Please tell little Miss Eve that I didn't mean to scare her."

They chatted for a few minutes; then Helen smilingly excused herself and went back to her work, and Cleland continued on his way to lunch.

"I wonder," he thought, "if that was my little unknown dancing partner? Now she will think I've 'spoiled it all.'"

He was in masculine error again. Disconcerted beauty has the consolation that it is beautiful. Otherwise, it remains merely outraged modesty; and bitterness abides in its soul.

Helen, laughingly mentioning the affair to Stephanie, added that the model, Marie Cliff, had been sensible enough to appreciate the humor of it, too.

"You mean," said Stephanie coldly, "that she didn't care?"

"She's rather a refined type," said Helen, looking curiously at the girl. Stephanie shrugged. "Don't you think so, Steve?"

"No; I think her typically common."

"How odd! She's quite young, and she's really very nice and modest—not the type of person you seem to imagine—"

"I don't like her," interrupted Stephanie calmly. But she had set her teeth in her underlip, which had trembled a little.

Helen, chancing to mention Cleland that night as they were preparing for bed, was astonished at Stephanie's impatient comment.

"Oh, Jim's quite spoiled! I'm rapidly losing interest in that young man."

"Why?" asked Helen, surprised.

"Because he runs about with queer people. No man can do that and not show it in his own manner."

"What people, Steve?"

"Well, with Lady Button-eyes for one; with your modest and bashful little model for another."

"Does he?" Then she began to laugh.



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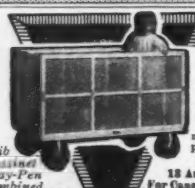
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"I'm glad he displays good taste, anyway. The little Cliff girl is charming."

"Isn't that rather a horrid and cynical thing to say?" demanded Stephanie.

"Why? I think she's quite all right. Let them play together if they like. It's none of my business. Are you, the high priestess of tolerance, becoming intolerant?" she added laughingly.

"No; I don't care what he does. But I should think he'd prefer to frivol with one of his own class."

"It's a matter of chance," remarked Helen, brushing out her curly brown hair. "The beggar maid or Vere de Vere—it's all the same to a man if the girl is sufficiently attractive and amusing."

"Amusing?" repeated Stephanie. "That is a humiliating rôle—to amuse a man."

"If a girl doesn't, men soon neglect her. Men go where they are amused. Everybody does. You do. I do. Why not?"

Stephanie, hotly flushed, shook out her beautiful chestnut hair and began to comb it viciously.

"I don't see how a common person can amuse a well-born man," she said.

"It's a reflection on us if we give them the opportunity," retorted Helen, laughing. "But if we're not clever enough to hold the men of our own caste, then they'll certainly go elsewhere."

"And good riddance!"

"Steve, you're talking like a child! What happens to be the matter with you? Has anything gone wrong?"

"Absolutely nothing." She turned sharply; her comb caught in her hair, and she jerked it free. Perhaps that accounted for the sudden glint of tears in her gray eyes. Helen slipped her arm round her, but the girl's rigid body did not yield.

"Are you getting tired of your idiotic bargain with Oswald?" asked Helen gently.

"No; I am not! He never bothers me—never gets on my nerves—never is unjust—unkind—"

"Who is?"

"I don't know. Men in general—annoy me—men in—general."

"None in particular?"

"No. It isn't very agreeable to know that one's brother goes about with a shameless dancer from the 'Follies.'"

"Are you sure he does?"

"Perfectly. He gives her a party in his studio, too, sometimes."

"But there's no harm in—"

"A party for two! They drink and dance and eat, all by themselves! They take up the rugs and turn on the music, and—and I don't know what they do! I—d—don't know—I don't—I don't!" Her head fell into her hands; she stood rigid, her body shaken by emotions too unhappy, too new, too vague for her youthful analysis. "I—I can't bear to think of him that way—" she stammered. "He was so straight and clean—so clean—"

"Some men drift a little—sometimes—"

"They say so. I don't know. I am too miserable about him—too unhappy—"

She choked back a sob, and the slender hands that covered her eyes slowly clenched; then, her lips still quivering, she reached for her brush and began to groom her splendid hair again. And Helen, watching her without a word, thought to herself: "She behaves as though she were

falling in love with him. She'd certainly better be careful. The boy is already in love with her, no matter how he acts."

Aloud, she said cheerfully:

"Steve, dear, I really think I'm clever enough to have taken the measure of your very delightful brother. And I honestly don't believe it is in him to play fast and loose with any woman ever born."

"He is doing it!"

"With whom?"

"That—dancing girl."

"Nonsense! If it's an ephemeral romance, which I don't believe, it's a gay and harmless one. Don't worry your pretty head about it, Steve."

After Stephanie was in bed, she kissed her lightly, smiled reassuringly, switched off the light, and went to her own room slowly.

Very gravely she braided her hair before the mirror, looking at her pale, reflected face. Yet, though pale, it was still a fresh, wholesome, beautiful face. But the brown eyes stared sadly at their twin brown images, and the girl shook her head.

For the nearest that Helen Davis had ever come to falling in love was when Cleland first walked into her studio. She could have fallen in love with him then—within the minute—out of a clear sky. She realized it after he had gone—not too deeply astonished—she, who had never before been in love, recognized its possibility all in a moment. But she had learned to hold herself in check since that first abrupt and clear-minded recognition of such a possibility. Love came as no friend to her. She soon realized that. And she quietly faced him and bade him keep his distance.

XXVI

It was a warm day in early June, and Cleland, working in trousers and undershirt, and driven by thirst to his tin ice-box, discovered it to be empty.

"Confound it!" he muttered, and rang up Stephanie's studio. A maid answered, saying that Miss Quest had gone motoring and Miss Davis had not yet returned from shopping.

"I want to borrow a lump of ice," explained Cleland. "I'll come down for it."

So he concealed his lack of apparel under a gay silk dressing-gown, picked up a pan and went down, not expecting to encounter anybody.

In the kitchenette, in the rear, the obliging maid gave him a lump of ice. Carrying it in one hand, aloft, he sauntered out of the culinary regions, along the alleylike passageway, into the studio.

And as he started for the door which he had left ajar, a figure opened it from without and entered hurriedly—a scared, breathless little figure, barefooted, swathed in a kimono and a shock of hair.

They stared at each other, astonished. Both blushed furiously.

"I simply can't help it," said the girl. "I was sitting on that horse waiting for Miss Davis, when a bee or a horse-fly or something stung him, and he began to rear and kick all around the court, and I slid off him and ran."

They both laughed. Cleland, clutching his pan of ice, said:

"I seem doomed to run into you when I shouldn't. I'm terribly sorry."

She blushed again and carefully swathed her waist in the obi.

"You didn't mean to," she said. "It was rather startling, though."

"It was indeed! And now we're having another unconventional party. Shall I leave this ice here and go out and quiet the nag?"

"He'll surely kick you."

"I'll take a chance." He set the pan of ice on a table, girded up his dressing-gown, and went out into the court. The horse stood quietly enough now. But Cleland soon discovered a green-eyed horse-fly squatting on the wall and rubbing its fore legs together in devilish exultation.

"I'll fix you," he muttered, picking up a lump of wet clay and approaching with infinite caution. He was a good shot; he buried the bloodthirsty little demon under a spatter of clay. Then he went back.

"The deed is done," he said cheerily. "It was a horse-fly, as you said. Good-by. When are we going to have another dance?"

"We'd better not," she said smilingly.

"You won't let me give another party for you?" he inquired.

"I ought not to."

"But will you?"

"I don't know."

"Anyway," he said, "when a desire for innocent reveling seizes you, you know where to go."

"Yes; thank you."

They laughed at each other.

"Good-by, pretty stranger!" he said.

"Good-by, you nice boy!"

So he went away up-stairs with his ice, and she stole out presently and ventured into the courtyard, where the placid white horse stood as calmly as a cow.

And Stephanie, lying on her bed in her own room, twisted her body in anguish and, hands clenched, buried her face in her arms. Helen, returning an hour later and glancing into Stephanie's bedroom as she passed, saw the girl lying there.

"I thought you were motoring!" she exclaimed.

"The car is laid up," said Stephanie, in a muffled voice.

"Oh! Don't you feel well, Steve?"

"N-not very."

"Can I do anything? Wait a moment—" She continued on to her bedroom, unpinned her hat, drew on her working-smock, and came back. "What's wrong, Steve?" she inquired. "What is making you so unhappy? Don't you wish to tell me?"

"N-no."

"Shall I sit here by you, dear? I can work this afternoon—"

"No. It's nothing."

"Had you rather be alone?"

"Yes."

Helen went slowly away toward the court, where her nag and its rider were ready for her. Stephanie lay motionless, dumb, wretched, her bosom throbbing with emotions too powerful for her—yet too vague, too blind, to enlighten her.

Unawakened to passion, ignorant of it, regardless and disdainful of what she had never coped with, the mental and spiritual suffering was, perhaps, the keener.

Humiliation and grief that she was no longer first and alone in Cleland's heart and mind had grown into a sorrow deeper than she knew, deeper than she admitted to herself.

Why had he cast her out of the first place in his heart and mind? He had even

told her that he was in love with her. Why had he turned to this shameless dancer?

Had it been her fault? No. From the very first night that he had come back to her—in the very face of her happiness to have him again—he had shown her what kind of man he was—there at the Ball of the Gods—with that dreadful Goddess of Night.

She turned feverishly, tortured by her thoughts, but neither they nor the hot pillow gave her any rest. They stung her like scorpions, setting every nerve on edge with something—anger, perhaps—something unendurable there in the silence of her room.

And, at last, she got up to make an end of it, once and for all. But the preparations took her some time—some cold water, brush and comb, and a chamois rag.

Cleland, now dressed for luncheon, humming a comic song under his breath and contentedly numbering his latest penciled pages, heard the tap at his open door, and looked up cheerfully, hoping for Marie Cliff, a preprandial dance, and a pretty companion at luncheon. Tragedy entered, wearing the mask of Stephanie Quest.

"Hello!" he cried gaily, jumping up and coming toward her. "This is too delightful! Are you coming out to lunch with me, Steve?"

"Sit down a moment," she said. But he continued to stand. And, after a moment, lifting her gray eyes to his: "I have borne a great deal from you. But there is an insult which you have offered me to-day that I shall not endure in silence."

"What insult?" he demanded.

"Making my studio a rendezvous for you and your—mistress."

He knew what she meant instantly, and his wrath blazed.

"It was an accident. I don't know how you heard of it, but it was pure accident. Also, that is a rotten thing to say—"

"Is it? You once told me that you prefer to call a spade a spade. Oh, Jim,—you were *clean* once! What have you done?"

"But it's a lie—and an absurd one!"

"Do you think that I tell lies?"

"No. But you evidently believe one."

"It is too obvious to doubt—"

Her throat was dry with the fierceness of her emotions, and she choked a moment.

"Who told you?"

"I was there."

"Where?"

"In my bedroom. I had not gone out.

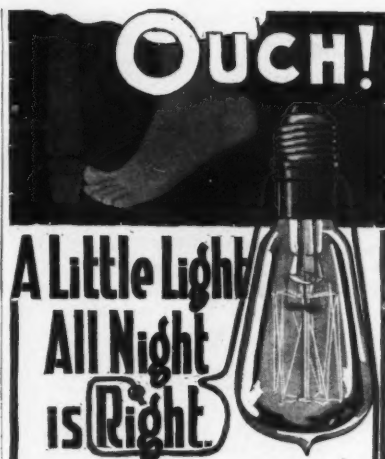
I heard the maid tell you I was out motoring. I meant to speak to you—but you have been so—so unfriendly lately. And then that woman came in!" Her gray eyes fairly blazed. "Why do you do this to me?" she cried, clenching both hands. "It is wicked—unthinkable!"

Her fierce anger silenced him, and his silence lashed her until she lost her head.

"Do you think you can offer me such an affront in my own studio because I am really not your sister—because your name is Cleland and mine is not—because I was only the wretched, starved, maltreated child of drunken parents when your father picked me out of the gutter? Is that why you feel at liberty to affront me under my own roof—is it?"

"Steve, you are mad!" he said. He had turned very white.

"No," she said; "but I'm at the limit



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of endurance. I can't stand it any longer. I shall go to-night to the man I married and live with him and find a shelter there—find protection and—forgetfulness—” Her voice broke, but her eyes were the more brilliant and dangerous for the flashing tears. “You have killed every bit of happiness in me. Remember it some day!”

She turned to go, and he sprang forward to detain her; but she twisted herself out of his arms and reeled back against the desk. Then he had her in his arms again, and she stared at his white, tense face, all distorted by her blinding tears:

“I love you, Steve! That's all the answer I give you. That's my reply to your folly. I never loved anybody else; I never shall; I never can. I'm like my father; I care for only one woman. I'm incapable of caring for any other.

“I don't know what I've done to you to make you say such things and think them. I consider you as my own kin; I respect and love you like a kinsman. But—God help me!—I've gone further; I love you as a lover. If you go to the man you married, I shall never love any other woman. That is the truth, and I know it now!”

Her body was still rigid in his arms; her tense hands lay flat on his breast as though to repulse him.

“Steve,” he stammered; “Steve—can you care for me—in my way?” Under the deep-fringed lids, her gray eyes looked at him vaguely. “Steve,” he whispered, “can you love me?”

Her eyes closed again. And, after a long while her lips responded delicately to his.

“Is it love, Steve?” he asked, trembling.

“I don't know. I'm so tired—confused—” Her arms fell from his neck to his shoulders and she opened her eyes, listlessly. “I think it—must be,” she said. “I'm quite sure it is.”

“Love?”

“Yes.”

XXVI

CLELAND, tremendously thrilled and excited by the first but faint response to his ardor which he had ever obtained of Stephanie, but uncertain, too, and almost incredulous as to its significance and duration, retained sufficient common sense and self-control to restrain him from pressing matters further.

They parted very quietly at his studio door; she naively admitting physical fatigue, headache, and a natural desire to be down in her darkened room; he to return to his studio, too much upset to work, or to eat when the dinner-hour drew near.

However, he took his hat and stick and went down-stairs. When he rang at her studio, Helen admitted him, saying that Stephanie was asleep in her room and had not desired any dinner. So they chatted for a while, and then Cleland took his departure and walked slowly up the street toward the Rochambeau. And the first person he met on University Place was Marie Cliff.

Perhaps it was the instinct to make amends to her for the unjust inferences drawn to her discredit a few hours before—perhaps it was the sheer excitement and suddenly renewed hope of Stephanie that incited him, anyway, his gay greeting and unfeigned cordiality stirred the lonely girl to response, and when they had walked

as far as the Beaux Arts, they were quite in the mood to dine together.

She was grateful to be with an agreeable man whom she liked and whom she could trust; his buoyant spirits and happy excitement were grateful for somebody on whom they could be vented.

In that perfumed tumult of music, wine, and dancing, they seated themselves, and they dined together luxuriously, sometimes rising to dance between courses, sometimes joining laughingly in a gay chorus sustained by the orchestra, sometimes, with elbows on the cloth and heads together, chattering happily of nothing in particular.

Men here and there bowed to her and to him; some women recognized and greeted them; but they were having much too good and too irresponsible a time together to join others or to invite approaches.

It was all quite harmless—a few moments' pleasure without other significance than that the episode had been born of a young man's high spirits and a young girl's natural relief when her solitude was made gay for her without reproach.

It was about eleven o'clock; Marie, wishing to be fresh for her posing in the morning, reminded him with frank regret that she ought to go.

“I wouldn't care,” she said, “except that since I've left the ‘Follies’ I have to depend on what I earn at Miss Davis's studio. So you don't mind—do you, Mr. Cleland?”

“No; of course not. It's been fine, hasn't it?”

“Yes. I've had such a good time—and you are the nicest of men—”

Her voice halted; Cleland, watching her with smiling eyes, saw a sudden alteration of her pretty features. Then he turned to follow her fixed gaze.

“Hello,” he said; “there's Jack Belter! Are you looking at him?”

Her face had grown very sober; she withdrew her gaze with a little shrug of indifference, now.

“Yes; I was looking at him,” she said quietly.

“I didn't know you knew him.”

“Didn't you? I used to know him.”

He laughed.

“The recollection doesn't appear to be very pleasant.”

“No.”

“Too bad! I like Belter. He and I were at school together. He's enormously clever.” She remained silent. “He really is. And he is an awfully good fellow at heart—a little pronounced, a trifle tumultuous sometimes, but—”

She said, evenly,

“I know him better than you do, Mr. Cleland.”

“Really?”

“Yes—I married him.” Cleland was thunderstruck. “I was only seventeen,” she said calmly. “I was on the stage at the time.”

“Good Lord!” he murmured, astounded.

“He never spoke of it to you?”

“Never! I never dreamed—”

“I did. I dreamed.” She shrugged her shoulders again lightly. “But—I awoke very soon. My dream had ended.”

“What on earth was the matter?”

“I am afraid you had better ask him,” she replied gravely.

The next instalment of *The Restless Sex* will appear in *February Cosmopolitan*.

“I beg your pardon; I shouldn't have asked that question at all.”

“I didn't mind. It is my tragedy. But let a man interpret it to men. A woman would not be understood.”

“Are you—divorced?”

“No.”

Cleland, still deeply astonished, looked across the room at Belter. That young man, very red, sat listening to Badger Spink's interminable chatter, pretending to listen; but his disturbed gaze was turned from time to time on Marie Cliff, and became hideously stony when it shifted to Cleland at moments without a sign of recognition.

“Shall we go?” asked the girl, in a low voice.

They rose. A similar impulse seemed to seize Belter, and he got up almost blindly and strode across the floor.

Cleland, suddenly confronted at the door of the cloak-room, from which Marie was just emerging, said, “Hello, Jack!” in a rather embarrassed manner.

“Go to blazes!” replied the latter, in a low voice of concentrated fury, and turned on his wife. “Marie,” he said unsteadily, “may I speak to you?”

“Certainly, but not now,” replied the girl, who had turned white as a sheet.

Cleland touched the man's arm, which was trembling.

“Better not interfere,” he said pleasantly. “The disgrace of a row will be yours, not your wife's.”

“What are you doing with my wife?” whispered Belter, his voice shaking with rage.

“I'll tell you, Jack. I'm showing her all the respect and friendship and sympathy that there is in me to show to a charming, sincere young girl. You know the sort of man I am. You ought to know your wife, but evidently you don't. Therefore, your question is superfluous.”

Belter drew him abruptly back to the foot of the stairs:

“If you're lying, I'll kill you,” he said.

“Do you understand?”

“Yes. And if you make any yellow scene here, Jack, after I've taken your wife home, I'll come back and settle you. Do you understand? For God's sake,” he added coldly, “if you've got any breeding, show it now!”

The tense silence between them lasted a full minute. Then, very slowly, Belter turned toward the cloak-room, where, just within the door, his wife stood looking at him. His sanguine features had lost all their color in the grayish pallor that suddenly aged him. He went toward her; she made the slightest movement of recoil, but faced him calmly.

“I'm sorry,” he said, in a voice like a whisper. “I am—the fool that you think me. I'll—take myself off.”

He bowed to her pleasantly, turned, and passed Cleland with his hat still in his hand.

“I'm sorry, Jim! I know you're all right, and I'm—all wrong—all wrong—”

“Come to the studio to-morrow—will you, Jack?” whispered Cleland.

But Belter shook his head, continuing on his way to the street.

“I'll expect you,” added Cleland.

“Come about noon.”

The other made no sign that he had heard.

